Oct. 13, 1980

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Bacchae—Michael Cacoyannis has translated and directed a version of the ancient tragedy by Euripides that comes to life only when Irene Papas dominates the stage, and that is for only a few minutes late in the evening. Philip Bosco is her co-star. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical of 1947. Martin Vidnovic, Meg Bussert, and John Curry head the cast. Agnes de Mille is responsible for a re-creation of the choreography. Vivian Matalon directed. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16. (Majestic, 247 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Casualties—A play by Karolyn Nelke. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—A play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Division Street—A comedy by Steve Tesich, with John Lithgow, Keene Curtis, Anthony Holland, Joe Regalbuto, Christine Lahti, Justin Lord, Murphy Cross, and Theresa Merritt. Directed by Tom Moore. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Shaw's **THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman—A one-man show by a comedian who is surely more at home in night clubs than in theatres. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wise-cracking mind of Neil Simon. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Sat-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37

"I'M WORRIED ABOUT FUTURE OIL SUPPLIES! WHAT'S EXXON DOING TO HELP?" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 43

"COMPANY MANNERS" . . . . *Katinka Loeser* 44

"THE DOORMAN" (POEM) . . . . *Les A. Murray* 46

"EVEN SO, ON A PERSONAL BASIS I CONTINUE TO WORRY. WHAT'S EXXON DOING TO HELP?" . . . . *G. W. S. T.* 51

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (BOOK PUBLISHERS—PART III) . . . . *Thomas Whiteside* 52

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 144

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 145

FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 148

A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN) . . . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 150

"THE DEATH OF A CRANE FLY" (POEM) . . . . *David Wagoner* 160

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 163

FURTHER EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 170

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 174

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 191

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **THE SIXTEENTH ROUND** is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Suicide—A comedy by Nikolai Erdman, with Derek Jacobi, Grayson Hall, John Heffernan, Angela Pietropinto, and Laura Esterman. Jonas Jurašas directed. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Summer—A play by Hugh Leonard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19.)

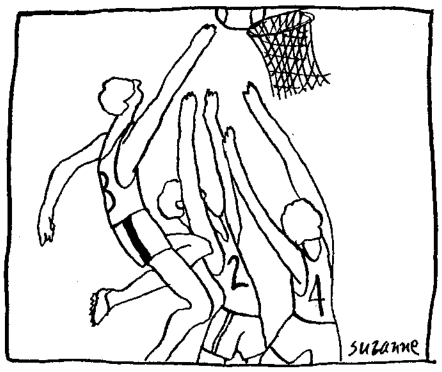
Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Debra Mooney play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

You Know Al He's a Funny Guy—A one-man show: Jerry Mayer portraying Albert Einstein. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostly playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,504 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN**: Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

Worksong—A musical entertainment by a group that calls itself the Talking Band, with music by Elizabeth Swados. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 989-4953.)

DANCE

Makarova and Company—A four-week engagement by Natalia Makarova and her new company—Wednesday through Sunday, Oct 8-12: Act II of "Paquita," "Sonata No. 5," and "Vendetta." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-19: Act II of "Paquita," "Ondine," and "Raymonda Pas de Dix." (Uris 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—A two-week engagement. "Porcelain Dialogues," "New Duet," "Chimera," and "The City": Wednesday evening, Oct. 8; Friday evening, Oct. 10 Saturday matinée, Oct. 11; Tuesday evening Oct. 14; Thursday evening, Oct. 16; Saturday evening, Oct. 18; and Sunday matinée, Oct 19. . . . ¶ "Proximities," "Déjà Vu," "Inde . . . (to necessary neuroses)," and "Jun Dances": Thursday evening, Oct. 9; Saturday evening, Oct. 11; Sunday matinée, Oct. 12 Wednesday evening, Oct. 15; Friday evening Oct. 17; and Saturday matinée, Oct. 18. (Cit Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evening at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7:30. Matinée at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by **BEVERLY BROWN AND ROGER TOLLE**: Wednesday, Oc 8, and Friday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday Oct. 12, at 2. . . . **BHASKAR—DANCES OF INDIA** Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, a

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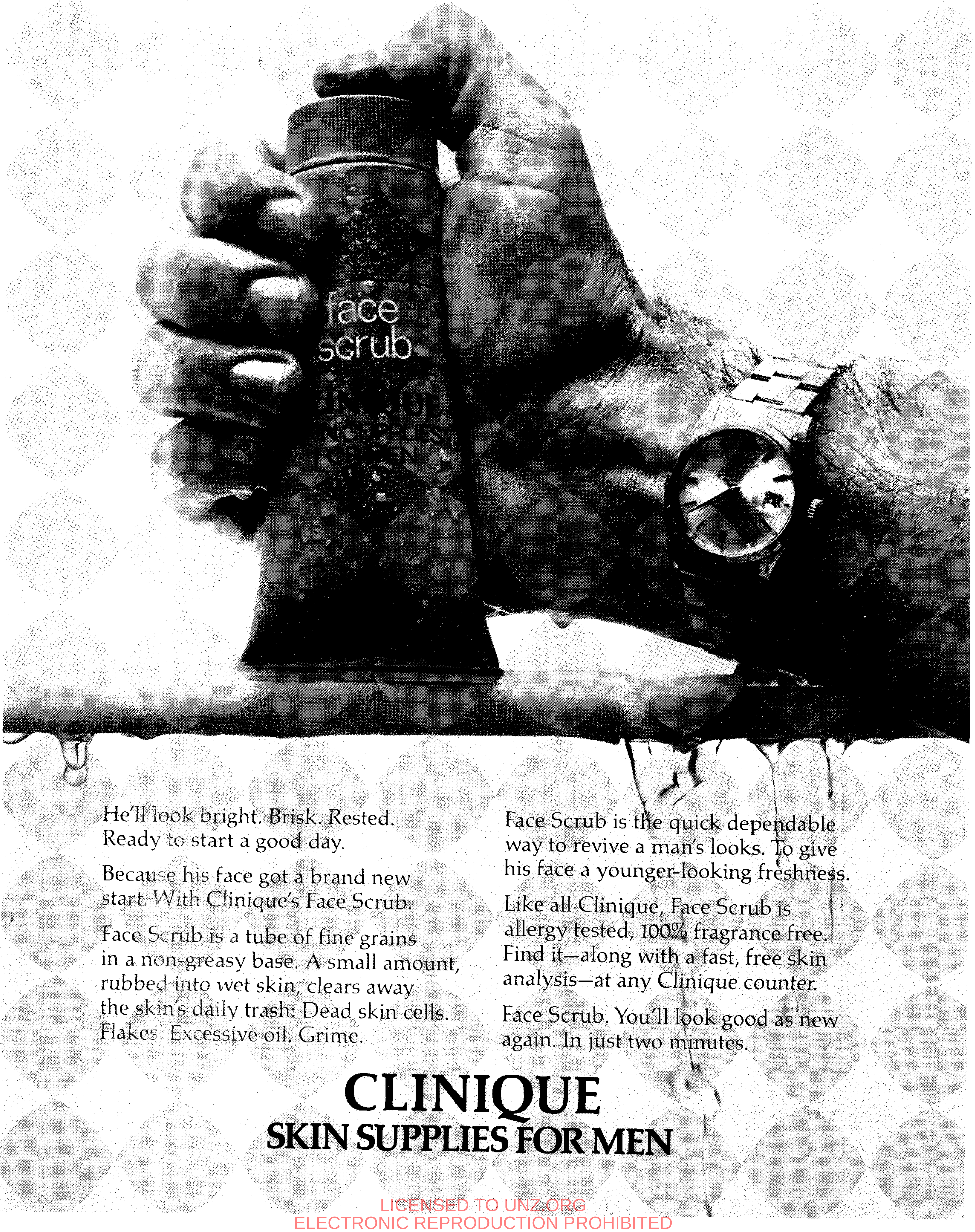

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CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Jean Erdman—With her company, presenting the première of "The Shining House." Preview Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially Thursday, Oct. 9, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

San Francisco Ballet—A one-week engagement. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Mozart's C Minor Mass," "The Tempest Pas de Deux," "Nothin' Doin' Bar," and "Quanta." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 15-17, at 8: "Scarlatti Portfolio," "A Song for Dead Warriors," "Duettino," "Psalms," and "Introduction and Allegro." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. Two rock outfits, Spider and the Billies, perform on Wednesday, Oct. 8; folkies John Renbourn, Jack Hardy, and Jacqui McShee will join forces on Thursday, Oct. 9; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, will be turned over to two other rock bands, John Cougar & the Zone and the Ellen Shipley Band; on Sunday, Oct. 12, Terry Garthwaite, Bobbi Louise Hawkins, and Rosalie Sorrels will sing together; on Monday, Oct. 13, Jeff Lorber's Fusion will trade sets with bassist Steven Roan's quartet; Tuesday, Oct. 14, will be claimed by the **Iron City Houserockers,** a bluesy rock band from Pittsburgh; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, will be devoted to composer and trumpeter **Woody Shaw** and his quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **Norman Simmons** and bassist **Lisle Atkinson** through Saturday, Oct. 11, and pianist **John Bunch** and bassist **Sam Jones** beginning Monday, Oct. 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **Bobby Short** is holding court with his trusty sidemen—bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robby Scott**—and with countless admirers in the audience. Shows begin at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**Ellis Larkins,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this down town rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Mad George, the Pitts, and the Beeks on Wednesday, Oct. 8; Susan Springfield and the Rousers on Thursday, Oct. 9; Neighbors & Allies and Nitecaps on Friday, Oct. 10; and D. C. Tenz and Sharks on Saturday, Oct. 11. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

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City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mósey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Singer and pianist **Ronny Whyte** is once again in action conserving American popular music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter** is back singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, Terry Waldo plays ragtime piano at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Oct. 12, Lou Stein will guide a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. **Helen Merrill** is singing here with backing from saxophonist **Pepper Adams** and his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 12; on Tuesday, Oct. 14, alto saxophonist Eric Kloss will arrive with a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Lana Cantrell sings through Sunday, Oct. 12; and on Tuesday, Oct. 14, **Toots Thielemans,** jazz-harmonica virtuoso and composer—"Bluesette" and the theme from "Sesame Street" are his best-known tunes—will take over. Mondays are the property of pianist **Bross Townsend** and bassist **Bob Cunningham;** on Monday, Oct. 13, trumpeter **Dizzy Reece** will sit in with them. Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **Joe Puma** works with pianist **Hod O'Brien** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten will belong to guitarist **Al Gafa,** pianist **Andy La Verne,** and bassist **Harvie Swartz;** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **Chuck Wayne.** Sundays, from five to ten, pianist **Brooks Kerr** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride specialist **Dick Wellstood** has settled in the dining room, where he usually plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **Jill McManus,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall perform for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, Monochrome Set, with W2 on Wednesday and ESG on Thursday; Friday, Oct. 10, the Offs and Rank & File; Saturday, Oct. 11, Revelons and Helen Wheels Band; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, Units and Contractions. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, pianist **Mickey Tucker** will lead a sextet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, alto saxophonist **Chris Woods** will drop in with his quartet. On Sundays, percussionist **Thiago de Mello** directs a ten-piece Brazilian band. Music Fridays through Sundays from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **Mike Morgenstern** and trumpeter **Claudio Roditi** co-pilot a combo.

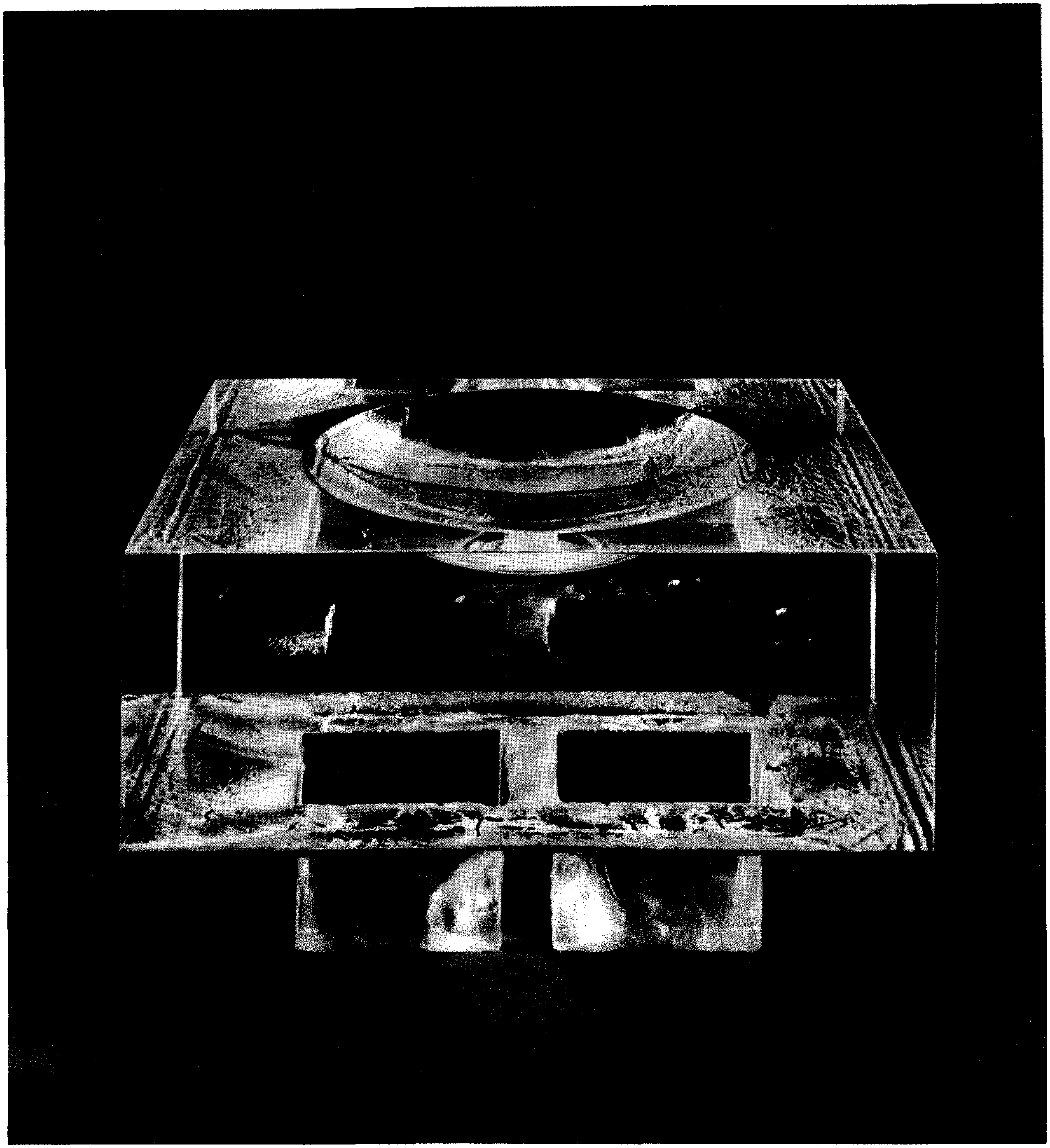
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. The musicians they'll be listening to are pianist **Fred Hersch** and bassist **Sam Jones** through Saturday, Oct. 11; pianist **Junior Mance** and his bassist, **Marty Rivera,** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 14; and pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Bob Bodley** on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambiance is more representative of Austin than Dallas. The musical standouts: Blues Image, a rock and blues group, on Wednesday, Oct. 8; Manasian and Rich on Thursday, Oct. 9; rock-and-roll patriarch **Bo Diddley** on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 12-13; and **Eric Andersen** on Thursday, Oct. 16. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**Carmen McRae** is doing the vocal honors with a backing crew Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where



Oracle: From a series of crystal sculptures by David Dowler that mark a new development at Steuben. Textured and clear surfaces interact to create effects both unexpected and mysterious. On exhibition through November 1. Oracle, 7¼" wide, is $3,750. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. (Steuben Catalogue available, $4.00.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 8, the Know and Pleasers; Thursday, Oct. 9, B-Girls and Superior Beings; Friday, Oct. 10, NONA HENDRYX & Zero Cool and Kieran Liscoe & the Attitudes; Saturday, Oct. 11, Von Lmo and Minors Aloud; Sunday, Oct. 12, Mad and Eddie Estrogen & the Hormones; Monday, Oct. 13, Dizzy & the Romilars and Design Noiseboys; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, Frisco Whites and Stew Lane & the Untouchables. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Saxophonist TEO MACERO and his twelve-piece ensemble wind up a tribute to Duke Ellington on Saturday, Oct. 11. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, George Melly, an English television critic, will come over to sing music-hall jazz with John Chilton's Feetwarmers. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, will belong to SAM & DAVE, the high-pitched, frenetic, soul-brother singers who usually dress in pink or apricot polyester tuxedos. On the following Friday and Saturday (Oct. 17-18), African-funk trumpeter HUGH MASEKELA will be leading his sextet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist AL HAIG works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Folkies TOM PAXTON and Christine Lavin are on hand Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11; Wednesday, Oct. 15, will belong to guitarist HAPPY TRAUM; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, Maxene Andrews and Lois Dengrove will be singing here. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. SY OLIVER and his band play bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco. A very large ballroom—the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet—remodelled in 1935 to accommodate neighborhood ethnic social-club affairs, and then used for nearly twenty-five years as an RCA recording studio. Now it belongs to the post-Pepsi generation. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 8, Split Enz and the COASTERS; Thursday, Oct. 9, English Beat; Friday, Oct. 10, Nails and the 24th Street Band; Saturday, Oct. 11, Mitch Ryder; Sunday, Oct. 12, BURNING SPEAR, one of the best reggae bands; and Monday, Oct. 13, Fools. Music after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A jazz and R. & B. lineup: vibraharpist DAVE SAMUELS' quintet, DOUBLE IMAGE, performs Wednesday, Oct. 8; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 9-12, saxophonist JOE FARRELL will be in charge of his latest quartet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 14-15, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul quintet, will be onstage; and on Thursday, Oct. 16, saxophonist, flutist, and occasional singer YUSEF LATEEF will bring in his quartet for a four-night visit. Music from ten to two nightly. Closed Mondays.

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Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to pianist BOB DOROUGH, bassist BILL TAKAS, and their trumpet-playing colleague Lee Katzman through Saturday, Oct. 11. Then, on Tuesday, Oct. 14, pianist JOHN LEWIS, who spends a lot of his time teaching at City College, will come in for five nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Altoist LOU DONALDSON'S quintet works through Saturday, Oct. 11; on Sunday, Oct. 12, Anne Marie Moss will sing; on Monday, Oct. 13, four-string tenor-guitar soloist TINY GRIMES will head up a trio; and on Tuesday, Oct. 14, pianist MAL WALDRON will bring in a quartet that will feature tenor saxophonist CHARLIE ROUSE. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Drummer and proprietor JOHN LEWIS guides a trio that alternates with solo pianist DWIKE MITCHELL Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Sundays belong to the LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at eight-thirty. Mondays are claimed by guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S trio at nine-thirty.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. SOLOMON BURKE, who has been a gospel and soul singer—when he was twelve, he was known as the Wonder Boy Preacher, and in his twenties, he was named the King of Rock 'n' Soul—will be present through Thursday, Oct. 9; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, will be claimed by Chicago-blues singer and guitarist MIGHTY JOE YOUNG; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 14-16, soul singer OTIS CLAY will work with the REALTONES, a bluesy, adept local quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, Chicago-blues saxophonist and singer EDDIE SHAW will bring in his band, the Wolf Gang. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: NONA HENDRYX & Zero Cool and the Coolies on Wednesday, Oct. 8; Neon Leon, Splits, and Dizzy & the Romilars on Thursday, Oct. 9; Lounge Lizards on Friday, Oct. 10; Quincy and Gus on Saturday, Oct. 11; and Street Kid and Bounce on Tuesday, Oct. 14. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Pianist HANK JONES and his very supportive assistants, bassist EDDIE GOMEZ and drummer AL FOSTER, perform through Sunday, Oct. 12; on Tuesday, Oct. 14, tenor saxophonist and chanter PHAROAH SANDERS will begin playing spiritually enlightening hard bop with his quintet. The MEL LEWIS big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Tony Regasus Thursday through Sunday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. George Kelly's Jazz Sultans swing through Sunday, Oct. 12; pianist Sadik Hakim will work on Monday, Oct. 13; and on Tuesday, Oct. 14, clarinettist and saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE will start directing his Ellington-minded quartet, Ellingtonia. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Clark Terry—With the Leonard Goines quintet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7:30.)

Cecil Taylor—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 9 and 11:30.

Stéphane Grappelli Quartet and **David Grisman Quintet**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.

Kenny Rankin—With Ben Sidran. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Jazz Marathon—Two hundred jazz notables will convene for a twelve-hour concert (interspersed with a prayer or two). Among the blowers: Roy Eldridge, Billy Taylor, Hank Jones, Eddie Bonnemere, the Bob January Big Band, and Barbara Lea. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 5.)

Odetta and David Amram—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:30.

Jeff Beck—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

America—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.

An Evening with Poland—The Warsaw Mime Theatre and Michal Urbaniak. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Jean-Luc Ponty—Palladium. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.

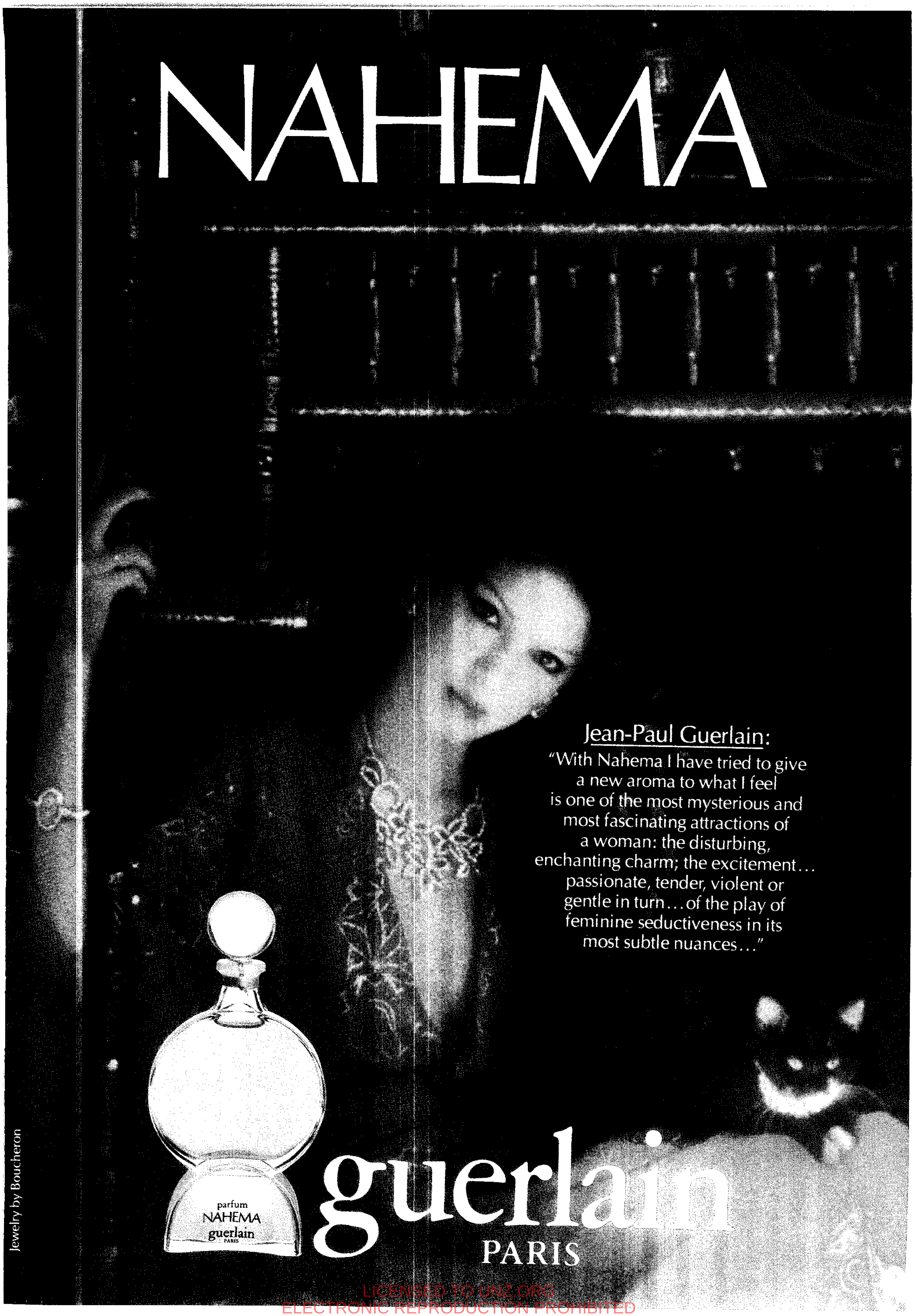
Big Apple String Band Festival—The lineup: Bill Harrell and the Virginians, the Tony Trishka Band, Fly by Night, and Tom Paley. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 860-0865.)

Sahib Sarbib Multinational Band—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct. 17, at 9.

Royal New York Doo Wopp Show—Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8.

Black Sabbath & Blue Oyster Cult—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.

String Band Festival—The participants: Tex



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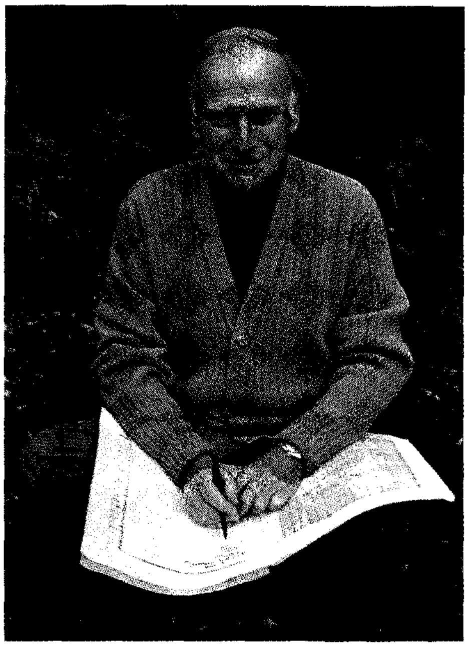

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Logan & Friends, the Wretched Refuse String Band, Ten Years Late, and Andy Statman's Jazz Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 929-4638.)

World Bass Violin Ensemble—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 9.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Thursday, Oct. 9: Peter Yellin quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11: David (Fathead) Newman quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12: Reggie Workman quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16: Jim McNeely quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18: John Scofield trio. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

New Music Loft—Sunday and Monday, Oct. 12-13, at 8: Jay Clayton, Harvie Swartz, and Kirk Nurock. (New Music Loft, 246 Eighth Ave., at 23rd St. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Oct. 9: Neighbors. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10: Phill Niblock. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11: Wayne Horvitz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16: Fred Van Hove. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17: Karen Borca Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18: Mandingo Griot Society, with Foday Musa Suso. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

Jazz Films—"Last of the Blue Devils," with Count Basie. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays at 10 and midnight and Saturdays at midnight.)

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Watercolors of New York that were commissioned for the opening credits of the film "Gloria." Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7, and Tuesday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Joachim Berthold—Bronze figures, matrixes of figures, and pieces in which figures seem to be pulling themselves out of matrixes. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marcelo Bonevardi—Large, precisely crafted constructions by an artist who draws on the concepts of Joseph Cornell, except that Bonevardi makes everything himself—nothing found. Through Oct. 19. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ouise Bourgeois—Marble and bronze sculptures, nearly all of them either egg-shaped or phallic in form, in a show that covers her work between 1955 and 1970. Through Oct. 25. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings, done mostly in the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harvey Breverman—Two male figures, seen in different settings but always from the back, serve as subjects in all these curious paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

tuart Davis (1894-1964)—Works done in the twenties and never shown before, most of them still-lifes. Through Oct. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

eter Dean / Marty J. Kalb—Fantasy landscapes—tropical marshes, smoking volcanoes, patches of exotic flowers in the deep forest—all reflecting what the artist reads into plain old upstate scenery. / Abstract paintings in which flashy streaks of acrylics are laid onto more or less matte backgrounds. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Onja Eisenberg—Small watercolors, most of them postcard size, in which the artist catches atmospheric phenomena—misty dawns, mountaintop sunsets, sunlight diffused in a fog. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

dney Gordin—Abstract drawings of the forties and painted-metal geometric sculptures completed in the fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

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John Hartell—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Addie Herder—Shadow-box constructions in which a stylish assortment of the customary collage odds and ends are assembled into striking architectural façades and other attractive conceits. Through Oct. 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Susan Kahn—Paintings of dancers, studio models, and other figures. Through Oct. 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

György Kepes—Recent works—oil and sand in abstract patterns. Through Nov. 1. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Vitaly Komar and Aleksandr Melamid—Joint works by these Russian dissidents, who have now spent two years in the country and are turning their satiric brushes on Western foibles. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Fay Lansner—Bright-colored abstract pastels and charcoals from the years 1948 through 1950 by a pupil of Hofmann and Léger. Through Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Michael Price—Seated male figures, a couple of female nudes, and several busts cast in bronze; the works are given various patinas, some of them oddly stonelike. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Sennhauser (1907-78)—Nonobjective paintings of the thirties and forties. Through Oct. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Bob Stanley—Carnival sideshow banners seem to have inspired this punk-school painter's works, which advertise medical research (man at microscope, magnified myoglobin and hemoglobin) and Florida (alligators and palms), among other subjects. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Donald Sultan—Abstract works in which linoleum tile is cut out and applied to painted board. Through Oct. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Randall Timmons—New drawings plus two constructions. Through Oct. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Collages by Catherine Warren and Robert Nickle, folded-paper works by Maureen Connor, and other offerings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **cordier & eckstrom,** 417 E. 75th St.: Works by gallery artists, among them Anton van Dalen, Margaret Israel, Varujan Boghosian, and Romare Bearden. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: A single work apiece (paintings, drawings, sculptures) by twenty-one Americans, including Sharon Gold, Richard Francisco, and Thornton Willis. Through Oct. 23. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Abstract geometric paintings by Fritz Glarner, Carl Holty, and Albert Swinden. Through Oct. 25. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: The season's opening show here offers paintings representing a broad stylistic and chronological range: e.g., John Trumbull's portrait of Alexander Hamilton (1792); two portraits by the folk artist Ammi Phillips (1814); and a flower still-life by Georgia O'Keeffe (1939). Through Oct. 25. . . . **knoedler,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Motherwell, Olitski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. The museum, which collects European art exclusively, has loaned such twentieth-century works as Paul Klee's "Earth Spirits," Max Beckmann's "Self-Portrait in Tuxedo," and Ernst Barlach's "The Avenger." Through Oct. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ROYALE
ROYALE
tom funk

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Avigdor Arikha—Studio still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes in oils, watercolors, pencil, and other mediums. Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Joan Danziger—The artist's own mythical bestiary is presented in sculptural pieces (resinated fabric over a framework), mostly large and freestanding. Typical is a horizontal female figure with an animal mask being borne along by a squad of some twenty penguins. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd—Oil paintings that bring a sort of formal order to the jumbled woods of Maine; glimpses of the artist's homestead are also offered—backyard sheds, laundry on the line, stacked firewood. Through Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Abstract paintings dating from the thirties through the fifties. Through Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Tapestries, paintings, and collages. Through Oct. 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes—Tightly controlled pastels on dark-gray paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kyohei Inukai—Landscapes. Through Nov. 1. (Suzuki, 38 E. 57th St.)

Gary Kahn—Vertical sculptural pieces composed of elegantly balanced blocks, like a Cubist totem pole. Except for two large Corten-steel works, they are done in wood painted black. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis (1899-1979)—Small crayon drawings and oils of Grecian hillsides studded with churches and inviting villages. Through Oct. 21. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Sculptural pieces of various sizes done in curled sheets of aluminum, steel, and brass. Through Oct. 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellen Lanyon—Paintings and drawings from the past ten years. Through Nov. 1. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Brice Marden—Large abstract paintings (the largest is eight feet by fifteen) made up of dark, solid-color rectangular panels grouped together. Through Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Edward Mayer / Mary Frank—A huge environmental sculpture made of stacked raw wooden laths. A narrow path leads through it, and visitors are free to explore. / New monotypes, ranging in theme from the skeletons of prehistoric beasts, rampant, to serene Oriental landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mariann Loveland Miller—Four allegorical paintings involving the female nude, and the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

drawings for them. Through Oct. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas / Don Bachardy—Large paintings in which countless strips of prismatic color are assembled in a kind of chaotic geometry. / Watercolor portrait heads—caricatures, really—done in vivid shades. Christopher Isherwood is prominent among the subjects. Through Oct. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Cast-steel columns seven to ten feet tall. Through Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Italo Scanga—Fifteen freestanding stick figures, made of painted tree branches and found objects. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Segal—A show of new works includes the controversial "Gay Liberation," which looks unexceptionable enough in this setting. Among other figures are two steel puddlers standing before the door of a blast furnace that looks white-hot inside. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, in new quarters at 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dorothy Tabak—Landscapes and abstracts done in collages made up of dyed cheesecloth and burlap, plus various found materials. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer—Abstract collages and watercolors based on architectural elements. Through Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Susan Wilmarth—Abstract encaustic paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo,** 30 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Frank Metz, Lionel Gilbert, Jean Zaleski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: German portrait drawings that date from the late nineteenth century to the thirties by Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **gruenebaum,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the fifties by Sonia Gechtoff, Reuben Nakian, James Brooks, George Spaventa, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **hammer,** 33 W. 57th St.: Examples of French painting from Impressionism through 1910, with works by Renoir, van Dongen, Dufy, and Utrillo. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Palmer, Richard Mayhew, Robert Vickrey, and Emlen Etting. Through Nov. 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—A galaxy of bright-colored abstract objects made of cast papier-mâché and hung on the white walls of the gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

James Bohary / Douglas Wirls—Turbulent abstract oil paintings by an artist with a growing reputation underground. / Wash drawings of the female nude figure, done with a nice sense of light and shade. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Two huge murals, reconstructed for this show by the artist from the original sketches done for two W.P.A. projects, are shown to advantage on the walls of this new SoHo branch of the Washburn gallery, at 113 Greene St. Other Bolotowsky works, dated 1935-45, are on view at the uptown gallery, at 42 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 1.

Eugenio Carmi—Abstract works: embroidery on cloth and acrylic on canvas. Through Oct. 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, and Enzo Cucchi—Three maverick Italian painters who seem to be in violent revolt against their cultural heritage. Their paintings have a deliberate ugliness and bawdiness, as well as unusual vigor and strength. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Diane Churchill—Twigs, leaves, etc., juxtaposed with drawings of animals and flowers. Through Oct. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Alfred De Credico—Large paintings in black acrylic, through which one can make out blurred old tintypes and photographs and occasional pieces of collaged fabric. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Constance Dodge—Biblical figures, celebrated composers, and concentration-camp prisoners are among the subjects of these realistic drawings built up from layered paper fragments and combined with found objects. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

John Formicola—Wall pieces made up of variously colored strips of canvas, vinyl, string, and paper, stitched or tied together. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Joe Goode / David Hatchett—Pairs of solid-color panels (blue and green, say) framed as diptychs and accented by the artist with a 20-gauge shotgun, which he fires at the works from about forty feet away, using No. 8 birdshot. The resulting perforations reveal layers of other colors underneath. / Abstract sculptures, some freestanding and some suspended, made of wood and found objects. Through Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Sculptural pieces in which life-size, vaguely deerlike animals are seen in implausible settings—standing on a metal glider swing, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Pat Lasch—Architectural-looking rag-paper sculptures decorated like pieces of pastry, a technique the artist learned from her father, a confectioner. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Claire Moore / Joyce Robins—Simplistic drawings and paintings dealing with saints in an ecumenical manner; one is shown blessing the Baskervilles Hound. / Wall pieces and hanging sculptures made of foot-long ceramic rods painted with watercolors and strung together like beads. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Harold Olejarz—A seven-foot-high installation described by the artist as being composed of thousands of honey-colored wood bricks. Through Oct. 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ray Parker—Large, recent abstract paintings in which big solid-color areas are offset by a scattering of freehand nervous lines. Through Oct. 25. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier / Kathleen Seltzer—Three plaster representations of classical ruins, one a nine-foot-square base with a hundred small columns (most of them broken) rising from it. / Black-and-white photographs that seem to be sly parodies of fashion photography. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Ruscha / Peter Young—Long, narrow paintings (most of them about twenty inches high and thirteen feet long) showing a dark, distant horizon and a fiery sunset, with enigmatic messages lettered on them. / Tiny, bright-colored abstract patterns (about half an inch square) are repeated to cover canvases over five feet square. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

A. Sklar-Weinstein—Hanging colored-fib
sculptures. Through Oct. 23. (Westbroadwa
431 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—Recent paintings by an art
much attracted to wooded landscapes. So
of the pictures are abstract, some realist
Through Nov. 1. (Thorp, 419 West Broa
way.)

Gary Wiley—Colorful drawings in mixed n
diums, plus three-dimensional cutout w
pieces in the same vein. Through Oct.
(Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through S
urdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 142 Greene
The current show is dominated by a h
Frank Stella painting, a bright-red elonga
oval with a horizontal blue strip across
middle. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . .
drawing center, 137 Greene St.: In a show
works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Rich
has drawings of suburban interiors and ex
riors colored with felt-tip pens and gouac
and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercol
of flowers. Through Nov. 1. (Open Monda
open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—A retrospective
paintings and drawings by an American
patriate artist who had a varied career bu
best known for his interiors of elegant Pa
sian homes. Through Nov. 1. (Grey Art G
lery, New York University, Washington
just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays a
Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10
8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Kenneth Price—*Small (around four inches)*
ramic sculptures executed between 1972 a
1974. Through Oct. 24. (Visual Arts, 209
23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, n
to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Charles White (1918-79)—A loan show of fo
works by the figurative artist. Through D
5. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mond
through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10
5.)

Group Show—A show that includes a forb
ding black structure, twelve feet high, cal
"A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lau
Ewing. Through its windows one can wa
messages flashed on a video screen ("Cl
and Recoil" or "Identical Gestures"). Ot
artists represented are Agnes Denes, Ver
Fisher, Stephen Prina, and David Re
Through Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fi
Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at no
open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Julian B. Hyman—Color photographs of patte
formed by city landscapes. Through Sat
day, Oct. 18. (Caravan House, 132 E. 6
St. Opens at 11:30.)

Wendell MacRae—More than three hund
vintage prints (half are mounted on the w
the rest are in bins) provide a view of the c
during the thirties. Through Saturday, C
18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays

Sheila Metzner—Soft-focus color prints. Throu
Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Polaroids. Throu
Friday, Oct. 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison A
at 69th St.)

Keith Smith—A series of hand-tinted pho
graphs, among them a blowup of a ba
chested man in bluejeans which takes u
three-panel ten-foot-high folding scre
Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Leslie-Lohm
485 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Fashion Photography—Two shows: Works
George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68), an ea
contributor to *Vogue* and *Harper's Baz*
Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A selection (by Di
Vreeland) of fifty black-and-white pho
graphs, including portraits of Josephine Bal
Chanel, and Audrey Hepburn, by Horst,
ving Penn, Deborah Turbeville, and oth
Starts Thursday, Oct. 9. (International C
ter of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 9
St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday eveni
until 8.)

La Maison Bonfils—A show of turn-of-the-c
tury photographs has been mounted at
Jewish Museum. See below, under "M
seums," for dates and times.

Group Show—More than a hundred pho

graphs by eight artists, among them Louis Faurer, Shelley Seccombe, William Gamble, and Tom Haar. Through Oct. 26. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The art galleries are closed to traffic for the next couple of weeks. Evening programs in the film library continue; see page 20.

UGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large three-dimensional aluminum mural and other works by Yaacov Agam. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, from 11 to 5.) Both shows through Nov. 2.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the celebrated works are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Old Glory Department: "Three Flags," the Jasper Johns painting recently acquired by the museum, will be on view in the lobby gallery Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-19.

ROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

SIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). Among the souvenir photographs are views of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the Dead Sea, and portraits of Bedouins. . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Six first-solo shows. The artists: Donald Baechler, Arch Connelly, Nancy Dwyer, James Goss, James Holl, and Tom Koken. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—An installation devised by nearly a dozen artists who work in the Chicago area. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ About five display cases of early publications (1909-29), including copies of *291* and *Dada.* Through Nov. 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Robert Moran (an informal shadow-puppet show), Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, at 8:30; Robert Dick (music), Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Jackson MacLow and Dick Higgins (music), Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; a videotape-and-sound work by John Sanborn and Kit Fitzgerald, through Saturday, Oct. 11; videotape by Frank Gillette, starts Tuesday, Oct. 14.

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in this former school building. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ *Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:* Videotapes by five artists.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 9: The première of "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," by Stanley Silverman, with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," by Thomas Pasatieri, with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," by Jan Bach, with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 11: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, June Anderson, Vinson Cole, Frederick Burchinal, Robert Hale, and Robert McFarland; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 12: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Joseph Evans, and Andrew Smith; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 12: "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 14: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 18: "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Andrew Smith; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

National Chinese Opera Theatre—A program o traditional Peking theatre by a company o sixty-five from Taiwan. (Brooklyn Academ of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100 Friday, Oct. 10, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8 and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Vampyr—An opera by Heinrich Marschner based on the novel by Byron and Polidori Michael Feingold is responsible for the English translation. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 8 and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Goo Shepherd Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8 Matinées Sundays at 4. For informatio about tickets, call 575-1558.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 9 at 8, Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct 14, at 7:30: With Shlomo Mintz, violin, an Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore. . . . ¶ Saturday Oct. 11, at 8: A nonsubscription concert i commemoration of Andre Kostelanetz, wit Aaron Copland, narrator; Leona Mitchell, soprano; and Donnie Ray Albert, bass-baritone . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday, Oct 17, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 18, and Tuesday Oct. 21, at 8: With Glenn Dicterow, violin.

Philharmonia Orchestra of London—Riccard Muti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday Oct. 12, at 8, a Mozart-Schubert program and Monday, Oct. 13, at 8, a Beethoven-Prokofieff program.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy con ducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Car negie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting tw performances of Mahler's Eighth Symphony with Faye Robinson, Judith Blegen, an Deborah Sasson, sopranos; Florence Quiva and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Kennet Riegel, tenor, Benjamin Luxon, baritone Gwynne Howell, bass; the Tanglewood Fes tival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Car negie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct 15-16, at 8.)

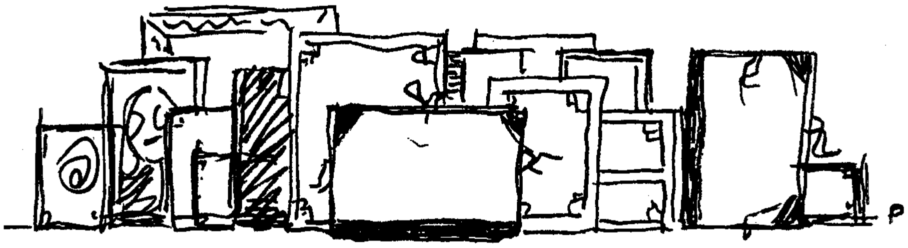
Polish Chamber Orchestra—Jerzy Maksymiu conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesda Oct. 15, at 8.)

Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Jaime Lared conducting and acting as violin soloist, wit Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Satur day, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldma conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, wit Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Raine Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormie directing a performance of Haydn's oratori "The Seasons," in a new English translatio by Jane May, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, so prano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; and Joh Cheek, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 1 at 8.)

Cathedral Singers—Richard Westenburg direct ing the first of two concerts devoted to Bac cantatas. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of S



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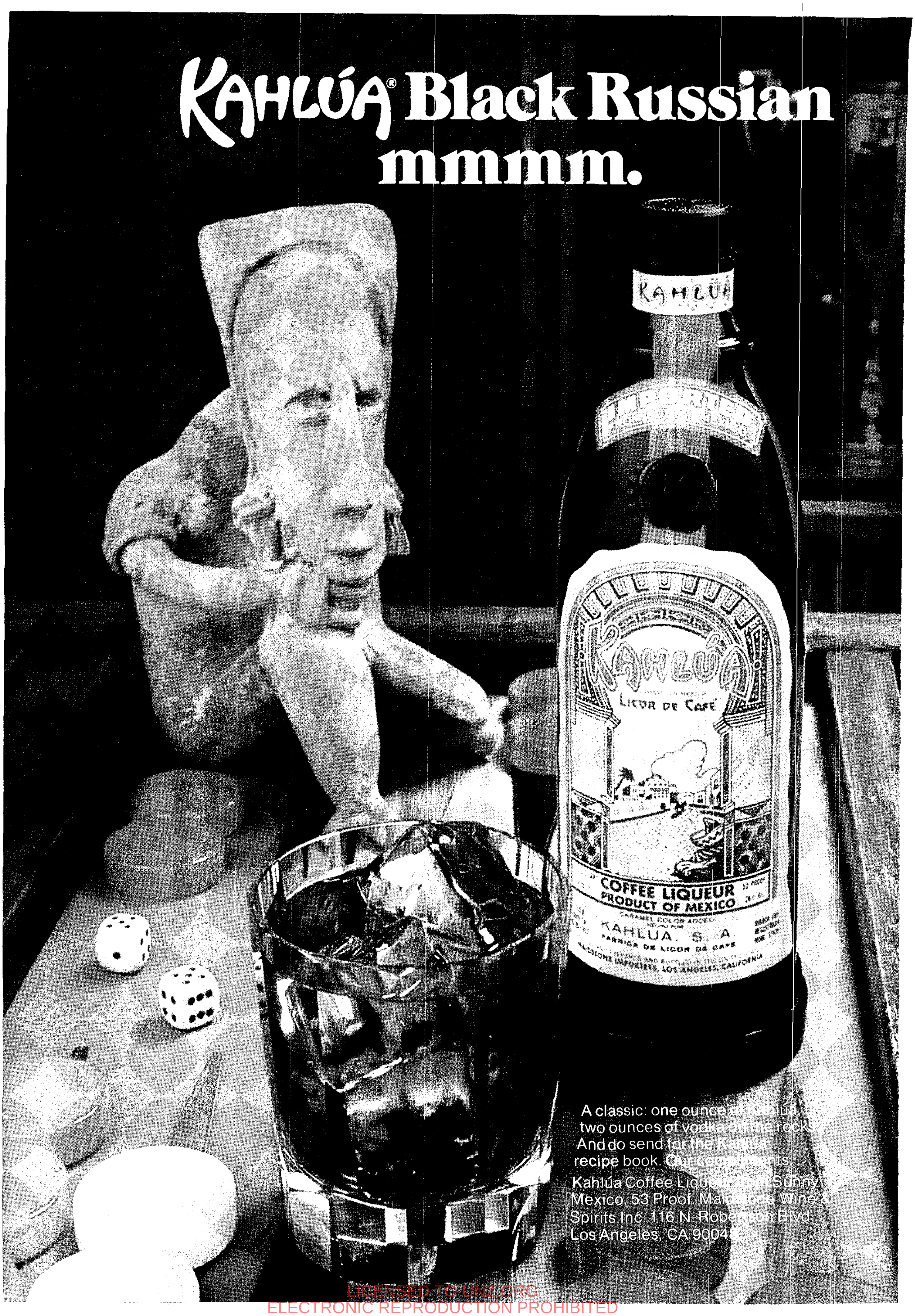
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Nina Lelchuk—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one devoted to works by Donald Grantham, Timothy Imlay, John Melby, Vincent Persichetti, and David Schiff. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Magda Tagliaferro—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in the first in a series of three chamber-music recitals, this one with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Steven Kimbrough—Baritone. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Jubal Trio—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—With Sarah Cunningham, Wendy Gillespie, and Mary Springfels, all viola da gamba; Nancy Armstrong, soprano; and Lucy Cross, lute, in a program of English and French baroque music. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The first in a series of four programs, this one performed by Philip West, oboe, and assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Ann Schein—Piano, in the first in a series of six all-Chopin recitals, this one devoted to the complete sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Caecilian Chamber Ensemble—Gerardo Levy conducting a program featuring the American première of William Walton and Edith Sitwell's "Façade 2." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Monday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Tony Rogoff—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Richard Young—Violin, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

astman Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Hernan V. Pelayo—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

appan Zee Chamber Players—With Abba Bogin, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-4198.)

ucille Gruber—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Aston Magna—A program that includes Bach's Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 2 and 4. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Calliope: A Rennaissance Band—A program of instrumental music entitled "A Royal Recital." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

aSalle Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hal , 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

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The Scholars—An ensemble from England in a program of a-cappella music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Leonard Bernstein, Nancy Williams, Julia Lovett, Catherine Rowe, Jay Willoughby, Seymour Lipkin, and others, in a program of music by Jack Gottlieb. For the benefit of the Hebrew Arts School Jewish Music Library Fund. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 4.). . . ¶ The annual Richard Tucker Memorial Gala will include sopranos Grace Bumbry, Montserrat Caballé, Leona Mitchell, and Leontyne Price; mezzo-soprano Maria Ewing; tenors Neil Shicoff and Barry McCauley; baritone Louis Quilico; and bass Paul Plishka. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Joy Bogen, Peter Armstrong, Kathryn Selby, Lys Symonette, Marilyn Dubow, and Edward Weiss. For the benefit of the Ferruccio Busoni Society Scholarship Fund. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** The first two games will be played in Kansas City, Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 3, and Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:15, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games will be played at Yankee Stadium, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:15, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 4. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Tuesday, Oct. 14, in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:35. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Monday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 11:** Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Yale, at Chestnut Hill, at 6. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Alabama, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 18** (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at Piscataway. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 12: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 10; the Beldame, Saturday, Oct. 11; and the Champagne, Sunday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturday and Sunday between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 15, through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Damon Runyon, Wednesday, Oct. 15, and the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Oct. 16. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Yachting—The fourteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Battery Park to a point on the Hudson River off 79th St. (or 125th St., if there's enough wind). The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 11 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 12).

ET ALIA

Lecture—Stephen Jay Gould on the "Adaptation and Design of Organisms." (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Marilyn Hacker and Mary Oliver reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ J. P. Donleavy reading from his own novels. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 13, at 8.). . . ¶ Richard Eberhart reading from his own poetry. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Olga Broumas and Carol Muske reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, with dealers from more than a dozen states and from Great Britain. In addition to furniture, there will be displays of art glass, pottery, and silver. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 8-11, noon to 10; Sunday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 6.)

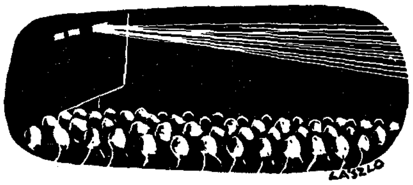
Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor show. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 9, at 2: Two sales of Old Master paintings, from the estate of Helen Janssen Wetzel and from the New-York Historical Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, along with American and European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 10:15: Decorative works of art, furniture, rugs, and antique clothing. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: French furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 10:15: European ceramics. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 9.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Thursday, Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 9.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
“The Third Generation.” (No performances on Monday, Oct. 13.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 14: “The Man Who Fell to Earth.”
From Oct. 15: “Themroc.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 9: “Dressed to Kill” and “Hardcore.”
Oct. 10-16: “Airplane!” and “Meatballs.”
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
“Sam Marlowe, Private Eye.”

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
“Stardust Memories.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“Oh, God! Book II.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 9: “Coast to Coast.”
From Oct. 10: “Hopscotch.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 9: “In God We Trust.”
From Oct. 10: “Why Would I Lie?”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 9: “Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession.”
From Oct. 10: “Private Benjamin.”

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
“Caligula.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 9: “The Arabian Nights.”
From Oct. 10: “Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior.”

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Oct. 9: “My Bodyguard.”
From Oct. 10: “Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession.”

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Oct. 16: “Terror Train.”
From Oct. 17: “Worlds Apart.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Stardust Memories.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Elephant Man.”

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 9: “Willie & Phil.”
From Oct. 10: “The Arabian Nights.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
“Gloria.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Oct. 16: “Sam Marlowe, Private Eye.”
From Oct. 17: “Melvin and Howard.”

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“Somewhere in Time.”

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
“One-Trick Pony.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
“Oh, God! Book II.”

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Oct. 16: “Hopscotch.”
From Oct. 17: “The Stunt Man.”

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
“Divine Madness.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
“La Cage aux Folles.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“Ordinary People.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 9: “Dressed to Kill.”
Oct. 10-16: “Airplane!”
From Oct. 17 (tentative): “Fame.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
“Somewhere in Time.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 9: “Mother’s Day.”
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“Terror Train.”

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“Coast to Coast.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 9: “The Exterminator.”
From Oct. 10: “Why Would I Lie?”

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: “Without Warning.” Oct. 10-16: “The Fog” and “Phantasm.” From Oct. 17: “Fade to Black.”
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: “In God We Trust.” From Oct. 10: “Private Benjamin.”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
“Somewhere in Time.”

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“The Great Santini.”

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“Willie & Phil.”

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: “The Arabian Nights.” From Oct. 17: “Fade to Black.”
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: “The Getting of Wisdom.” From Oct. 10: “Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession.”
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: “Dressed to Kill.” *From Oct. 10: “The Chant of Jimmie* Blacksmith.”
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 9: “The Tin Drum.” From Oct. 10: “Airplane!”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
“The Great Santini.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 16: “Raise the Titanic.” (No performances on Tuesday, Oct. 14.)
From Oct. 17: “Times Square.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 14: “Airplane!”
From Oct. 15: A week-long program of new Polish films, with English subtitles. Call theatre for titles and dates.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 16: “Return of the Secaucus 7.”
From Oct. 17: “The Stunt Man.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Stardust Memories.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 9: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 10: “Bye Bye Brazil.”

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 14: “Fame.”
From Oct. 15: “The Man Who Fell to Earth.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Sam Marlowe, Private Eye.”

Cinema Studio 1, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 11: “The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith.”
From Oct. 12: “Loulou.”

Cinema Studio 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 11: “The Marriage of Maria Braun.”
From Oct. 12: “Every Man for Himself.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)
“The Great Santini.”

Loews 83rd Quad, B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: “The Hunter.” From Oct. 10: “Song of the South.”
Theatre 2: “The Getting of Wisdom.”
Theatre 3: “Willie & Phil.”
Theatre 4: “Oh, God! Book II.”

New Yorker 1, B’way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Oct. 9: “Terror Train.”
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

New Yorker 2, B’way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Oct. 9: “Fame.”
From Oct. 10: “Why Would I Lie?”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 9: “The Exterminator” and “A Man, a Woman, and a Bank.”
Oct. 10-16: “Airplane!” and “The In-Laws.”
From Oct. 17: “Smokey and the Bandit II” and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B’way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: “Divine Madness.” (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: “The Blu Lagoon.” From Oct. 10: “Bad Timing/ Sensual Obsession.” (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: “Willie & Phil.” († From Oct. 10: “Mother’s Day.” (†)
Theatre 4: “Fame.” (†)
Theatre 5: “Somewhere in Time.” (†)

Embassy 1, B’way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 9: “Airplane!” (†)
From Oct. 10: “Song of the South.” (†)

Embassy, B’way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: “Dressed t Kill.” (†) From Oct. 10: “Airplane!” (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: “My Bodyguard.” († From Oct. 10: “Dressed to Kill.” (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 9: “Close Encounters of the Third Kind.” Oct. 10-16: week-long, two-a-day program (free) c Egyptian films, with English subtitle *From Oct. 17: “Foolin’ Around.”*

Embassy 5, B’way at 46th. (354-5636)
“Terror Train.” (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B’way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 9: “The Empire Strikes Back.’
From Oct. 10: “Ordinary People.” (†)

Loews State 1, B’way at 45th. (582-5060)
“Coast to Coast.” (†)

Loews State 2, B’way at 45th. (582-5070)
“Hopscotch.” (†)

Movieland (formerly called the Forum), B’wa at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 9: “Mother’s Day.” (†)
From Oct. 10: “Private Benjamin.” (†)

National, B’way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Oct. 9: “The Exterminator.” (†)
Oct. 10-16: “The Fog” (†) and “Phantasm.” (†)
From Oct. 17: “Fade to Black.” (†)

Rivoli, B’way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 9: “In God We Trust.” (†)
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B’way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Oct. 9: “Without Warning.” (†)
From Oct. 10: “Why Would I Lie?” (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B’way at 47th. (975-8369)
“Oh, God! Book II.” (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560
Oct. 8: “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (1979), i German, directed by Werner Herzog, wi Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bru Ganz.
Oct. 9: “Heaven Can Wait” (1978), direct by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry, wi Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, a Charles Grodin; and “The End” (1978 directed by Burt Reynolds, with Reynold Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field.
Oct. 10: “Outrageous!” (1977), directed Richard Benner, with Craig Russell a Hollis McLaren; and “Some Like It Ho (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
Oct. 11: “Lolita” (1962), directed by Stanl Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mas Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Oct. 12: “All That Jazz” (1979), directed Bob Fosse, with Roy Scheider, Jess Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palme
Oct. 13: “The Passenger” (1975), directed Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nich

son and Maria Schneider; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

Oct. 14: "Gate of Hell" (†); and "The Secret of Naruto" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Kazuo Hasegawa.

Oct. 15: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Oct. 16: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Oct. 17: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; and "The Brood" (1979), directed by David Cronenberg, with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

Oct. 18: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Oct. 8: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux; and "A Little Romance" (1979), directed by George Roy Hill, with Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, Sally Kellerman, Diane Lane, and Thelonious Bernard.

Oct. 9: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Oct. 10: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

Oct. 11: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

Oct. 12: "Modern Times" (1936) and "The Great Dictator" (1940), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Oct. 13: "Nijinsky." (†)

Oct. 14: "Gaily, Gaily" (†), "That Man from Rio" (†), "Topkapi" (†), "Sweet Smell of Success" (†), and "The Great Escape" (†). (This entire program will be repeated on Tuesday, Oct. 21.)

Oct. 15: "Gate of Hell" (†); and "The Secret of Naruto" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Kazuo Hasegawa.

Oct. 16: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Oct. 17: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Ossessione." (†)

Oct. 18: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

INEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 9: "Babylon Pink" and "The Legend of Lady Blue."

Oct. 10-11: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Oct. 12-13: "New York, New York" (†); and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Oct. 14: "Hoffman" (1970), directed by Alvin Rakoff, with Peter Sellers; and "There's a Girl in My Soup." (†)

Oct. 15-16: "Carny" (1980), directed by Robert Kaylor, with Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, Robbie Robertson, and Meg Foster.

Oct. 17-18: "O Lucky Man!" (†)

H ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Union City" (1980), directed by Mark Reichert, with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry.

INI CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Oct. 9: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." (†)

Oct. 10-12: "The Good Earth" (1937), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, Walter Connolly, and Charley Grapewin.

Oct. 13-14: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945), directed by John M. Stahl, with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price; and "Go West." (†)

Oct. 15-16: "Too Hot to Handle" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, and Leo Carrillo; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

From Oct. 17: "Lifeboat." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 8: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, Edna May Oliver, and John Carradine; and "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott.

Oct. 9-11: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.

Oct. 12-13: "Swanee River" (1940), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Don Ameche and Andrea Leeds; and "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson.

Oct. 14-15: "Major Dundee" (†); and "Shenandoah" (1965), directed by Andrew McLaglen, with James Stewart, Doug McClure, Glenn Corbett, Patrick Wayne, and Rosemary Forsythe.

Oct. 16-18: "State Fair" (1945), directed by Walter Lang, with Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter, and Dick Haymes; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 8: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

Oct. 9: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards.

Oct. 10-11: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Blue Country" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin.

Oct. 12: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "Forbidden Games." (†)

Oct. 13: A program of animated films; and "Raggedy Ann & Andy" (1977), an animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams.

Oct. 14: Four films by Jean Vigo—"A Propos de Nice" (1929), "Taris" (1931), "L'Atalante" (1934), and "Zero for Conduct" (1933).

Oct. 15: "Chaplin Revue," a program of three short films—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923); and "Max," a program of three short films, directed by Max Linder—"Be My Wife" (1921), "Seven Years' Bad Luck" (1921), and "The Three Must-Get-Theres" (1922).

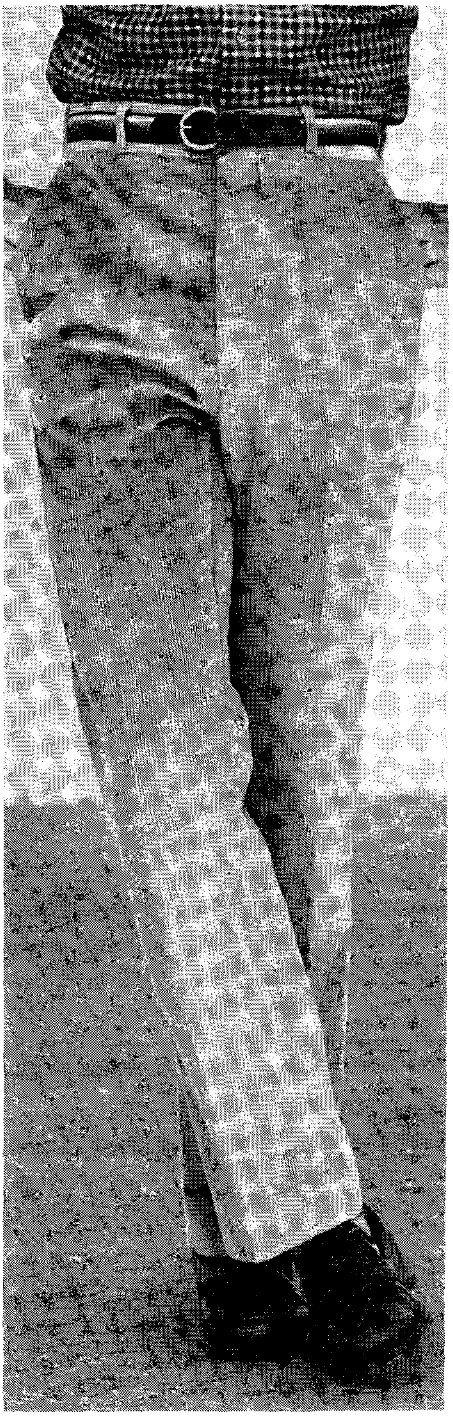
Oct. 16: "The Last Picture Show" (†) and "Targets." (†)

Oct. 17-18: "Black Orpheus" (†); and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Oct. 9: "Two-Way Stretch" (1961), directed by Robert Day, with Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde-White, David Lodge, and Bernard



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Cribbins; and "The Man in the White Suit" (1951), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger.

Oct. 10-11: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Reginald Gardiner, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

Oct. 12: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." (†)

Oct. 13: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†) and "Chained." (†)

Oct. 14: "The Seven Year Itch" (†); and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Oct. 15: "The Mystery of Mr. Wong" (1939), and "Mr. Wong in Chinatown" (1939), both films directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff as the detective.

Oct. 16: "The Man Who Laughs" (†); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.

Oct. 17: "The Threepenny Opera" (†); and "Pandora's Box" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, and Francis Lederer.

Oct. 18: "The Third Man" (†) and "The Trial." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 9 at 6: A program of short films and excerpts from feature films showing the different color processes used between 1905 and 1935. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8:30: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1946), directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8:30: A program of short films and excerpts from feature films showing the different color processes used between 1905 and 1935. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8:30: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick; a faded color print. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8:30: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 8:30: "I Am Suzanne." . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Where Is My Freedom?" (1978), a documentary on women in Egypt, directed by Laila Abou-Saif. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8:30: "The African Queen." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: "The Text of Light" (1974), a silent film, directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 8:30: "Impostors" (1980), directed by Mark Rappaport, with Peter Evans, Ellen McElduff, Charles Ludlum, and Michael Burg. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "Wild River." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8:30: "Death in Venice." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Gate of Hell." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8:30: "Jesse James." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Anticata/Strophe" (1980), a multimonitor video installation by Al Robbins (who will be present on Thursdays, Oct. 9 and 16, at 2). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 8 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; and "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charles Chaplin. Both silent films. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A video program by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: Two films by Jean Cocteau—"Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930), in French, with English subtitles, and "La Belle et la Bête" (1946), in French, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: "One Man's Magic Is Another Man's Science" and "About Media," two video programs by Tony Ramos. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "Squares," "Improvisation," and "Moon Redefined," by Doris Chase, and "A Dark Vision," a work in progress by Susan Pitt. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8: "Fluxus Film" (1963-70). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8: "Orphée" (1950) and "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960), both films in French, directed by Jean Cocteau; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: "Glens Falls Sequence" (1946) and "The Long Bodies" (1949), directed by Douglass Crockwell; "A Movie" (1958), "Cosmic Ray" (1961), and "Report" (1963), directed by Bruce Conner; and "The Flicker" (1966), directed by Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 10: "Fluxus Film" (1963-70). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 3: Two video programs—"WBGH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: The Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Oct 15 at 8 and Oct. 16 at 8: Two programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 7: "Impostors" (1980), directed by Mark Rappaport, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 11 A.M.: A video program by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 7 and 9: "The Comanche" (1979), directed by Herbert Achternbusch.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Every Man for Himself (Sauve Qui Peut /La Vie)" (Jean-Luc Godard; France and Switzerland). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Loulou" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "New York Story" (Jackie Raynal; United States), "Rush" (Evelyn Purcell; United States), and "Nights at O'Rear's" (Robert Mandel; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 6:15: "The Constant Factor" (Krzysztof Zanussi; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "New York Story," "Rush," and "Nights at O'Rear's." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 10:30 A.M.: "Tih Minh," a twelve-episode silent serial, seven hours long, including intermission (Louis Feuillade; France, 1918). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Loulou." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9: "Every Man for Himself (Sauve Qui Peut/La Vie)." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 12 at 8:30: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIRPLANE!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy 1; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Festival; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Oct. 10-16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; starting Oct. 10.)

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Plaza; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Center; starting Oct. 10.)

BAD TIMING/A SENSUAL OBSESSION—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Sutton; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

BLACK ORPHEUS (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Thalia; Oct. 17-18.)

BYE BYE BRAZIL—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris; starting Oct. 10.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

CHAINED (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, an Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half-brother, a loyal, easygoing bum i ragged tweeds who makes us understan what the Europeans have destroyed. This is large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic (9/15/80) (Cinema Studio 1; through Oct 11. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

COAST TO COAST—With Robert Blake and Dya Cannon, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Loew Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ 34th St East; through Oct. 9.)

DIVINE MADNESS—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of th same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Loews Ne York 2, and Criterion Center.)

DRESSED TO KILL—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticate horror comedy was written and directed b Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's abou sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them wit such apparent ease that the pleasure of th suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angi Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde Michael Caine as her analyst, the breez comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Stree East, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—With Anthony Hopkins a Dr. Frederick Treves, and John Hurt as Joh Merrick, the Elephant Man. Directed b David Lynch. Based on an original journal b Dr. Treves, and not on the current Broadwa show. (Coronet.)

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF—With Isabelle Hupper Jacques Butronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinem Studio 2; starting Oct. 12.)

THE EXTERMINATOR—With Christopher Georg

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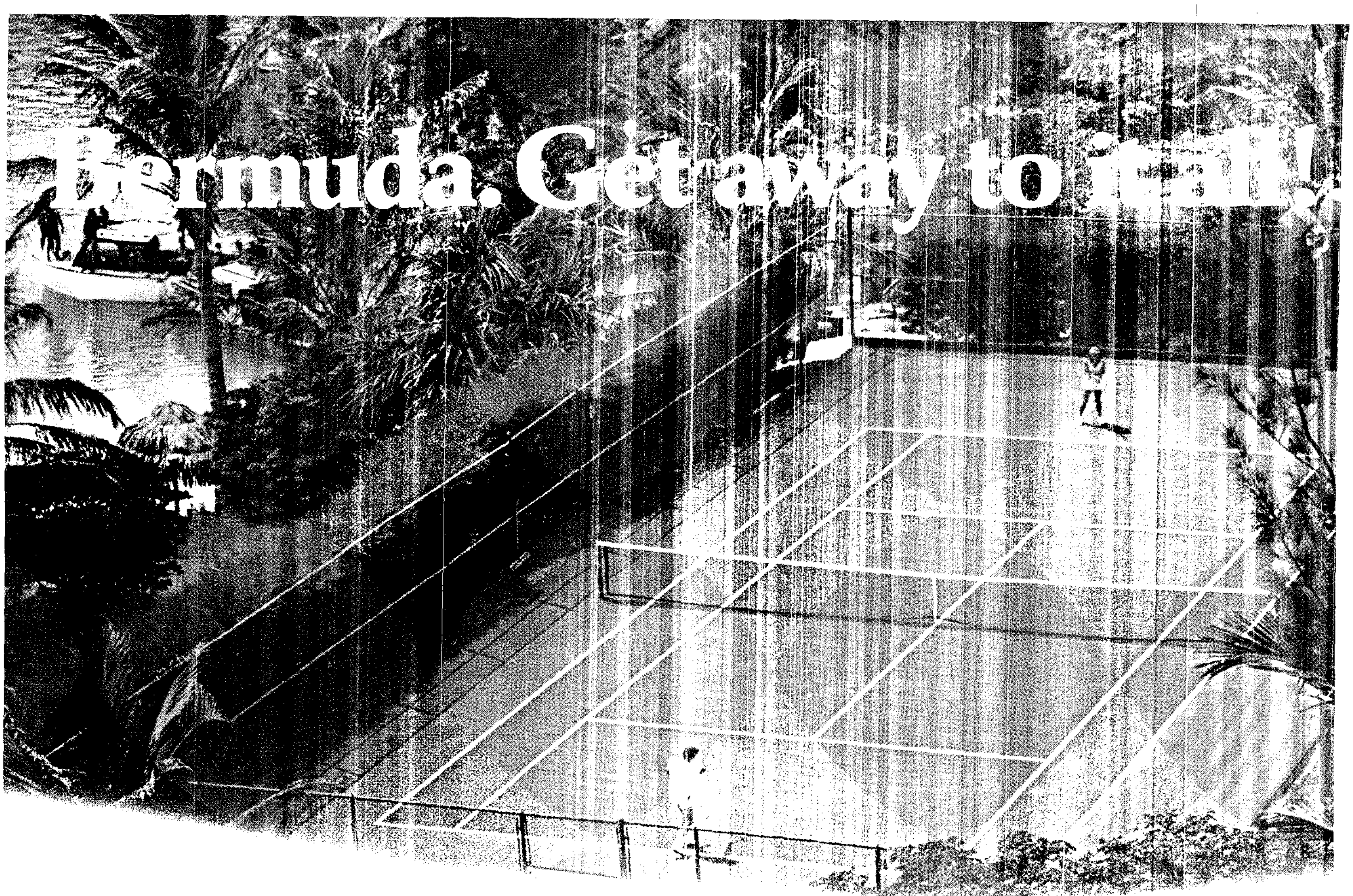

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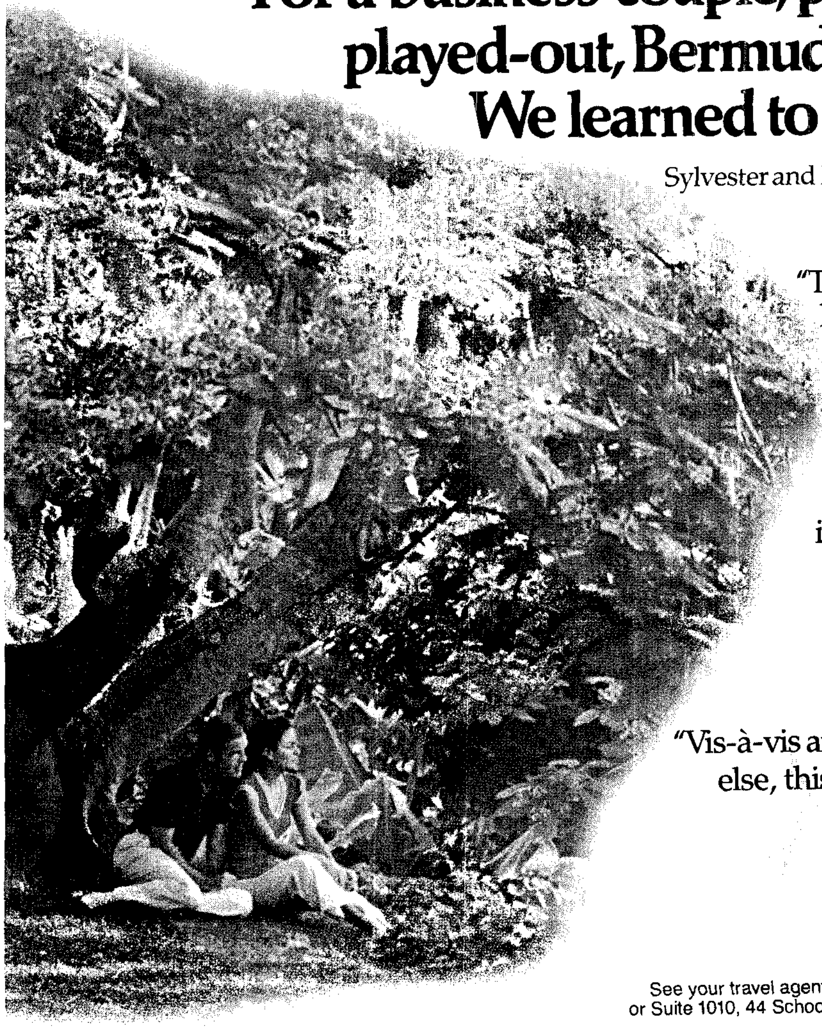

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Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (86th St. East, Olympia, and National; through Oct. 9.)

Fade to Black—With Dennis Christopher, directed by Vernon Zimmerman. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and National; starting Oct. 17.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated last chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; Oct. 10-16.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. This classic of the French postwar period was a commercial failure until it won the grand prize at Venice; it went on to international success. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 12.)

Gaily, Gaily (1969)—Ben Hecht's reminiscences and fantasies about his early years as a Chicago newspaperman are marvellous movie material—evocative, good-humored, full of life. A good subject, a charming plot, and not too bad a script (by Abram S. Ginnes) are mostly lost, however, in this overproduced period re-creation, which is only moderately entertaining. The director, Norman Jewison, just doesn't have the feeling for Hecht's Chicago; he uses huge mobs and big locations, and the joyous comedy of our corrupt past is turned into picturesque (non-denominational) Americana—overembellished, overplayed, and almost always off target. As the young Candide-Ben, Beau Bridges has a smiling, engaging presence, and, as the older reporter, Brian Keith is splendid; the best reason to see the picture is for his timing, and for the way he can deliver an epithet like "You quack!" But the scenes of Carl Sandburg reciting a poem and the young hero screaming about political power are really inexcusable. With Melina Mercouri, who, as the madam of a bordello that looks as big as the Ritz, acts like a tempestuous female impersonator, and Hume Cronyn, who is at his worst in a condescending performance as a politician. A noteworthy anachronistic howler: the 1910 demonstrators who gather outside the Chicago Board of Trade carry placards calling for "Love." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Gate of Hell (1954)—Famed for its use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells a subtle story (which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece") of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and her way of defeating him. It's as if the director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, had read those critics who compare every Japanese movie to a Japanese print and had decided to give them more than they could handle—delicately choreographed battles, the flow and texture of garments, and everywhere grace of movement and composition. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto, where the abstract patterns of interiors and architecture suggest that modern décor has a long way to go to catch up with medieval Japan. With Machiko Kyo as the Lady Kesa and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the back country who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, rigid and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Mini Cinema; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12.)

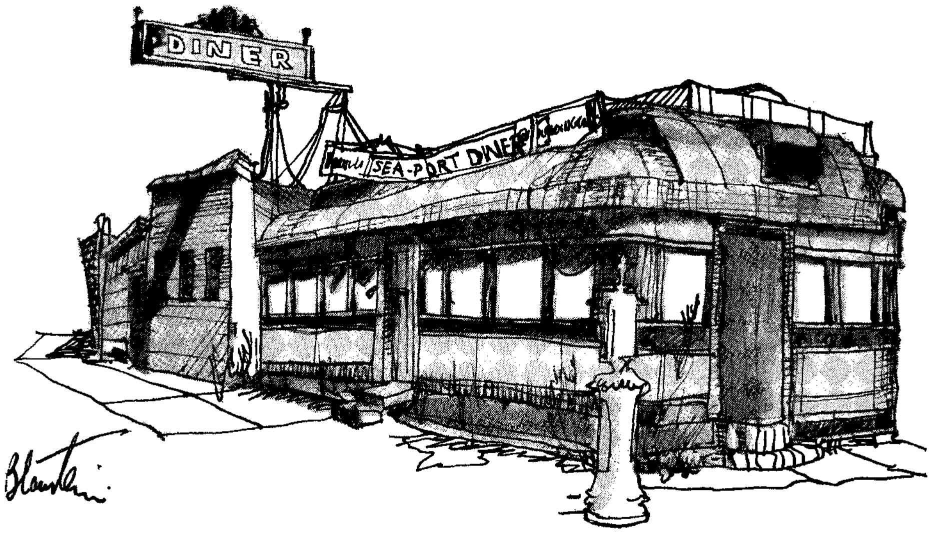
Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the Old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed; and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 13-14.)

The Great Escape (1963)—John Sturges directed this, one of the eternally riveting escape-from-prison-camp stories (American and British airmen getting out of German camp in the Second World War). Good, boisterous performances by Steve McQueen and James Garner, who must have been cutting their baby teeth when the real events were happening, which gives the whole business a curious and rather touching wrong-end-of-the-telescope effect. Fairly entertaining, no pain. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Hardcore (1979)—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way dogs hate cats. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda



Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Oct. 10.)

The Hunter—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 9.)

In God We Trust—With Marty Feldman, Louise Lasser, Peter Boyle, and Andy Kaufman; directed by Feldman. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Oct. 9.)

The In-Laws (1979)—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Olympia; Oct. 10-16.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza; starting Oct. 10.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. The film badly needs this stylization, because, of course, its shallow overview of town life is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" series. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. This is perhaps an *ideal* TV show. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (Thalia; Oct. 16.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Mini Cinema; starting Oct. 17.)

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Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Oct. 12.)

Major Dundee (1965)—Sam Peckinpah on location in Mexico, imbuing a conventional Western with moments of true, clear character. Not the best Peckinpah, but worth seeing; he pulls actors like Charlton Heston and Richard Harris up by the bootstraps. (Regency; Oct. 14-15.)

A Man, a Woman, and a Bank—A pleasant bank-robbery story, starring Donald Sutherland, Paul Mazursky, and Brooke Adams, directed by Noel Black. (10/22/79) (Olympia; through Oct. 9.)

Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a melodrama deluxe from M-G-M. Gable and William Powell play boyhood friends from the slums. In the climax, Powell, the D.A., must prosecute his old friend, who gallantly dies rather than allow Powell to jeopardize his own career. Despite the heavy moralizing tone, the picture holds one's interest; Powell manages to get his conflicting emotions across, and he has an unusual rapport with Myrna Loy, the woman both men love. (Powell and Loy were then teamed and made "The Thin Man" later that year.) Produced by David O. Selznick, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with a screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from Arthur Caesar's Academy Award-winning screen story. The cast includes Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Cark Gable as a twelve-year-old. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; there's a song by Rodgers and Hart that later became known as "Blue Moon." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Art; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Oct. 15.)

The Man Who Laughs (1928)—No one who saw this silent movie as a child is likely to have forgotten it. The Victor Hugo story is of fairly conventional seventeenth-century English court intrigues, except for one detail about the hero, Gwynplaine (Conrad Veidt). The heir to an earldom, he was kidnapped as a child and, at the orders of the king, a political enemy of his father, he was mutilated—his face carved into a perpetual grin. He had no choice but to become a clown. Produced by Universal on a lavish scale, the film is by no means a cheap horror story. The German-born director Paul Leni had a true gift for macabre décor, and the film's ambitious mixture of morbidity and historical melodrama is very effective, even with its heavy sentimentality. With the physically elegant Veidt as the hero, the picture has a romantic center that it would not have had with Lon Chaney. (John Barrymore played Gwynplaine on the stage.) Mary Philbin is beautiful, though sticky, as a blind girl who loves the clown; Olga Baclanova is a rowdy, loose duchess who is drawn to him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Oct. 11.)

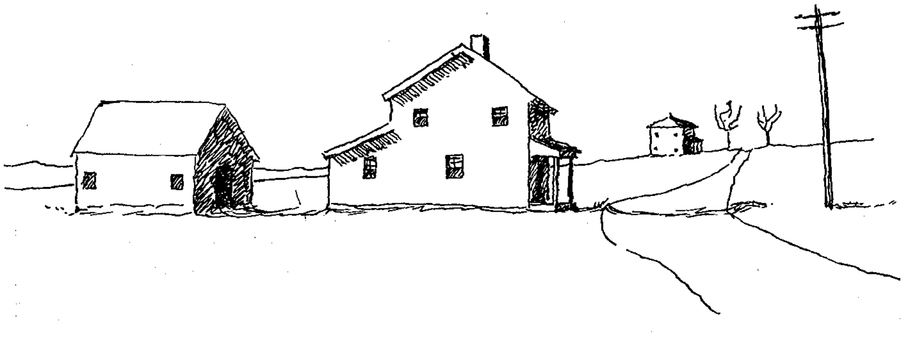
Meatballs (1979)—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 10-16.)

Melvin and Howard—With Paul Le Mat and Jason Robards, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; starting Oct. 17.)

Mother's Day—With Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce, directed by Charles Kaufman. (U. A. East, and Movieland; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Oct. 10.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull, directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, and Embassy; through Oct. 9.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous, and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews; her two big numbers ("But The World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced band leader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema Village; Oct. 12-13.)



Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Oh, God! Book II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet; a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Cinema Village; Oct. 17-18.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2.)

Ordinary People—With Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; directed by Robert Redford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; starting Oct. 10.)

Ossessione (1942)—Directed by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie. The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Somewhat dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Phantasm (1979)—With Michael Baldwin, directed by Don Coscarelli. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; Oct. 10-16.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Movieland; starting Oct. 10.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld; through Oct. 16. No performances on Tuesday, Oct. 14.)

Return of the Secaucus 7—With Mark Arnott, directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 16.)

Sam Marlowe, Private Eye—With Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey; directed by Robert Day. (Gramercy, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Oct. 16.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub oc-

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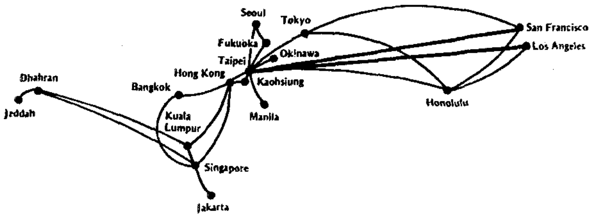

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14.)

Smokey and the Bandit II—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Olympia; starting Oct. 17.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Criterion Center.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 10.)

Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stuntman, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, he thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey, O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz, as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 1, and 57th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 17.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—For several years, Tony Curtis had been a virtual guarantor of box-office success, and the New York locations for this film were invaded by thousands of teen-agers, who broke through police barricades to get to their idol. But these throngs ignored the completed picture, in which Curtis grew up into an actor and gave what will probably be remembered as the best performance of his career. Even the presence of that other box-office guarantor, Burt Lancaster, did not lift the picture from the red ink. This is understandable, for the movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue generally seems like bad poetry when it's spoken from the screen, but here it's harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander MacKendrick, has a crisp *film-noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. His temperament enables us to respond to the vitality in this decadence. The weakest part is in the contrasting sweetness and light of the young lovers, Martin Milner and Susan Harrison. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor; even Tony Curtis's name (Sidney Falco) stays with one—that, and the inflection he gives to "avidly." With Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer; script by Odets and Ernest Lehman, from a short story by Lehman. Score by Elmer Bernstein; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

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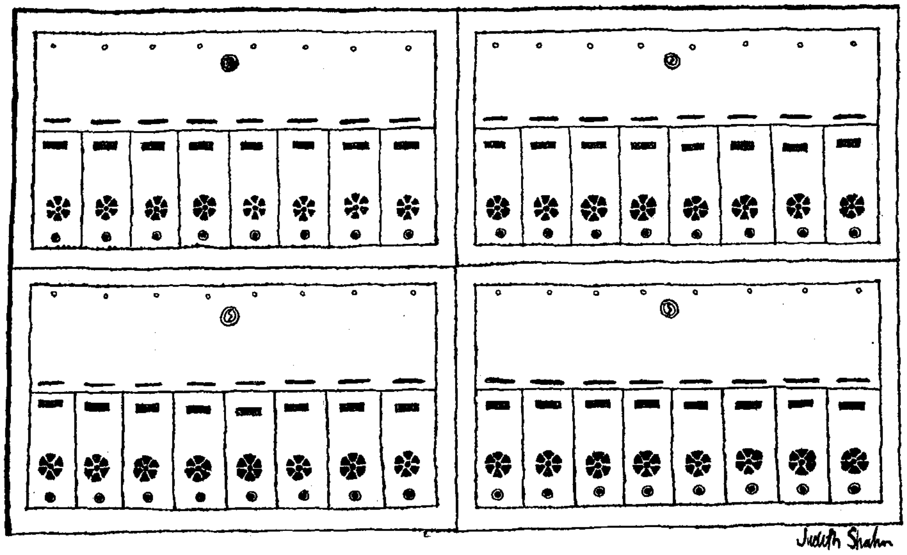
Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Thalia; Oct. 16.)

Terror Train—With Ben Johnson, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Hart Bochner; directed by Roger Spottiswoode. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through Oct. 16.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Themroc—With Michel Piccoli, Beatrice Romand, Patrick Dewaere, and Miou-Miou; directed by Claude Faraldo. (Art; starting Oct. 15.)

There's a Girl in My Soup (1970)—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Cinema Village; Oct. 14.)



The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Oct. 13.)

The Third Man (1950)—The most famous collaboration of the director of Carol Reed and the screenwriter Graham Greene has the structure of a good suspense thriller and an atmosphere of baroque, macabre decadence. The simple American, Joseph Cotten, arrives in postwar Vienna to meet an old friend, only to be told that the friend has been killed in an accident. In trying to discover the facts, Cotten learns so much about his friend that when he finally finds him alive, he wants him dead. Orson Welles's portrait of the friend, Harry Lime, is a study of corruption—evil, witty, unreachable—balanced against Trevor Howard's quietly elegant underplaying of the Army officer who teaches the American some of the uglier facts of life. There is an ambiguity about our relation to the Cotten character: he is alone against the forces of the city and, in a final devastating stroke, he is even robbed of the illusion that the girl (Alida Valli) is interested in him, yet his illusions are so commonplace that his disillusion does not strike us deeply. Greene has made him a shallow, ineffectual, well-meaning American. Robert Krasker's cinematography won the Academy Award. The zither music is by Anton Karas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 17.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Topkapi (1964)—Comic grand larceny in Eric Ambler terrain—Istanbul. The gang in this Jules Dassin thriller includes Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff, and they all work too hard at being merry, lovable scoundrels. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

Why Would I Lie?—With Treat Williams and Lisa Eichhorn, directed by Larry Peerce. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Oct. 10.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman. Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Center; through Oct. 9.)

Without Warning—With Jack Palance and Martin Landau, directed by Greydon Clark (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1 through Oct. 9.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble (Manhattan 2; starting Oct. 17.)

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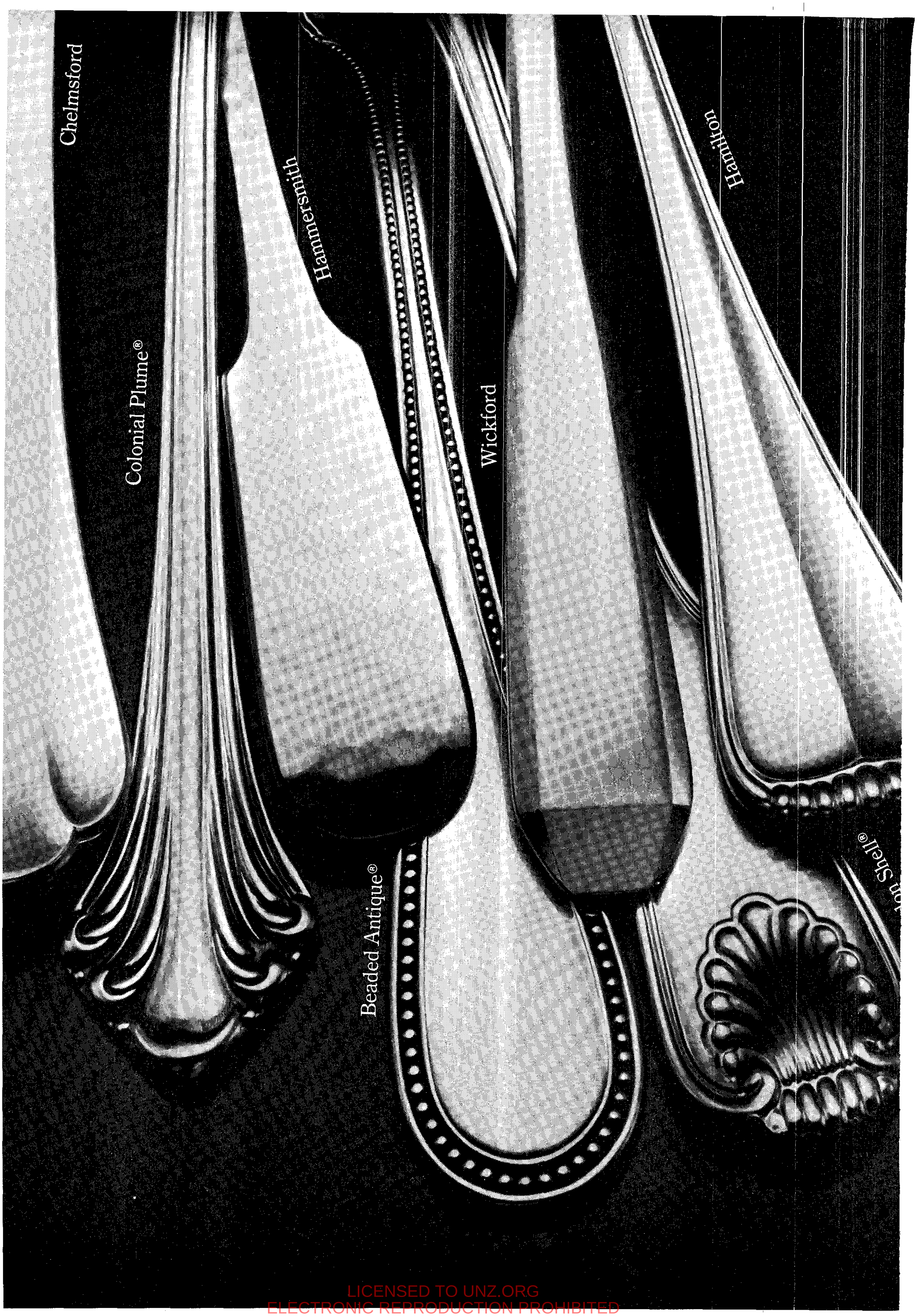
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Dining Room Stainless

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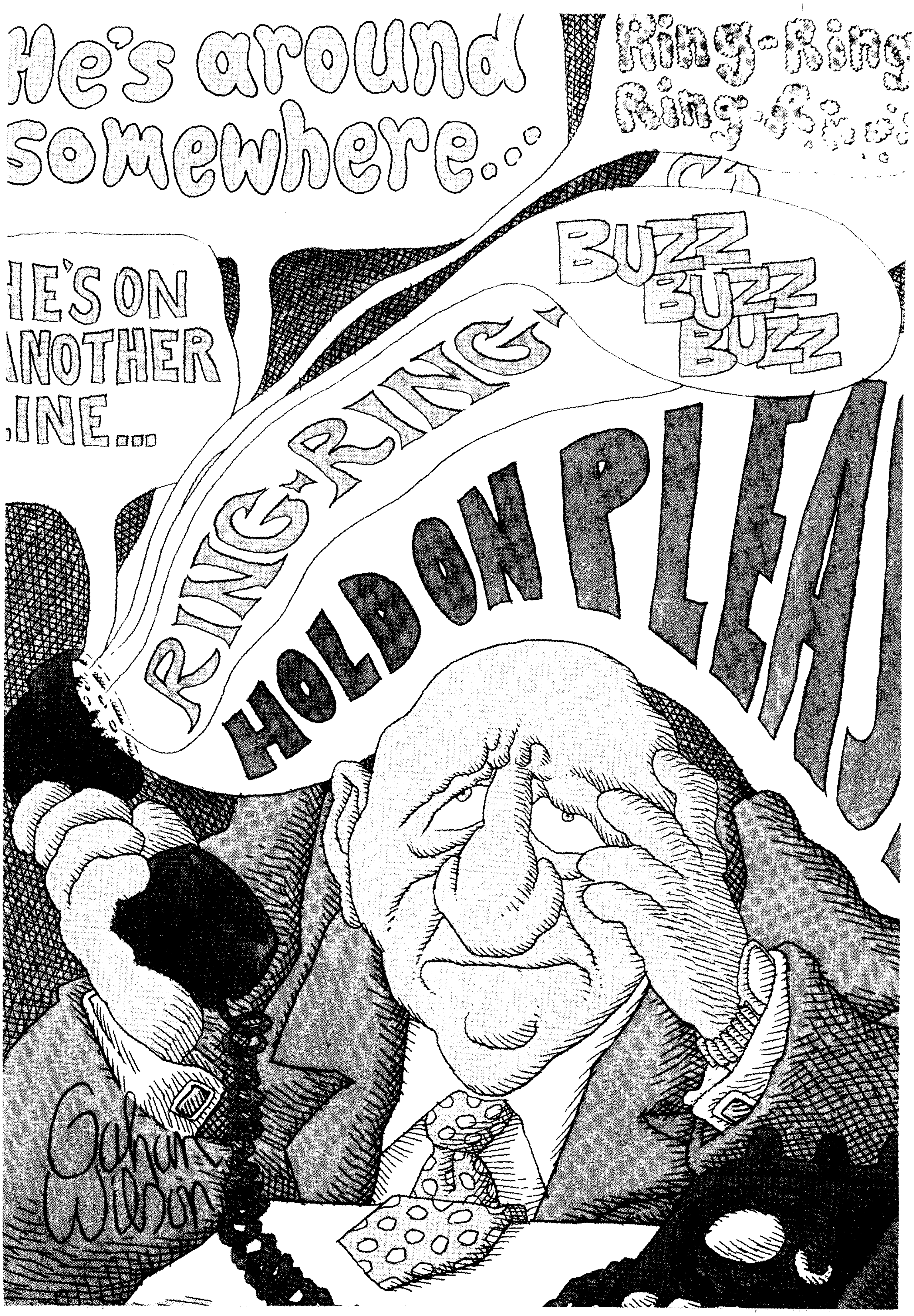
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RING-RING
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HOLD ON PLEA
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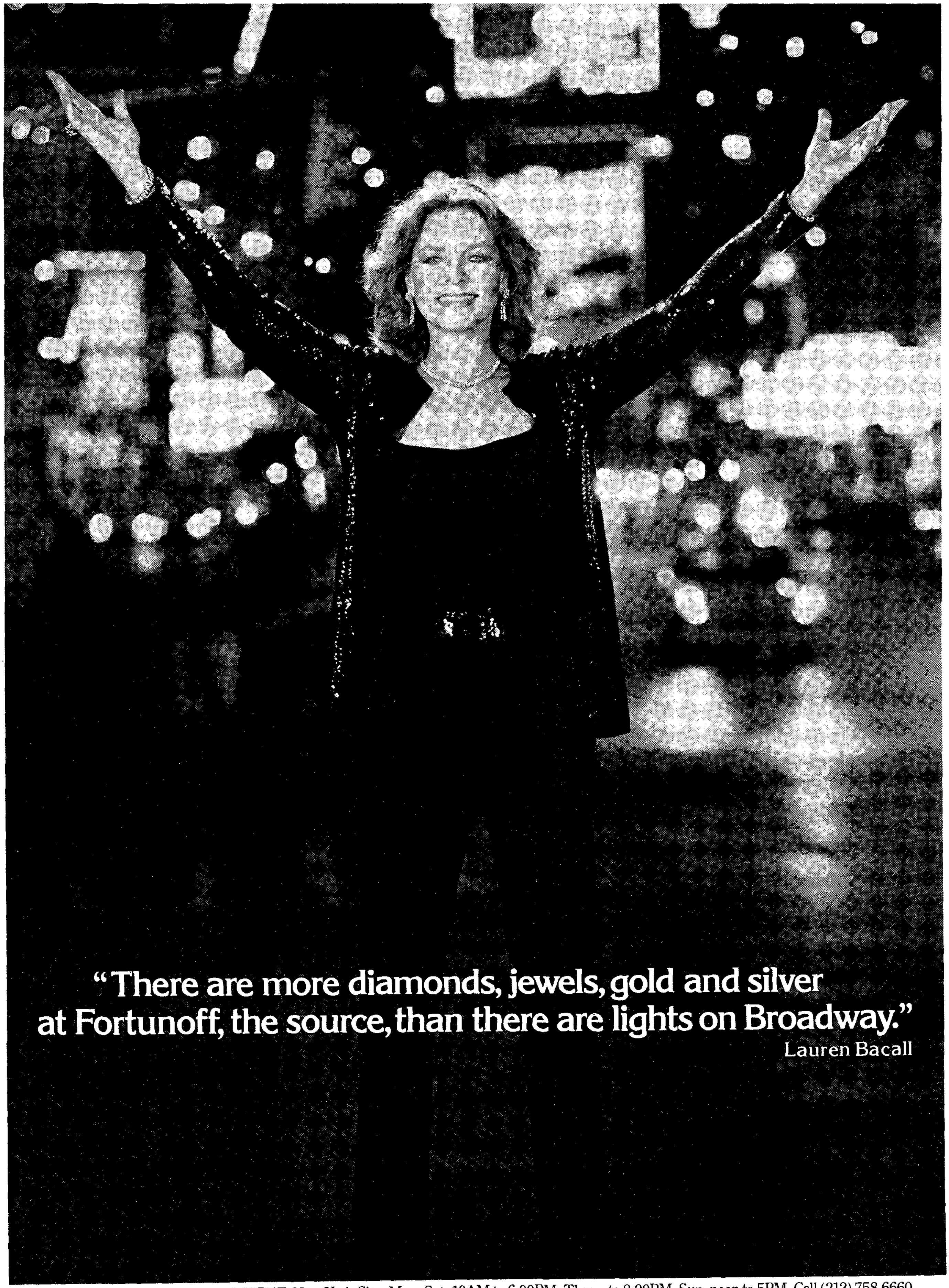
"There are more diamonds, jewels, gold and silver at Fortunoff, the source, than there are lights on Broadway."
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Florence Eiseman

(Advertisement)

MORE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

(Further advice on dressing well gleaned largely from our own experience with examples that are specific rather than general, definite rather than vague, and concrete rather than abstract.)

WE remarked in a recent advertisement that time governs fashion, provoking some readers to ask: What governs style? If we had to, we could reply in a word: proportion.

Compromise on quality if you must, but never on proportion. It's absolutely primary.

Had we not known that before, we would certainly have learned it while working on the design of this hat. We had the right fur felt from the beginning, and the right British hatter to work with us. But it took weeks of recutting and reblocking to get brim and crown so proportioned to each other that they cut the right angles in the air. Only then did we get that look of captured motion that we think makes this hat so dashing (and that always reminds us how aptly that adjective was derived from the verb).

It was proportion, moreover, that first led us to design this spirited hat, specifically the proportions of our spirited suits. We couldn't find a hat that was quite right for the geometry of shoulders and lapels and all the other proportions that give them their long, easy lines.

Yet those lines couldn't be as clear, nor those proportions as enduring, were they not properly sewn and pressed into firmly-woven, resilient wools. Nor would they have the same effect if line and pattern were not properly related. Note the way the cut is quietly emphasized here by the stripes.

But we had an even stronger reason to illustrate with a good classic stripe: be it pin, chalk or bead, we think it perfectly illustrates style because it will continue to be distinguished year after year (wherefore we offer them among our exclusive Canadian suits and also among our Southwicks).

Proportion is also what makes our shirts fit. (We offer three different body styles.) And proportion sets the length of these collar points so that they go well with our striped suit.

(In ties, though, the fabric counts, since most ties are the same proportion. But the proportion and rhythm of a small shepherd check could play well against the suit's stripes.)

Although no one is likely to exclaim over your socks, unless you were to wear white ones, our French wool socks, with their subtle pattern, would make your style more personal; while the unbroken surface of our Italian shoes, in smooth leather or a more daring barely-napped suede, would make them unusual, elegant, and appropriate. (They're unusual because they're made in one piece on the last, something few shoemakers can manage.)

Finally, we must admit that there's nothing unusual about the proportions of our attache case and umbrella: those were determined by function. Rather, it's the good, strong look of the top-grain leather and the solid brass combination lock and rings that make the attache case handsome enough for the suit, a look that's echoed inside by the leather-bound file. Similarly, it's the umbrella's beautifully finished, solid hardwood handle that people will notice.

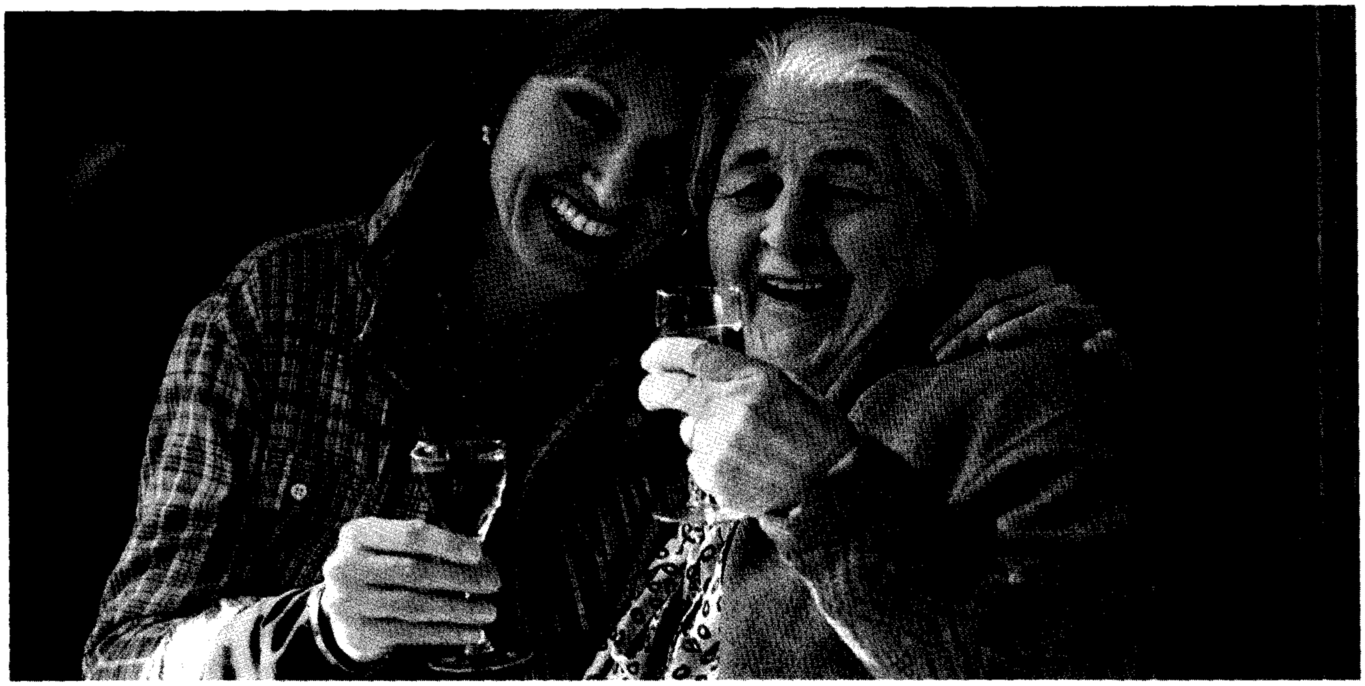
But since an umbrella blown inside out, no matter how beautiful the handle, looks absurd rather than stylish, we should add that the one we're discussing was built in England on a Fox frame of steel that's been tempered for strength and lightness.

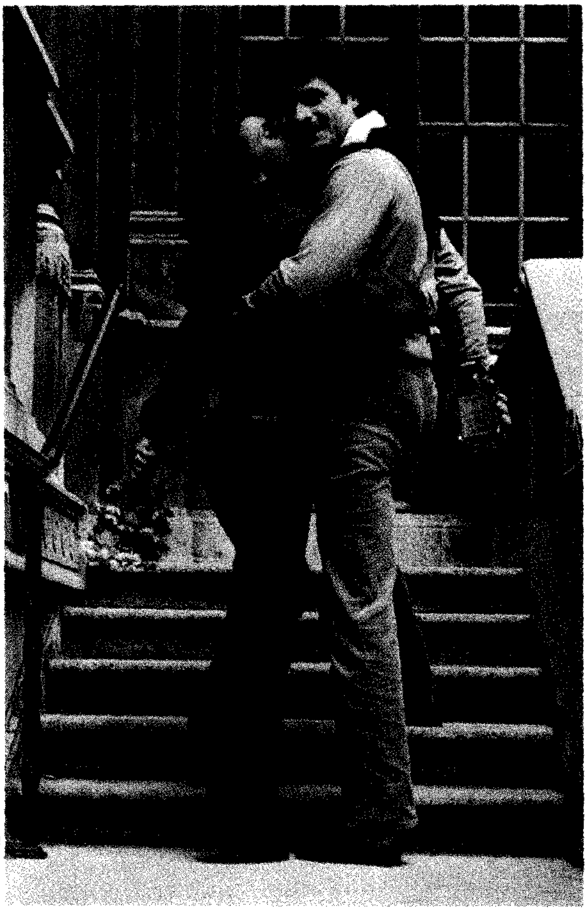
We remarked at the outset that you might compromise on quality and still attain style. We seem to have proved just the opposite. So perhaps, after all, it is quality that is primary, not proportion.

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York City

In Saronno love like ours happens once in 450 years.





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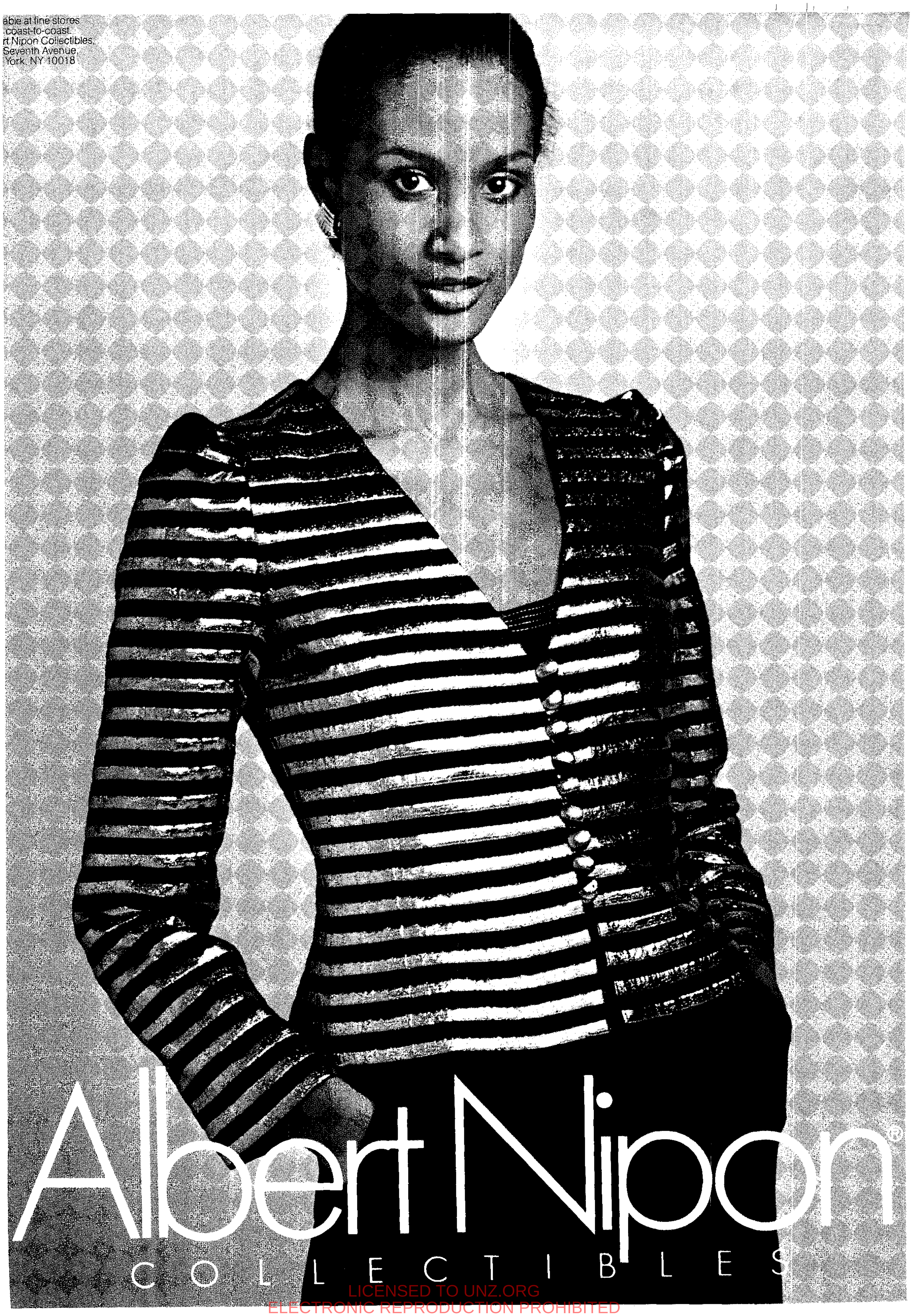
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COLLECTIBLES

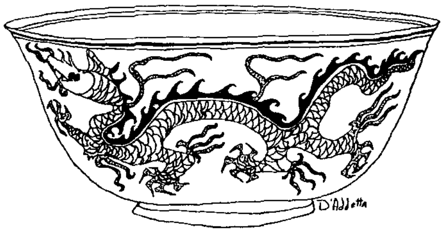
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THROUGHOUT this remarkably empty, dispiriting election year, the voters have obviously had difficulty in making up their minds about the candidates. The story of the fortunes of Edward Kennedy is characteristic. His support, which seemed to stand high while he was deciding whether to run, plummeted as soon as he did decide to, and then rose again once he had been defeated, leaving observers speculating on what his chances were for 1984. The Democratic voters, it seemed, wanted him to be President only on the condition that he didn't actually run. The abrupt rise and fall of George Bush in the Republican primaries revealed equally unstable public preferences. Then, in the first weeks of the general-election campaign, a lead of twenty-five percentage points by Ronald Reagan largely melted away, and the candidates of the two major parties drew almost even, with the independent candidate John Anderson enjoying the support of only about ten per cent of the voters. And now, as the election approaches, there is a widespread feeling that each of the major parties is asking the public to choose the lesser of two evils—a view reinforced by the fact that both campaigns have taken a noticeably "negative" twist lately, as though the point of a Presidential election were to keep someone out of the White House rather than to put someone in. (One of a number of unwelcome innovations in recent campaigns has been the adoption of a binary approach to campaignng, in which public-relations experts on each side have been carefully addng up the "pluses" and "minuses" of their candidate and of his opponent, and then making a coldly strategic deermination to campaign "positively" or "negatively.") The Anderson campaign, whose original aim was, in part, to offer the voters a way out of their dilemma, now threatens to drive them deeper into it, for as Anderson's chances diminish, his supporters individually fear that by voting for him rather than one of the "two evils" they will wind up with whomever they regard as the greater evil in the White House for four years.

One voter who *has* found his way to a decision in this period of unsteady loyalties is Mr. Leon Jaworski, the former Watergate special prosecutor. He recently announced that he will serve as head of the steering committee of Democrats for Reagan, and he justified his decision with an aphorism. "I would rather have a competent extremist than an incompetent moderate," he said. Jaworski's remark neatly complemented Barry Goldwater's famous statement in his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention in 1964: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." For Goldwater, extremism was acceptable as a means when it was employed in pursuit of an admirable end—freedom. For Jaworski, extremism is acceptable as an end when it is attained by admirable means—competence. In better circumstances, he seemed to be saying, we might expect both moderation *and* competence in a President, but in the choice at hand we can have only one or the other, and, of the two, competence is preferable, for a competent President would at least be effective in whatever he was doing. But what would he *be* doing if he was an extremist? Our thoughts went back to some "competent extremists" that our century has known—the list is a long one—and we decided that if it came to having an extremist in the White House we'd prefer that he be incompetent. Goldwater's proposition, that is, might be amended to read, "Incompetence in the pursuit of extremism is no vice."



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New Season

IT is a rule of urban life that a decrease in the outside temperature brings about a corresponding increase in cultural activity. At the Whitney, there is a remarkably comprehensive retrospective show of paintings and drawings by Edward Hopper, an artist whose realistic images of American life provided a powerful contrast to the abstract art of his time. The show was arranged by the curator Gail Levin, a tall, attractive woman, who met us at the elevators and told us that much of Hopper's early work—which had been left to the museum by his widow—was on view for the first time. Miss Levin showed us a lifelike drawing of a collie done when Hopper was ten ("long before he had any formal training"), a series of intense self-portraits from his student days, a small oil painting of a sailboat in a dark-blue sea ("This was in the Armory Show of 1913"), a large canvas depicting a group of Parisians at a café (" 'Soir Bleu' was dismissed by the critics in 1915 as an ambitious French fantasy, but now it's a recognized masterpiece"), and a vivid watercolor of a large Victorian Gothic house with its pink awnings blowing in the wind (" 'Mansard Roof,' of 1923, was the first painting Hopper sold after 'Sailing,' at the Armory Show. The next year, a successful show of his watercolors enabled him to give up commercial illustrating forever"). We asked Miss Levin if Hopper had ever done anything that could be considered nonrealistic, and she showed us a wall filled with small oil paintings of the Maine coast. "These rock studies, which were done between 1916 and 1919, are the closest he ever came to abstraction," she said. "He must have been embarrassed by them, because he refused to show them in later years. But he didn't destroy them, and Jo, his widow, left them to us."

A few blocks north, the Metropolitan Museum was putting the finishing touches on "The Vikings," a stunning collection of medieval Scandinavian weapons, coins, jewelry, carvings, maritime gear, and household articles which documents the sudden explosion of Viking civilization after 700 A.D. At the entrance, which was dominated by a wooden ship's keel and a large oar, we were greeted by John Ross, a Metropolitan staff member. He explained that Viking power was based on advanced shipbuilding techniques. "Viking ships were slender and flexible but sturdy enough for ocean travel," he said. "Yet at the same time the keels were shallow enough to navigate rivers. This made it possible for the Vikings to spread out over most of the known world. In the west, they founded Dublin, captured half a dozen English cities, and crossed the Atlantic to colonize Greenland and Newfoundland. To the south, they raided Spain and Morocco, and in the east they explored German and Russian rivers and traded all the way to Byzantium."

We walked through rooms devoted to Viking expansion, noting a number of objects that had been acquired abroad: Roman, Russian, English, and German coins, Irish glass, English silver ingots, Arab pottery, and a swatch of silk from Byzantium. Farther on, in sections filled with objects that had been found in burial mounds, we admired a heavy braided gold necklace that had been discovered in 1977, a tiny silver winged Valkyrie holding a drinking horn, a fan-shaped weathervane made of bronze ("This would have been attached to the top of a mast," said Mr. Ross), a wooden shrine ornamented with ten tiny gilt-bronze figures, and a group of six enormous broadswords, which must have been wielded by giants. One of the swords had been found in a woman's tomb. Another had been folded over three times by some powerful hand. "This was done to 'kill' a weapon, so that it couldn't be dug up and used again," Mr. Ross said.

Across the park, at Lincoln Center, we found Isaac Stern in Avery Fisher Hall rehearsing four violin concertos—by Bach, Brahms, Vivaldi, and Mozart—with the New York Philharmonic for a Pension Fund Benefit Concert that would celebrate his sixtieth birthday. As we arrived, Mr. Stern and his conductor, Zubin Mehta, were working their way through the Brahms, stopping from time to time to adjust tempi and orchestral balances. The musicians had just returned from a European tour, and they looked exhausted, but Mr. Stern, who has been celebrating his birthday in a number of countries, fiddled away with the enthusiasm of a teen-ager, pouring out the brilliant technique and warm tones that have made him famous. At the beginning of the slow movement, Mr. Mehta stopped the orchestra with a wave of his hand and said to the winds and brasses, "Don't be so fast. Because when some of you suddenly breathe at the last moment, other people come in before they should. And the balance is just *impossible* between the horns and the bassoons." He repeated the passage, and Mr. Stern came in on cue, playing a languishing melody. Then Mr. Mehta stopped the orchestra again. "He's playing espressivo fortissimo and *we* should be playing piano," he said firmly. "So you must all come down a little here." Mr. Stern turned around and smiled at the first-violin section.

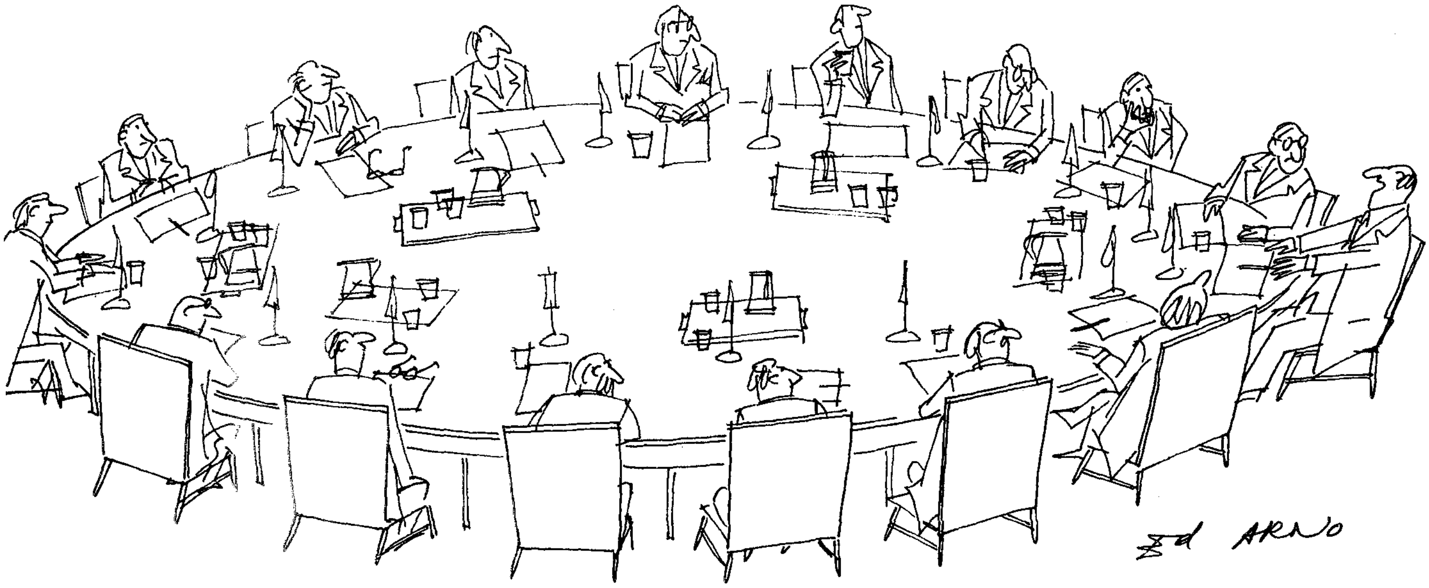
On the other side of the plaza, the New York City Opera was preparing a triple bill of new one-act operas by American composers. In a basement room, Judith Somogi, the conductor, was rehearsing four young singers in "The Student from Salamanca," a knockabout farce, by Jan Bach, based on a Cervantes story about a jealous elderly husband, a young student, and a wife with a wandering eye. As Miss Somogi gave a downbeat, John Lankston, the tenor playing the elderly husband, sang "How dare you let a man in here to share my home and bread?" while pursuing his wife and her maid around a table. After two tries, Mr. Lankston stopped and said, "You know, I have great problems with these lines. It's hard to get around the table in time for the next cue." Miss Somogi nodded sympathetically, and said she'd give him more time.

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to $1.25.

Upstairs on the main stage, Frank Corsaro was directing the soprano Marilyn Zschau in "Before Breakfast," an operatic monologue, by Thomas Pasatieri, that deals with a woman trapped in a miserable marriage. As Mr. Corsaro watched from the front of the stage, Miss Zschau, dressed in a slip and a flimsy kimono, climbed unsteadily onto a ladder and pulled a liquor bottle from a kitchen cabinet. "Take two good nips," said Mr. Corsaro as a pianist in the wings played an appropriate tune. "The first one should be short—then a long swallow." Miss Zschau, who has a round face, a mop of curly brown hair, and a glorious voice, looked down at the conductor, Imre Pallo, in the pit, and said, "Can this be slower? I'm afraid I'm not going to make it back down in time for the 'Good morning' music." Mr. Pallo nodded, and gave the downbeat. Miss Zschau climbed the ladder and knocked over a plate as she reached for the bottle. "Don't worry," said Mr. Corsaro. "If you bump into something, react to the sound. Remember, you're doing something furtive, and your husband is right over there in the next room."

Farther downtown, at the rehearsal studios on the third floor of the Minskoff Theatre, at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell were rehearsing a pas de deux by Maurice Béjart for the first program of Miss Makarova's new dance company. They were dancing to a tape of a Bach sonata for violin and harpsichord, and the choreography was a typically Béjartian mixture of classical ballet steps and angular modern arm and leg movements. As their coach, a blond Russian-speaking woman named Louba Dobrievitch, watched from the front of the room, the two dancers began a sinuous adagio of slow leg extensions, stately arabesques, swooping turns, and low jumps. Next, they moved diagonally across the room in a series of small, fluid steps, their bodies bent forward in an unballetic crouch, and then they arched back, with arms extending stiffly away from their shoulders. When they had repeated the sequence of steps three times, they parted in silence. Mr. Dowell wrapped a black towel around his head and stripped off his gray leg



"If I may interject a personal note, Mr. Ambassador, I wish you'd keep your feet where they belong."

• •

warmers. Miss Makarova sat on the edge of a table as an assistant massaged the muscles in her left knee.

The atmosphere was more casual at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, where the American Ballet Theatre had just moved into its new home. Upon reaching the second floor of a factory building at 890 Broadway, we entered a door marked "National Braid Manufacturing Corporation" and found four rehearsals taking place in large, untidy studios with new gray floors and mirrored walls, the upper walls and the ceilings still unfinished. At a rehearsal of Bournonville's "Flower Festival at Genzano," Stanley Williams, the celebrated teacher of the Danish classical style, who was on loan from the School of American Ballet, was working with two young men on a variation. The choreography consisted of three jetés to the front of the stage, a pirouette near the footlights, and a series of small, precise backward steps and a turning jump that returned the dancers to their original positions. After the first try, Mr. Williams made several corrections. "When you jump, you've got to travel in the air," he said. "Otherwise, you'll go up there and get stuck. When you start to move backward, keep your feet close to the ground. The moment you try to jump, you're lost." He demonstrated the fast backward steps, moving with astonishing lightness and grace. The young dancers tried the steps again, and he said, "That's better. Go for the timing first and worry about the tune later."

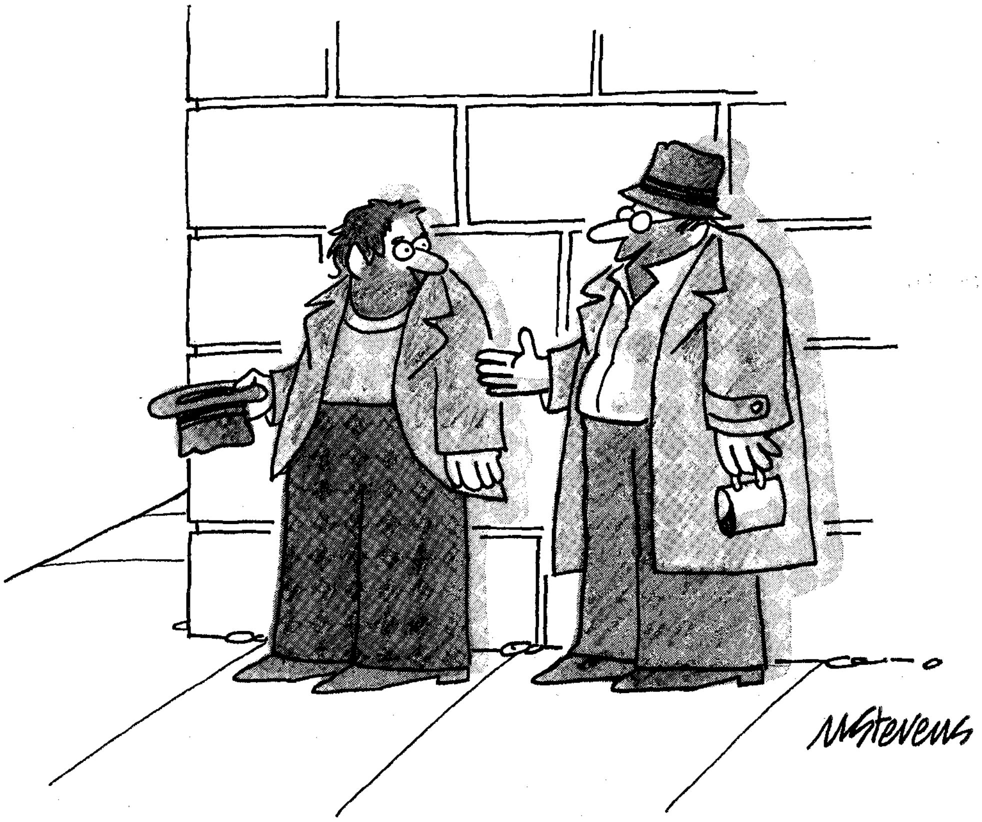
After a bit, down in the Village, we reached the Theatre de Lys just as it was about to celebrate its twenty-fifth year of existence with a benefit for the Actors' Fund, and we settled down to watch a gala production in honor of Lucille Lortel, the theatre's owner and director. The program included songs performed by Orson Bean, Josephine Premice, Geoffrey Holder, Lynn Redgrave, June Havoc, Micki Grant, Gretchen Cryer, Nancy Ford, and George Rose; a teaching demonstration of historic dance styles by the American Dance Machine; a reading from "Brecht on Brecht" by Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach; and a large chunk of "The Threepenny Opera," the theatre's most famous tenant. Alexander Cohen, the producer, read a couple of phony messages of congratulations ("I'm only thirty-two, but I've seen everything you've ever done, and I haven't liked any of it. Frank Rich," and "I'm not thirty-two, and I've liked everything you've ever done, but I didn't see very much of it. Clive Barnes"), and Carmen Capalbo reminisced about the founding of the theatre. "Stanley Chase and I were two desperate producers who ran into Lucille's husband, Lou Schweitzer, one day outside the Russian Tea Room," he said. "Our hit show had had to leave the Theatre de Lys a year before, because of booking problems, and we were looking for a theatre for it. Lou was looking for an interesting present for Lucille, so he bought this theatre, and we moved back in with 'Threepenny Opera.' "

Queening It

THE other day, we came across, at the back of a drawer, a sticker that read "NOT WANTED ON VOYAGE," and we confess that it made us feel ineffably sad, for it put us in mind of the times, not so far behind us, when the basso profundo of ships' horns resounded regularly in midtown, when we kept an eye on the shipping columns and the Atlantic weather, and when we would on occasion walk over to the river to meet friends or to see them off at impromptu farewell parties in the throbbing interiors of great ships, usually at odd times of day. Now friends disappear without a word, and turn up again from far parts of the planet as a matter of course. The rituals of arriving and departing have been shelved along with the transatlantic fleet.

Nostalgia hung sufficiently heavy on us for us to call the Cunard Line, the owners of the Queen Elizabeth 2, which is the last surviving liner on a regularly scheduled transatlantic run. The ship was due in the following Sunday at dawn, they told us, and we would be welcome to watch her dock. They assured us that she was always on time, but on Saturday we had a somewhat apologetic call from the company telling us that heavy weather had delayed her, and she would now be docking in the late afternoon. We arrived at the Cunard offices on Pier 88, opposite Forty-eighth Street, at the appropriate time, and were greeted by Mr. Neil Osborne, Cunard's manager of marine and port operations. A crisp, keen-eyed young man with a soft, just detectable Scottish accent, he immediately clipped on a walkie-talkie and took us in tow. "You'll be seeing a fairly hectic turnaround," he told us. "We should have her alongside in about an hour. Then we have to disembark passengers and baggage, take on water, fuel, and stores, embark the new passengers and their gear, and get her out again as soon after midnight as we can. She's doing a week's cruise to San Juan and St. Thomas before her next run to Southampton. We've managed to forewarn about ninety per cent of the new passengers of the delay, and now we're doing our very best to keep those who have already arrived happy on the next pier. But come along, and we'll see where she is now."

We walked out to the extreme end of Pier 90 (the ship would come in between the two piers), and caught our first sight of the QE 2, standing off some two hundred yards from the pier, pointing upriver in the hazy gold of early evening, looking bulky, placid, and unscathed. Three tugs were in attendance, and Derek Sisson, Mr. Osborne's assistant, who had accompanied us from the office, switched channels on his walkie-talkie to let us listen in to the tug master, on the bridge of the QE 2, talking to his flock. The exchanges were sharp and to the point, and one of the tugs, the Miriam Moran, began to nudge the great bow inward toward the dock. Bow on to us, the ship was a graceful sliver, but then, as she swung parallel to the dock and inched forward under her own power, she grew and loomed and became enormous before our eyes. Following Neil Osborne, we took up a station about midway down the pier as the ship continued to inch forward. "Another sixty feet!" he advised the bridge by way of his walkie-talkie. As we waited, we learned from Mr. Osborne that he had joined the QE 2 in 1970, as Second Officer, on qualifying for his Master's papers, and had served aboard her steadily until 1975, when he left her to become involved in the commissioning of two other Cunard ships, the Countess and the Princess, in Italy. "I came ashore in June, 1978, to take this job temporarily, for six months," he told us. "That became a year, and I'm still here. I have a small house on the west coast of Scotland, and I go back now and again, but after shuttling across the Atlantic so often I've chosen this side to come down on." Figures began to appear in the open shell doors in the ship's side, and greetings began to fly back and forth across the murky water. "There's the baggage master—everybody calls him Harry Bags," Mr. Osborne said, nodding in the direction of a rotund, Dickensian figure who, sleeves rolled up, looked ready to empty the ship single-handed. "Six feet!" Mr. Osborne called, and we waited until the gangway door was properly aligned with the steel pillar we stood alongside, and he announced, "In position!" Within seconds, lines, gangways, and water hoses straddled the gap between sea and land, officers and crew members were shaking hands with their land-based counterparts, and bags and passengers began to stream landward.

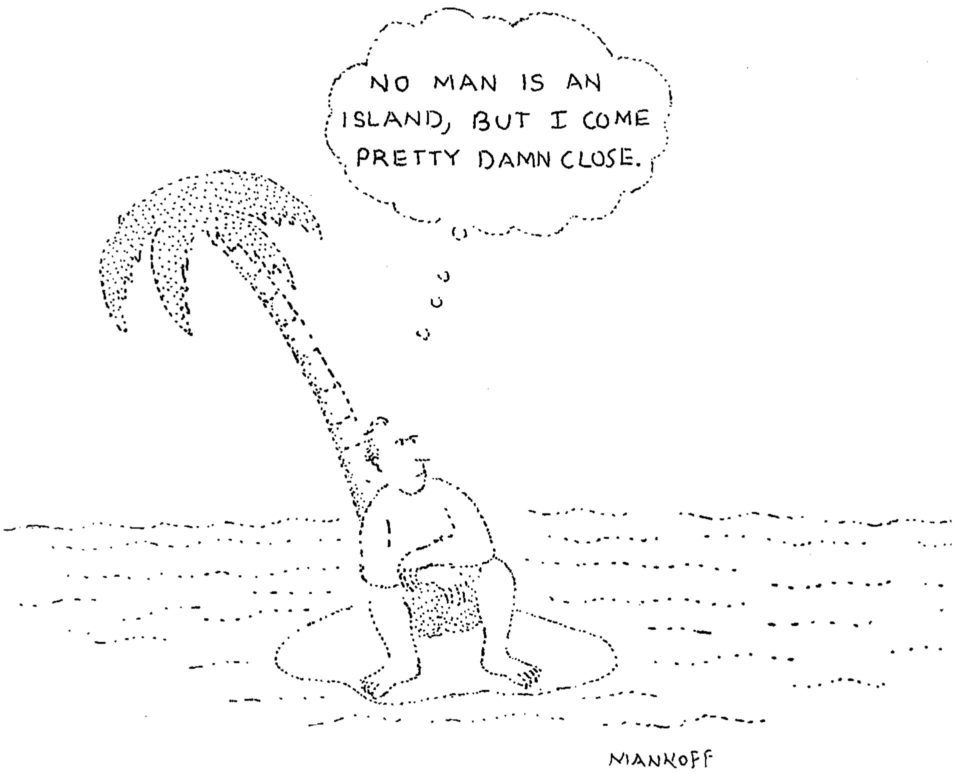


"Well, so long, Eddie. The recession's over."

We then went aboard, keeping close to Neil Osborne's heels, for the ship's interior was as bewildering as a maze. We hurried through public rooms where passengers still shifted from foot to foot in lines leading to tables where the Immigration officers sat, and bounded up companionways and along carpeted corridors until we found ourself shaking hands with Captain Robert Arnott, a bluff and cheerful Lancashire man, who brushed aside questions about the bad weather behind him. "Slowed us up a bit, that's all, and we'll have made up the time before we get to San Juan." Papers changed hands, a few crisp arrangements were made, and then we set off on a whirl through the ship. The dining rooms looked as deserted as hotels in the small hours, the tables set for ghosts. We had a word here and there with members of the ship's company. True to nautical tradition, one of every three seemed to be a Scotsman. They were all obviously glad to be free, however briefly, of the obligation to be polite. Occasionally, two or three would hurry past us, conspicuously kempt, to make the best of their few hours' shore time. "In the old days, we always lay over for a night in New York," one grizzled steward told us. "Nowadays, we're on an endless belt."

As we scurried through the ship, we took it in mostly through Neil Osborne's eyes, for every bulkhead appeared to be as familiar to him as his own fingernails, and he was greeted warmly on every side. "When you spend the best part of five years not just living in but watching over a ship, you get to know it down to the nuts and bolts," he told us. We would swear that not a nut or a bolt escaped his scrutinous eye. Out on the foredeck, there were signs of the heavy weather we had heard of. We stopped beside two brackets, one of which appeared to have buckled. Neil called up to the bridge on his walkie-talkie, "Wasn't there a whistle here?" The answer came back, with a crackle: "Yes, Neil. It went over in the storm. I remember the spot, though, and we'll get it on the way back." We hung over the port rail, where a flat gray lighter had been maneuvered alongside to fuel the ship. "In New York, we normally take on about forty-eight hundred metric tons," Mr. Osborne told us. "Today, our fuel costs just about a hundred and forty dollars a metric ton. Work it out for yourself, and you'll see why the transatlantic passenger run has dwindled away. Ten years ago, we paid something like an eighth of that."

By the time we had threaded our way back down to the pier, the last of the passengers were trundling their belongings to the pier exit, where the city waited, and the ship seemed to be taking a deep breath before putting on a fresh, welcoming face for the embarking passengers. We walked along to the adjoining pier, where they were gathered, and found them unusually patient, untroubled by elapsed time. We fell into conversation with a small, gray-haired woman who was bubbling over with nautical anticipation. "I'm taking this cruise out of pure wistfulness," she told us. "In the past, I would always cross to Europe on these ships—the Liberté, the Queen Mary, the Ile-de-France, the first Queen Elizabeth—and it was the high point of my year. Then it somehow became too complicated, and flying seemed to be more straightforward, less fussy. But look how that's changed. Taking a plane now is like going on a crowded subway, and I've grown to hate it. I'm in no hurry. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind if this ship were just to sail on and on, and on, for the rest of my life."


NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, BUT I COME PRETTY DAMN CLOSE.
MANKOFF

Figgie Report

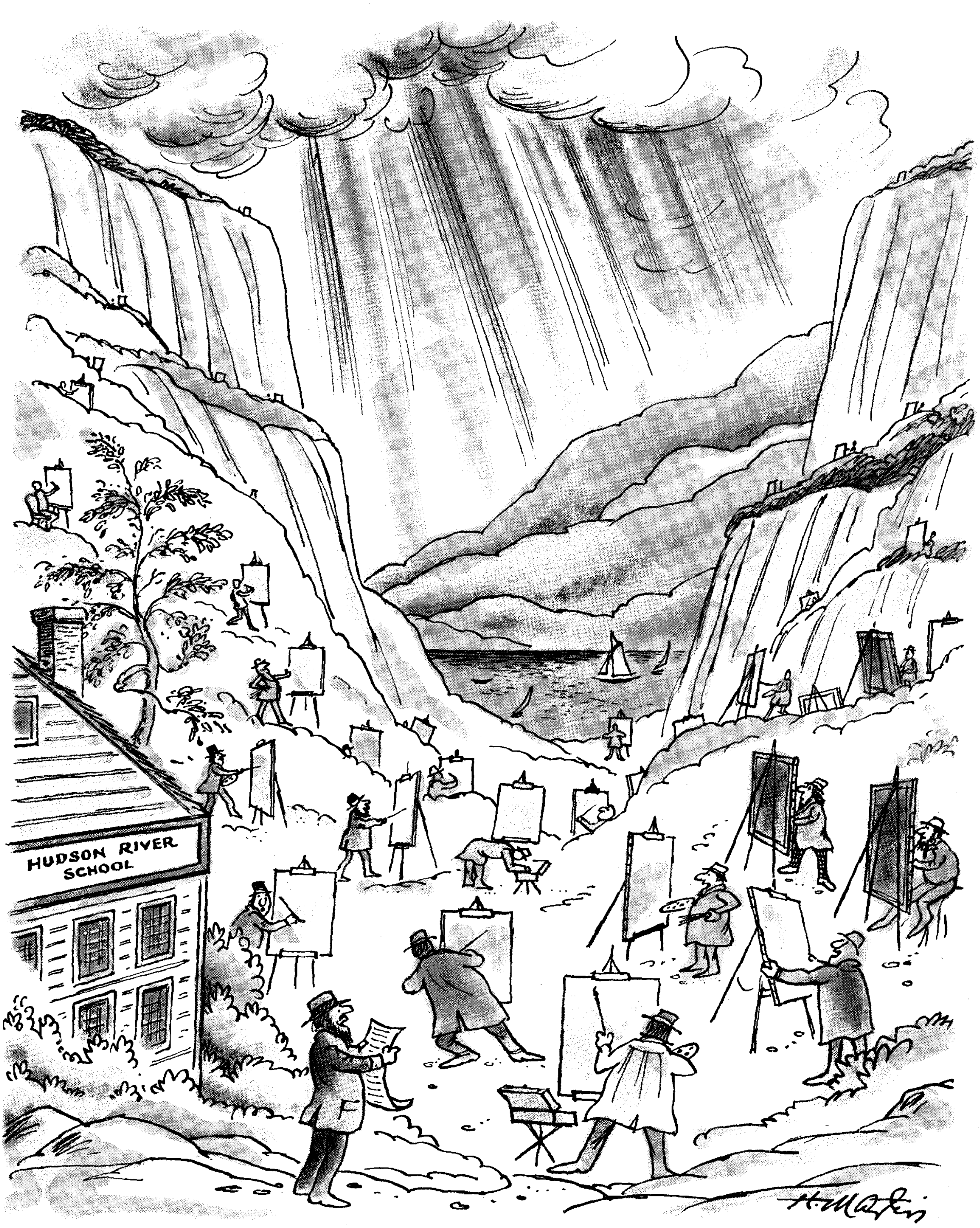
WE'RE going to tell you about a recently released study called "The Figgie Report on Fear of Crime: America Afraid." First, we need two forms of identification—one with your picture on it. Is that a recent picture? It doesn't look much like you. When's your birthday? O.K., we guess that's really you. Your face has filled out some. Now we're going to buzz you into the next paragraph. When the little dot comes at the end of this sentence, we'll hit the buzzer and you can go right into the next paragraph.

You might think that a title like "The Figgie Report" would mean that former Yankee pitcher Ed Figueroa had something to do with this study. His nickname was Figgie. Just punch your personal code number into that machine in the wall, please. Actually, the study is named after Harry E. Figgie, Jr., the president of a conglomerate that makes a whole bunch of different things. Guy's got a bee in his bonnet about crime. Would you mind stepping over to the video scanner, please? Face this way. Turn around. Good. Harry Figgie paid these people called Research & Forecasts, Inc., to do a big study. Sign the back of your card, please—this card is your pass, wear it on your lapel. It's chemically treated to respond to sensors that will enable you to continue reading without being detained and possibly evicted from the article.

O.K., no problem. This is all routine. You get used to it. Harry Figgie is supposedly an industrial whiz of some kind. He got Research & Forecasts, Inc., to do a "national random-digit sample of the telephones of the United States." Please remove all metal objects from your pockets. Well, actually, Research & Forecasts, Inc., got another company, called Survey Sampling, to come up with the random-digit sample, and then Research, etc., called the people up. Belt, too, please. Thanks.

Survey Sampling is situated up in Westport, Connecticut. Beautiful country up around Westport. In just a minute, we'll be hearing back from the computers in Washington and Albany, and if everything's cool and you don't have a police record or a bad credit rating we'll tell you what "The Figgie Report" said about crime. Yeah, Connecticut really is beautiful—Westport, Darien, Stamford, up around there. Did you read that new novel "Connecticut!"? Here's a copy. See—"A Burning Saga of Men as Hard and Rough as the State They Tamed, and the Women Who Loved Them!"

Great! We just heard from Albany and Washington. You check out fine. Now we can tell you what "The Figgie Report on Fear of Crime" said. "The Figgie Report on Fear of Crime" said: Lots of Americans are extremely scared of crime.


HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL

“Thomas Cole!” *“Here!”*
“Asher Durand!” *“Yo!”*
“Frederick Church!” *“Present!”*
“John Kensett!” *“Here!”*

I'M WORRIED ABOUT FUTURE OIL SUPPLIES! WHAT'S EXXON DOING TO HELP?

HELP. It's a big subject, help. Enormous storage vats. Those were a help. Useless farmland, sending out little shoots of this or that weed—then, suddenly, a block of metal storage vats. You think about it. That was a help. *Exxon is helping a Minnesota couple, Sally and Smithy Smith, to take up all the old tile from the forties, to help expose some of what some believe to be the finest example of carved brittlework*, from Bohemia, Latvia—one of the sweet countries, deep in the Baltic or who knows where. Who knew what it was like. Hideous hovels deep in the Baltic. Who knew. They came here with squalid cardboard bags, and the teeth! You should have seen them. Madge had to sit down. "It's too ritzy," she said, and had it covered with tile, using energy supplied by Exxon.

As a result, at Exxon's giant River Run Club, Exxon has opened the doors to wives, medics, sweetie-sweeties, and descendants of the original inhabitants, called "Orutoos," because they originally lived in logs and grotesque tarpaper shacks. Shacks, and that's all they were, until, using new Cree-o-Lite, a petroleum-based caulking compound, we stuffed every insect hold and weather gap in time for the storm. Mom was dubious, but even she had to admit that the bright designer tones enhanced what had formerly been a repulsive outbuilding, open to vandalism and waste

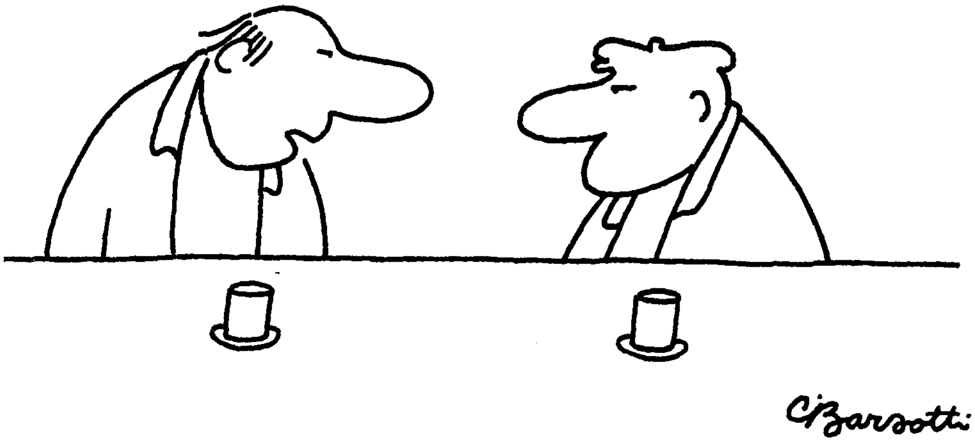
Later that day, we sat out in the driveway to wait for Dad. Close-lipped, he had got up before dawn, hand-started the old truck, and gone to town to stand in line to procure the Lustre-Board Sue-Ellen wanted for her room, which we called "her" room, in deference to her pretty little pout, although she shared it with Sam and Timmy and Fern. But the more of the cheap imitation "bargain" material we slathered on the collapsing partition, the more it sagged and clumped into an intractable mass of gelatinous slops. Frantic, we called a representative of the Petroleum Behavior Board—a member of our own community, who, despite the large authority invested in him by his community, understood our own needs better than any other living human being. Anxiously, we showed him the heaped-up pile of morm. He gave us a simple chit to sign, and we sat down to a good breakfast. *Which is why Exxon is taking charge of many old given-up-for-lost river towns* and replacing them with Pasti-Bond—easily assembled, easily activated, at half the cost of conventional construction.

Exxon is encouraging schoolchildren not to throw away wrappers, which can breed new "super-viruses" resistant to every known antibiotic, but, rather, to establish tidy "collection centers," where trained matrons can stoop down to take needed action. Not that it did us one bit of good. Little Timmy wore the same socks day after day. We got one off him, but he screamed and screamed over it, so we let him keep the other one on. Sure enough, days later, after the swelling had moved into crisis, we found a sticky wrapper twirled around his second toe. We children were shocked. And how. Mom had obscured the precious carving with cheap cardboard tile, failing to see that the durability of the petroleum-based tiles newly available in our community would justify the greater initial expense. Because Mom and Dad had failed to consult with the representatives of the petroleum industry who were there in our community to help, little Timmy really took the brunt of it. The huge swelling failed to respond to anything—music, old-fashioned compresses. Except for radio favorites. He'd put his little foot up and listen to "Grand Central Station," "Lux Radio Theatre," all of those. Some of the special programming brought to him by Exxon (or Esso, as it was called in those days) really brought a much-needed smile. People can talk all they want about the good old days, but when I think how far research has come since then!

In Singapore, for example, Exxon protochemists (working in coöperation with local authorities under a grant from the United Nations Assorted Assistance Fund) have identified a new species no larger than the half-moon of your fingernail (which can become dry, brittle, unless proper nutrition includes enough protein—easily supplied by gelatine!). Which is why I get annoyed when I hear irresponsible talk about "excess" profits and "environmental" considerations. When I think of all the wonderful benefits of petroleum-based items brought to us by folks like the folks at Exxon over the years and the enormous benefits accruing to each and every single one of us because of the folks at Exxon and other folks like that, constantly exploring, looking, restoring, increasing, updating, and finding, then I just want to say "Thanks" and "God bless Exxon" and tell them to go right on doing every single thing they ever want to do at all.

What's Exxon doing to help? I'll tell you. *Exxon has smocks you can slip over what you have on without disturbing what you have on.* What's Exxon doing to help? I'll tell you. *Exxon is moving quickly up the path to put a present under your door.* What's Exxon doing to help? I'll tell you. *Exxon is giving a dinner dance. Even now, the tables are being set up. Round tables, easily assembled. See how the legs fold under? Terribly easy to dismantle and roll away!*

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

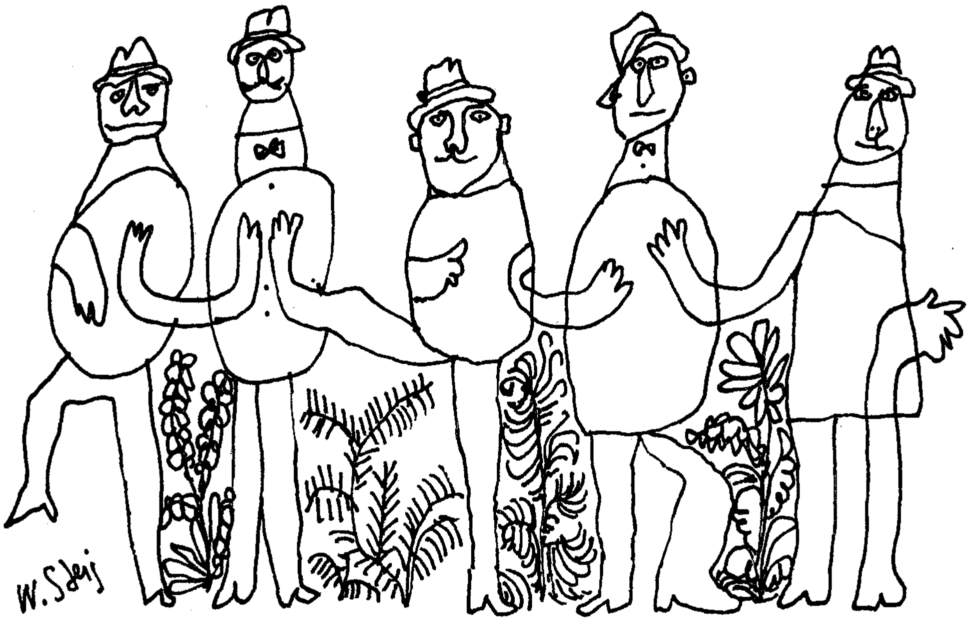


"Oh, yeah? Well, I happen to be quoting from either 'Time' or 'Newsweek.'"

COMPANY MANNERS

IN September, here in my part of the universe, morning is slow, the early light languid. It is not strictly autumn yet, by the calendar, but summer has gathered up its skirts and stolen quietly away; winter is waiting in the wings for its cue. Gladstone, who is my husband, already has his. I have never spoken to him of this, but I am aware that he has one eye partially open and that it is squinting at me. I sit up casually in bed and it is at this moment that he arises, stretches, swings into his plaid bathrobe, steps into his slippers, which can be stepped into easily because the heels are crushed, and strides out of the room; being the first to get up seems to have something to do with masculine supremacy, and I give it to him. I toss my terry-cloth robe on and race to a window in another room, where I see him go out of the front door, step magisterially into the outside, and stoop to pick up the morning paper, folded and bound, which always lies either on the flagstone walk or among the rainbow-colored impatiens and begonias, all bursting with their own news, one last exclamation of color before they knuckle under to the first killing frost. Gladstone's robe heralds the colors of maple leaves before they begin to fall. He slides the red rubber band from the paper, tucks the folded paper under his arm, hooks the rubber band around the nail of his forefinger, draws it back as far as it will go, and snaps it into the clump of white birches—festooned with the rubber bands of twenty-five years, for all I know. He watches the trajectory, looks up at the sky, which stares back, lowers his chin, and unfolds the paper, glancing at the front page. There is no news—at least, to him. He refolds it and comes into the house, and I meet him in the hall. He hands me the paper and goes into the kitchen to make the breakfast coffee. I tag along.

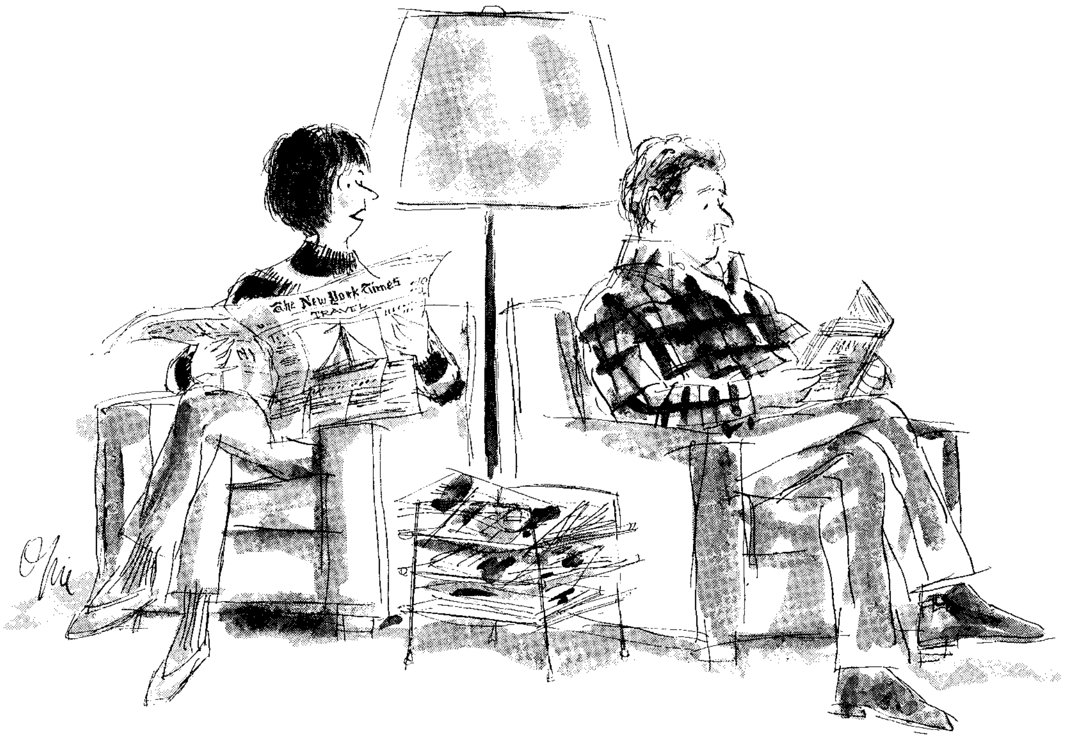
Because it takes some time for us to shake ourselves into shape for the day, breakfast is not shared; it is easy to make noises, awkward to be silent, difficult to begin to talk. Gladstone disappears with cup and plate into his study; at the kitchen table I spread the paper before me, but all this information becomes irrelevant in the light of morning. The cats are here. Robert White, a late sleeper, strolls in yawning and shaking the kinks out of his legs, awake all right but not all that ready for action. Ms. White sits close to me, on top of the table, which is covered with a plastic cloth embellished with stylized printings of red and pink geraniums; she might be posing for a small sculpture called "The Cat." Her front paws are close together, her ears sharply pointed; she is all style as she tips her head and regards Robert soberly. Now he pushes a pellet of dry cat food across the floor, but his heart isn't in it; what else is there to do around here?



All for One and One for All

There is a melancholy in the early morning of this time of year. Has it something to do with the way the first light of the sun flushes out the early settlers here? For instance, the cluster of swamp maples, whose bark is thick and worn and scarred; among the branches of one of them is a battered birdhouse stuck fast as the tree grew—a shell now, with a few wisps of dried grass waving in the entrance. In spring it is often visited by house-hunting birds who have only to peer inside to see that it will never do; the back is gone. It was idly tucked in the tree years ago by the resident member of a Cub Scout den—a redeeming act for the entire group, who had spent most of our meetings (a den mother is a fearsome thing to be) in dedication to the refreshments or shooting pool on the junior-size table in our cellar. A newer planting, a weeping cherry, has somehow gone awry and has lifted one arm to pray. The sugar maples have risen to the first light, and now the tawny creatures of the sun that some call sunbeams skitter among the leaves and begin their slithering descent to the dark yard, and Our Common Destiny, a shadowy and entirely private familiar, who would like for us to be friends, passes by the kitchen window, tipping his hat to me.

My heart sinks as I begin to understand that this is going to be what is called a perfect day. A school bus lumbers down the road—perhaps the kindergarten bus, with a confusion of peers already stunned by their number and this abrupt invitation to learning. Some of them are already in the soup—inheritors of a past that has seen a proliferation of colleges in which all may be educated but none taught to read. Yes, it's going to be a beautiful day, a model day for suicide (or so I have heard from authorities on such matters), although perhaps not as promising as the earliest fine weather of spring, when, in the first revelation of the season of promise—the good, the planting, the lolling time—more people do away with themselves than you can shake a finger at, and when, if you are plunging from the Golden Gate Bridge, the chances are that you will jump facing the land. I have my own problem: Must I go out of the house? Someone will tell me to have a nice day, thank me for not smoking, insist that I smile, or say it is life that matters, as a poet who died young said. Even if I go only as far as the mailbox, I will find the first Christmas catalogues, urging me to get my order in early so that I may have our names printed on Christmas cards, saving us the trouble of writing, in the season of joy, to friends who linger from the past, to present companions, to the young people of the future. I think of the words of Henry Eliot Howard describing the water hen: "Memories he has, but perceiving no self he has neither future nor past—and so, no time. His world is always in the present, and mostly full of joy." Some bird.



"Gilbert, did we go on a vacation this year? And, if so, where?"

But now I hear the sound of rushing water. Is something leaking, needing a new washer, the plumber—*now* what is wrong? The sound becomes louder, more that of a brisk waterfall. Gladstone has started his morning shower. Suddenly there are other noises than splashing, loud cries of anguish usually reserved for when he suddenly becomes aware of a spot, a twitch, an omen smacking of mortality, impending doom. Here's an emergency! I race upstairs, shaken but trying to recall my litany of first aid. "I'm coming!" I shriek, thinking how true it is that you never know when tragedy will strike. I have pulled my robe up about my knees to get there faster; I pound on the shower door. There is a brief and appalling silence, and then Gladstone says, "I dropped the damn soap." Robe and shoulders drooping, I wobble into the bedroom, sit on a bed to recover. I have given him countless bars of soap with rope attached, which he instantly, prissily removes. But things are looking up; this has given me the opportunity to be forbearing all day and to contribute another tethered bar to my Piscean on his birthday, although, owing to the sun's shift since the Zodiac was established by the ancient Greeks, Pisces is now under the sign of Aries (or something like that), which no doubt accounts for the confusion and symptoms that I fail to recognize.

Robed and shod, Gladstone enters the bedroom looking as if he had been bobbing for apples. "I wish you wouldn't carry on so about little things," I say.

"Am I to speak only when spoken to?" he inquires good-naturedly. And adds, "Why don't you get dressed? It's a great day."

"Why don't you?" I say, not to let him have the last word. "Are you working at home today?"

He nods and unhooks his old slacks from a peg in the closet. He turns his back to me and says, "What kind of a day did you have yesterday?"

"Oh, let's see. Joan called, with news. She's a grandmother."

"That's nice," Gladstone says. "Isn't that the daughter who isn't married?"

"What on earth does that have to do with it?" I say. "It's a solid relationship, a very nice man."

Gladstone considers this. "In a case like that, what do they name the baby? I mean, by what last name will this baby be known? He will have to have a reliable birth certificate or he'll never be able to get a driver's license."

"The baby is a girl," I say crisply. "She will have two surnames, hyphenated. They can't afford to get married; they both work and they can't afford a joint income tax."

Gladstone considers this, too. He says, "Oh, well, I expect it's a cute little bastard; that's a good-looking family." I stare at him. A drop of water dribbles down his forehead from his soaked, slicked hair; he looks like a sheikh from the thirties as he gazes out the window. "In my day," he says dreamily, "we called it getting a girl in trouble."

"It's another day," I remind him.

"I'm only trying for the light touch," he says. "You're rather edgy, aren't you. I'll take you out to dinner."

"Thanks," I say. "Not tonight."

He tries to insert his thumb into the waistline of his slacks. "You may be right," he says and starts out of the room. At the door he pauses. "Anything new about Louise?" he asks.

I shrug. He hesitates, clears his throat, and leaves the room. I get up and go down to the kitchen.

How can the contents of our days be delineated, documented, tagged: the soup boils over, the new roof leaks, the telephone rings, and Our Common Destiny sidles into the kitchen, sprawls in the best chair, and makes himself at home. He wears his white painter's jeans, smeared with his successes.

"Get out of my kitchen," I say.

"It's not your kitchen," he says.

If I pay no attention to him, he will go away. But—not my kitchen? Of course it is, bought and paid for. In another sense, too, it is mine. Why? I glance at the bar—decorated with labels of bygone great wines that will not come our way again—where an ice bucket sits; who else, in the bright early morning, enters any kitchen to look first at the shiny red ice bucket swarming with the little golden creatures of the sun, which slide in on a shaft of light from an east window in another part of the house? Of course it's mine.

I was in the kitchen when Louise telephoned that day two years ago or more to tell me about the divorce. And we sat in the kitchen drinking coffee on the day she came by to tell me about the new house on the river where she would live alone, the new beginning after the tag sale of the old life, the few things she was keeping in case the children would want them sometime. And I was in the kitchen a few months later when she called to tell me *that she had cancer.*

I think of the day she called this summer.

"Oh, oh, oh," she says. "I can't stand it, it's so exciting. The swans are out on the river and they have eight little ones. Eight. Oh, you've got to come down here."

"I can't wait," I say. "When? This afternoon? What are you doing?"

There is a small silence.

"Maybe not today," Louise says. "I forgot I have to go to the doctor. Shot day."

"Tomorrow, then," I say. "How do you feel?"

"Wonderful," she says.

"You're a healthy girl," I say. "Besides, what do they know?"

"Right," Louise says.

The next day we sit on her terrace, stretched out on canvas chairs, and stare at the river. We wear shorts and our winter skin, and we clutch tall glasses of vodka-and-tonic. But there are no swans. We feel the sun reach toward us as it browses along the opposite shore; nearby a snowy egret pecks in the salt marshes. "Don't you love it all?" Louise says, putting down her glass and stretching her arms to the sky. "What a beautiful day! How could anything be wrong with the world?"

THE DOORMAN

The man applying rules to keep me out
knows if I have to deal with him the rules
apply to me. I am to be kept out.
Naïve to think that he respects the rules;
he knows their purpose. Complicity is out:
if I were his sort I would know the rules.

His genes have seeped down a hundred centuries:
in a slave ship's hold they pooled to form his eyes,
on a Sunday-school mop they collected to a face,
and they formed a skin in the dry air of a palace.
In stripes, in armor, in pinstripes, he stays with the same man,
and I know his sister, that right-thinking woman.

He is a craftsman, and these are his tools:
unyielding correctness, thin mouth, a nose for clout,
modulations of boredom (let the blusterers threaten).
He guards the status quo as he guards mankind's salvation,
and those he protects need never learn the rules:
his contempt is reserved for those who are In and Out.

—Les A. Murray

• •

"It was a lousy winter," I say. "We deserve something like this."

"Mmm," Louise says. "Remember when we used to take all the children to the zoo and we wanted to stay with the birds but they wanted a thousand other things?" She picks up her drink. "I can't believe they're all grown up. Like us. I miss them."

"Even the car pools?"

"I do, I do," she says. "Even that. Look." She sits up. "Look, here they come. Can you believe it?"

And around the bend in the river they come, like small ships sailing, the two swans and trailing behind them the proper little cygnets; it seems as if the river were presenting them with pride, the river that is smooth under their breasts.

"Mute swans," Louise says. "You know they mate for life."

"Yes," I say. We stare at the river.

"Look at the babies," Louise says. "Did you ever see such good manners? Doing exactly what they've been told to do."

We watch the swans. Suddenly Louise says, "You count them, will you?"

"Sure," I say, and do. "There are seven cygnets."

She swallows some of her drink. Without looking at me she says, "Yesterday there were eight."

"Are you certain of that?"

She begins to turn her glass around in her hands. "Well, I did count them. But I want to ask you something else. Look out over there"—she points—"and tell me if a piece of land over there has broken away from the shore, like, you know, a piece of a jigsaw puzzle you've just finished but one corner has jiggled loose."

I turn my head.

"No," I say. "I don't see anything like that. By the way, did I ever tell you about a teacher I had—this was in a girls' school—a Latin teacher who used to *make* jigsaw puzzles in class?"

"Funny," Louise says. "This has been happening. I can be looking at something and suddenly at the edge of my looking—know what I mean?—in the corner of my eye, something strange happens. Things get disconnected."

"You ought to have your eyes checked," I say.

"I know," she says. And then, "I do hope it isn't going to rain."

"Not a chance," I say.

"But look at that cloud," Louise says.

I look over the river where the sun is beginning to nip at the ripples of the tide, which has started quietly to turn under a flawless sky. I turn to Louise and see that she looks tired.

"I ought to go along now," I say. "Why don't you take a nap?"

I go home and into the kitchen, where I fix myself another drink before going out to the enclosed porch to look over the local paper. There is news! Later I call Louise.

"You were right about the cyg-

"It's finally happening, Helen. The hemispheres of my brain are drifting apart."

• •

nets," I tell her. "There *were* eight; you did see eight. But the paper says that some boys in a motorboat threw stones at them and killed one."

"Oh, I hate it," Louise says. "I can't stand it."

I have not seen her again. But we have had the telephone. She reported that she had told the doctor about the piece of the jigsaw puzzle; and that there were new tests, new medications. After the new medicine began to take effect, Louise said she didn't want anyone to see her. "The wigs I didn't mind," she said. "But this is like Halloween time. And I'm the scary full moon. Oh, *do* you remember," she went on, "when we lived in our old, first houses, when you had your first two kids but we hadn't had ours yet? And your little kids had heard about Halloween from the neighborhood kids, so they insisted on being dressed up to go trick-or-treating?"

"Vaguely. What happened?"

"You dressed them up and put weird faces on them. And Gladstone brought them down to our house early, walking down that dark country road, carrying the two little kids and making suitable scary noises that they giggled at. We had all the lights on in the house, and cookies ready for them, and Gladstone brought them in and set them down. They said, 'Boo,' and turned and looked at each other and got so scared by what they saw that they started to cry and he had to pick them up again and carry them home, sobbing."

"Yes, now I remember," I said. "Listen, are you sure I can't come down to see you? I've seen it all before."

"Not now," Louise said. "Later, when I'm better. But now I don't want anyone to see me but Judy." Judy is her daughter. And then, "I'll be in touch."

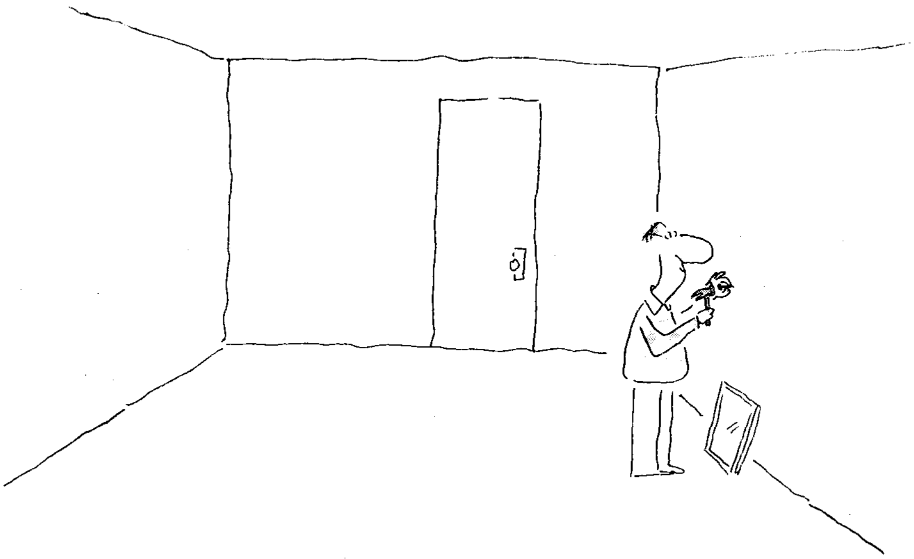
I GIVE the paper another chance, but it is hopeless. Then I look at the weather report. See, I was right; it's going to be a good day, sunny all the way. The Whites have left the kitchen, and I follow them to the porch, where they are sitting on separate windowsills, lofty in their appraisal of the two strays who are stalking each other in the back yard as they wait for a handout. One is a shifty young Maltese lounge lizard who will presently stretch himself across the front door; the other is a rangy, bony, sagging gray-and-white arrangement of a cat—a bag lady with a lopsided face who knows no tricks at all, who has no wiles at all but can only hiss. Even when I take food and water out, the bag lady threatens me, not knowing what else to do. She reminds me of Bessie Bobtail:

> As down the street she wambled slow,
> She had not got a place to go:
> She had not got a place to fall
> And rest herself—no place at all.

I cannot catch either one to take it to the vet. What, I have asked him, will happen to them this winter? He assures me that they will be all right: they will find shelter in outbuildings, perhaps in compost heaps, where it is warm, and they will, of course, have grown coats suitable to the cold and snow. Why are they here, belonging to nobody? Once they did, but their sponsors have gone now, summer people who rent houses in the country and adopt a cat or dog for the children, because that is part of the children's summer in the country, isn't it—having a pet. Or they have belonged to company people, that vast segment of our population here who have been sent to the regional office for a few years and then transferred to another part of the country. But they cannot take along the children's pets; that would be inconvenient. So they all leave their summer houses, their temporary homes. If the children turn to look—at the cat that sits watching them go, or the dog that follows the car until it is exhausted and just sits down and lets the family disappear—they learn a lesson too fragile, too precarious to be included in the curricula of the next school years.

I look out at the yard, where the tawny creatures of the sun are spreading themselves over the grass, slipping through the overgrown flower beds, touching the frail tips of branches that should have been pruned but must now wait until winter. I go back to the kitchen and gather up table scraps and dry cat food and take them out to the terrace to the Maltese and the bag lady. The yard is dry and dusty. The cool and clever fingers of autumn are beginning to touch the countryside. There is a difference in the light, too; it rests more gently in the air over the Pink Dawn roses that will bloom into October, that will persist in blooming until even in unfolding they are frozen in the first real cold. There are suddenly few birds; where are the songbirds, where is the thrush? One cannot recall when for the first time it was not heard again; we mark its arrival only. The old collie in a neighbor's yard wanders about clumsily in search of warm places to lie; he stops and turns around, stands with his nose pointed toward a far place, shivers, scratches at the ground. In October the leaves will be edged with red and yellow—the beginning of the end. I think of instructions the children received in kindergarten about coloring, about coloring with crayons, of comments on grade reports: "Doesn't stay within the lines." Oh, for heaven's sake, who in the bright, heroic pageant of our history ever stayed within the lines?

I hear the telephone, but it is evidently not for me. In the back yard the sun creatures scamper through the grass, and there are other, more ghostly figures there, too. It was a gathering place for neighborhood children at one time, when they were very young. Through the years they have grown and gone away, and three of them do not come home; they are the lost children. Right now, I remember two of them—two brown-eyed little boys who eventually went off to college with their cars and, in different years and cars, were, in a frenzy of coming home for the holidays, destroyed by them. Death is not believable to someone their age, and yet dying is a condition aspired to only by the very young.



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The total despair of youth is, of course, the beginning—the emptiness of life, the shallowness of existence, the depravity of people, the corruption in all things. The young are haunted by the desirability of death; only the old, having been to the mountain, can bring back a set of guidelines. I myself abandoned the idea of immortality when I went to my grandparents' church as a child to see what happened there. I watched baptisms, not of babies but of children my age. I sat straight and tense among the congregation as a trapdoor near the pulpit was opened, revealing a body of water with steps leading down into it. The preacher descended, helped the first child down the steps, and, with one hand firmly clasped over her mouth and nose, submerged her three times, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Salvation, then, was something that leaves you sopping wet? I abjured salvation; when I am invited into an ocean, a pond, or a friend's swimming pool, I sink like a stone, and when I am invited to share the pleasures of anyone's sailboat, small-craft warnings are hoisted in the turmoil of my mind. I became my own servant and not the Lord's; if to be self-employed is not a safe and sure thing, still it is a lot dryer.

THE house on the river is closed. Louise is in the hospital. Two days ago she called me. When I picked up the phone, she said, "Hi." It was like this:

"Hi," I say. "How are you?"

"I'm tired," she says. "And they won't let me close my door."

"Why don't you do it without asking?" I say. It is what I want to know.

"My knees don't work," she says. "Crazy. Honestly. Sometimes I sleep and dream." There is a silence, and then she says, "I called you this morning and Emmy answered. Omily."

"Oh," I say. My three-year-old son had called his older sister Omily. (Her name was Emily.) This was later rectified in a speech-therapy class in the first grade.

"She's such a lovely child," Louise says. "You must find her."

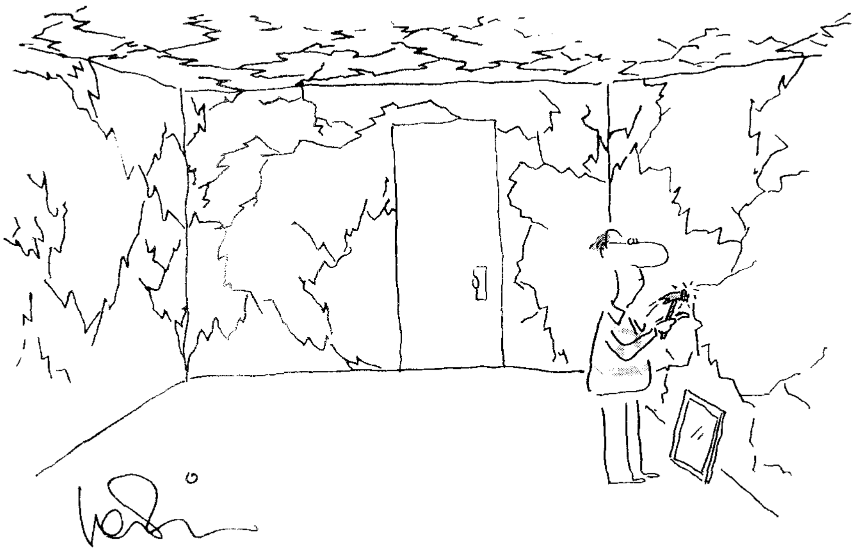
She died twenty years ago, when she was ten years old. The third lost child. I tried to find her; I, too, had dreams. I went back to the hospital, time after time, year after year. The hospital itself changed. It became vast; there were fountains softly rising and falling in the foyers and the rooms were along corridors of alabaster—I suppose that I dreamed that she dwelt in marble halls. But I could not find her. I asked nurses for news. Once, a nurse shook her head and said, "She's very bad. If we put her on the critical list, you can stay with her." And so it went until one day a nurse said, "She's much better." But I could not find her. And at last there was the time I saw a nurse who smiled at me and said, "Emily? Oh, she's cured. She went home this morning." And I never went back to the hospital again.

"I want to go home," Louise says.

"You will," I say.

"Yes," she says. "I will get Judy to take me home. She'll call you if I'm too tired."

Then the voice is gone; the receiver has been put back. I hang up my phone.



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In the evening Judy calls. “Mom’s really out of it,” she says.

“Does she know you?”

“I guess,” Judy says. “Every once in a while she opens her eyes and smiles at me.”

“What does the doctor say?” I ask. “Have you seen him?”

“I saw him,” she says. “He says Mom’s got about forty-eight hours.”

“Keep in touch,” I say.

She called yesterday.

“Hi,” she says.

“Hi.”

“These nurses are really great,” Judy says.

“Is your mother in any pain?”

“I don’t think so,” she says. “The nurses are right here with pills and everything.”

“How are you?” I ask.

“Me? I’m fine,” she says. She hesitates. “I guess I’ll tell you something now; I think Mom would want me to. She didn’t want to say it before. But when she first saw the doctors and found out what was wrong? They told her then she only had a year. *Did* she tell you?”

“No,” I say. “Keep in touch.”

“Sure,” she says.

I’VE done all the things I can think of around here. Gladstone finds me watering a crown of thorns in the south window. It should be popping with red buds. It isn’t.

“That doesn’t look so good,” he says. “How come nothing is blooming?”

“The plants don’t get any sun in here until the leaves are off the trees,” I tell him. “I say that every year. It’s too cold at night to leave them out any longer, and they have to get used to the house before the furnace goes on.”

“*If* the furnace goes on,” he says. “It takes oil.”

“I know,” I say.

“You really ought to get out,” Gladstone says. “I’ve already been, went to a couple of stores, rode my bike at the beach. Some weather; we won’t have much more of this. Go ahead. I’ve got some things to finish up here. I’ll get the phone if it rings or anything.”

He stares out into the yard. “The next thing is going to be getting all the leaves raked when they do fall. We ought to take down some trees.”

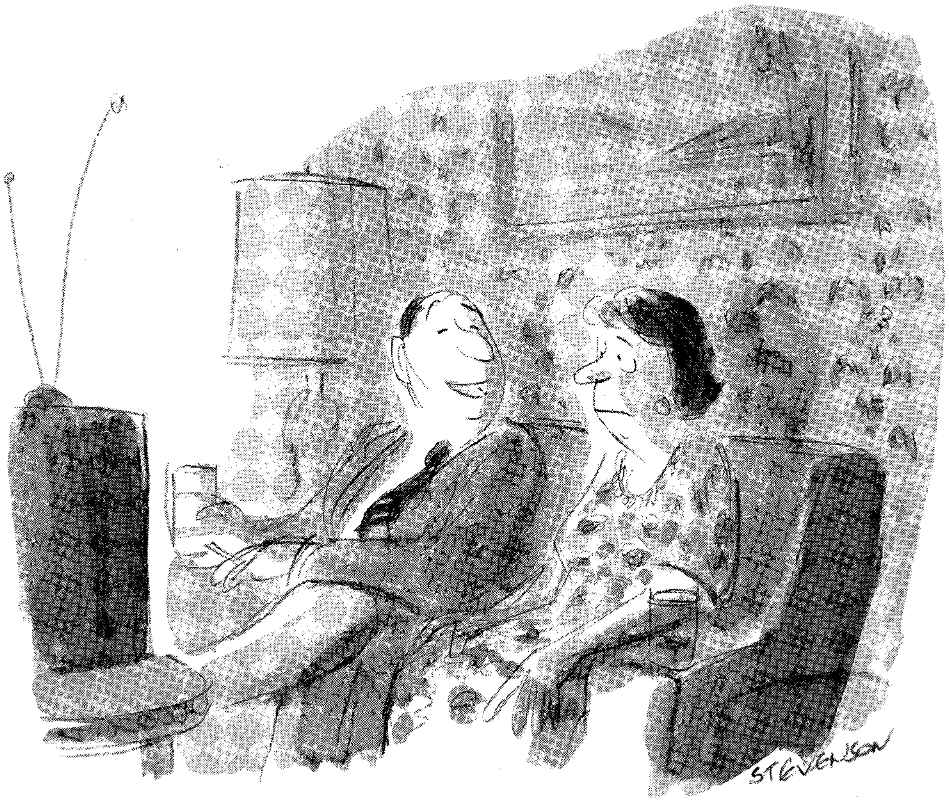
I, too, look at the yard. There will be half an acre of leaves to tote to the compost heap. Or perhaps this year we will let them stay; perhaps this year I will go to the land of Time, set sail on that crisp sea. Robert White will be in command, and Ms. White and I will sit close together twirling our parasols, dabbling our hands in the leaves, watching for sudden squalls. But not now.

Now I go out and climb into my old convertible—rusted out and taped up—hesitate on the road, and then turn toward the side roads, which I follow back to the first house we lived in, not very far from Louise. I drive slowly, passing the new houses that have appeared since then, the houses with concealed garbage cans in the kitchens, shrouded boats in the parking areas, tidy lawns glittering green in this stony soil. In front of the old house I pause and look it over; the new owners have added a family room with sliding glass doors and a Japanese rock garden. It would not have tempted my mother, who spent a lot of time there with us. I see her now, during one of her visits, standing by my old tulip bed and nodding to the tulips, which nodded back. I remember going up the walk, leading one child, carrying another, steering a third. “Someone telephoned,” my mother says, with a sigh, “but I cannot remember which one. It was either Jean or Jan—you don’t seem to know anyone who isn’t named Jean or Jan or Joan or June—or Jane. Except for your neighbor Louise.” (It turned out to have been Louise.)

Louise Patterson was her name; she lived not far away. She was of an Armenian family, tall, big-boned, with shining black hair and chocolate-brown eyes—a child of the sun and married to a man of the north, from Vermont, a white-skinned, rockbound Yankee. Our favorite story of those days and one we loved to recall was about the time her uncle came to call briefly and she was eager for him to see our children; he had already seen us. He was her mother’s brother, and his name was Tigris Kasabanjian. When she called I said I would be happy to stop by a moment on the way to school to pick up my first child, the daughter who was in nursery school, which, after only a few weeks, she had so reorganized that it became a shambles after she left, apparently, and had to be sold to a more able administration. I put a sweater on the baby girl and one on her brother, who at the age of three was not No. 1 son yet, although his brother was just around a far corner. I explained that we were going to walk to school to bring their sister home and that we would stop just for a little bit to see Louise and Louise’s uncle on the way. “And now,” I said to the boy. “And now: company manners.”

I did not attempt to say that “manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.” It is possible that I cited gross examples of what might happen to a child who forgot to shake hands, to say “How do you do,” to say “Goodbye,” using, of course, the name of the person being greeted or bidden farewell. He understood; the baby was not expected to.

And so, all of us wearing red sweaters, we began to stroll toward the Pattersons’ house. Oh, it was a splendid autumn afternoon! We did not stay long—only for cookies and lemonade. When it was time to leave, I said my casual words to Louise and to



"Relax, dear. You have to take Reagan with a grain of salt, you know."

• •

Mr. Kasabanjian, and bent down to see that the baby was still securely strapped into the stroller. My son stepped forward and I heard him say, "Goodbye, Mrs. Patterson. Thank you for the nice time." And then I froze; suddenly I thought of that endless, exotic name that came next. I became very brisk in tucking in the baby. What a satisfying thing it is for a woman to handle her child, to find those small excuses for touching her child with hands that never release the memory of each body, each head of hair, each stubborn foot. And, dedicating myself to preoccupation with one child, my head slanted over her, I waited for the silence that would come next. But there was no silence. "Goodbye, Mrs. Patterson," the pleasant voice had said, and then I heard, "Goodbye, Louise's uncle." I straightened up, and, grasping the handle of the stroller, I tipped my head to my invincible boy and reached for his hand, and we went on out to the country road and continued our journey.

At last the convertible takes me home. I find Gladstone in the kitchen, where he is studying a small pamphlet that I have certainly seen before. "Hi," I say. "Anything doing here?"

He shakes his head, intent on his reading.

"It's getting late," I say. "I forgot about dinner. I'd better go pick up something."

He holds up one hand. "I already did," he says. "But I'm out of charcoal, so I thought I'd cook it in the house."

He opens what we call, for want of a better word, the utility drawer in a cabinet; it is a jumble, a hodgepodge of things we never know when we will need. Peering and rummaging, he takes out a leather case that contains a metal measuring tape.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"I got a steak," he says. "And the stove book says it has to be broiled according to its thickness. Now I'm going to find out how thick it is."

The telephone rings. It is Judy. "Hi," she says.

"Hi," I say.

"Well . . ." she says.

". . . Well!" my mother says, and holds out her arms to me. It is October, and we are in the little Iowa town where my grandmother lived and where I had been before, learning it as I never did the city, Chicago, where we lived.

We had gone to Iowa because of a message that my grandmother was dying; she had been ill for years. I had been taken out of school to go with my mother; I was nine years old and filled with joy at being back. Autumn belongs to little towns; I had quickly left the family and gone strolling up to the square, walking slowly under the old elms and oaks along the leaf-struck sidewalk; above me the trees swayed and bent down to drop another leaf before me and murmur, "Why, my dear, we didn't know you had come back." I marched into the stores on the square and stood at the front door until someone called out, "Why, say! Look who's here!" I was the artless child of love, thriving in it, not having to earn it but knowing its bright and wholesome sun over all my life.

I had gone to spend the night with a friend. Early in the morning, after breakfast, I was told that my mother would like me to go back home, that she had something to tell me. It was no great journey—only a block or two—and in my poky fashion I went along, my head tipped to the sky; October days are the gold coins of the squandered year. I climbed the stairs of my grandmother's house and found all the family—my mother, my aunt, and my uncle—sitting at the dining-room table drinking coffee. As I walked in, my mother turned and held out her arms and said, "Well—here she is!" Of course we all knew who "she" was—the center of the universe. I went to Mother; she hugged me, patted me, asked if I'd had a good time with my friend. I said I had. And then she said, "You know, Grandmother died last night."

"Died?" Died. I had heard about it for a long time. I turned and went out of the room to find out what it was. I went into my grandmother's bedroom, but she was not there. Nothing was there but a dresser, a chair or two. Where was my grandmother? I walked on through the room onto the screened porch and stopped, appalled. They had taken my grandmother's bed apart, and the pieces were leaning against a railing; a mattress was propped up in a corner. She had been going, they said, and then she had gone. I looked down into the yard, hoping she had not gone so far that I could not see her, but she was not there. How could she have gone without saying goodbye to me? I raised my hand to wave to her, but I did not know where to turn, which direction she had taken.

I PUT the phone down and look at Gladstone, who is watching me. I nod. He looks back at his book. He has the intense, absorbed appearance of a man challenged, a frontiersman studying a makeshift map on which certain boundaries are tentative, and, beyond them, the unexplored, the unknown. I go past the kitchen table, where the newspaper still lies, go out of the kitchen, go through the house to the terrace door followed by Robert White, who does not want to go out but only wants me to leave the door ajar; he can then lie down and swing it, writhing as he holds it in his front paws, scrambling to his feet to pry it open again. Outside I sit down in a white mesh chair that has not come through the summer in pristine condition. Louise's house is empty now; what shall I do with the telephone number? Flowering tobacco plant, which we call nicotiana, spreads its white petals like little handkerchiefs to claim the fragrances of the passing day as its own drenching perfume. The bag lady is crouched on the warm flagstones; she gets up, arches her back, threatens me with one full-taloned claw, and stares at me with her wild, faded-blue eyes. "Mad, quite mad," I think. Each of us, in this house and out, deals in his own terms with the unfamiliar, the imponderable, the unforgivable, in our inseparable days. Around a corner of the house Our Common Destiny strolls, shepherding the slow golden creatures of the sun toward the woods, where they will disappear—toward the darkening blue ponds of autumn, which they will slip into and drown in. He looks up, wags a finger at me, and goes along; he *would* like for us to be friends. The trees of morning are untenanted now, except for unseen and silent birds. The days are short. Down on the river that meanders into night the mute swans are searching for a place to rest, gliding quietly on one leg, turning toward the shore, where lights are beginning to flicker—where, like the petals of the nicotiana, the houses and homes of the riverside begin to blossom in the evening.

That is the news from here.

—KATINKA LOESER

EVEN SO, ON A PERSONAL BASIS I CONTINUE TO WORRY. WHAT'S EXXON DOING TO HELP?

EXXON has new fittings that reduce the gap between the door and where the door is supposed to hang—a nice close fit!

EXXON has approached your daughter in the schoolyard. Exxon hands her a quarter to give to the older, hardened girls.

USING a natural-bristle brush, despite the expense, Exxon is brushing your hair. One hundred strokes, at least. How soft it is. Exxon separates your hair gently into eighths, so that the bristles will touch each strand. How well you look!

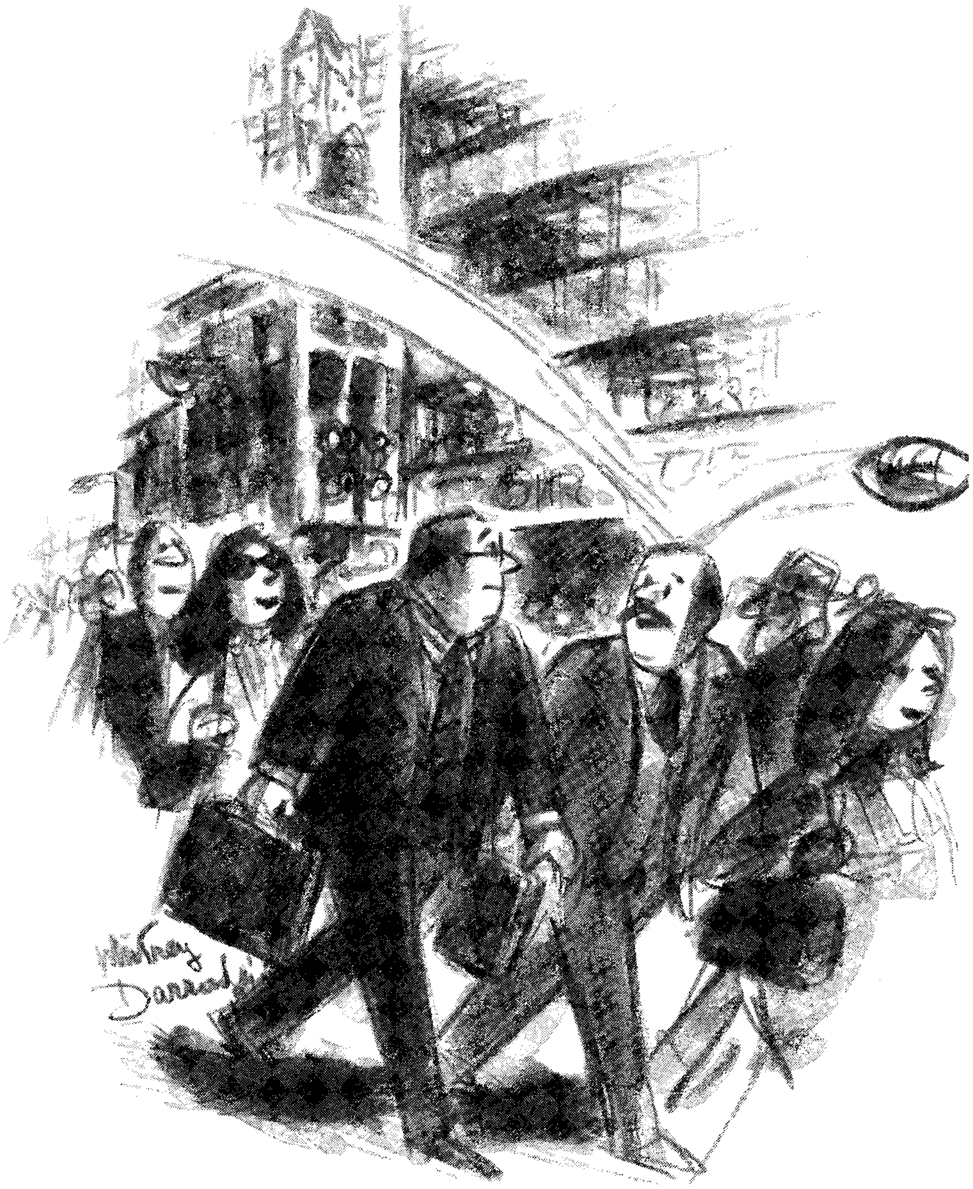
EXXON is helping you to read the timetables. In cases where you are nearsighted, Exxon moves them closer. Where convenience is an issue, we print up cards to take along. When you come home, we wait at the station.

EXXON has smocks you can slip over what you have on without disturbing what you have on.

EXXON takes a piece of sleep from your eye.

EXXON, with a hand over the phone, whispers the news.

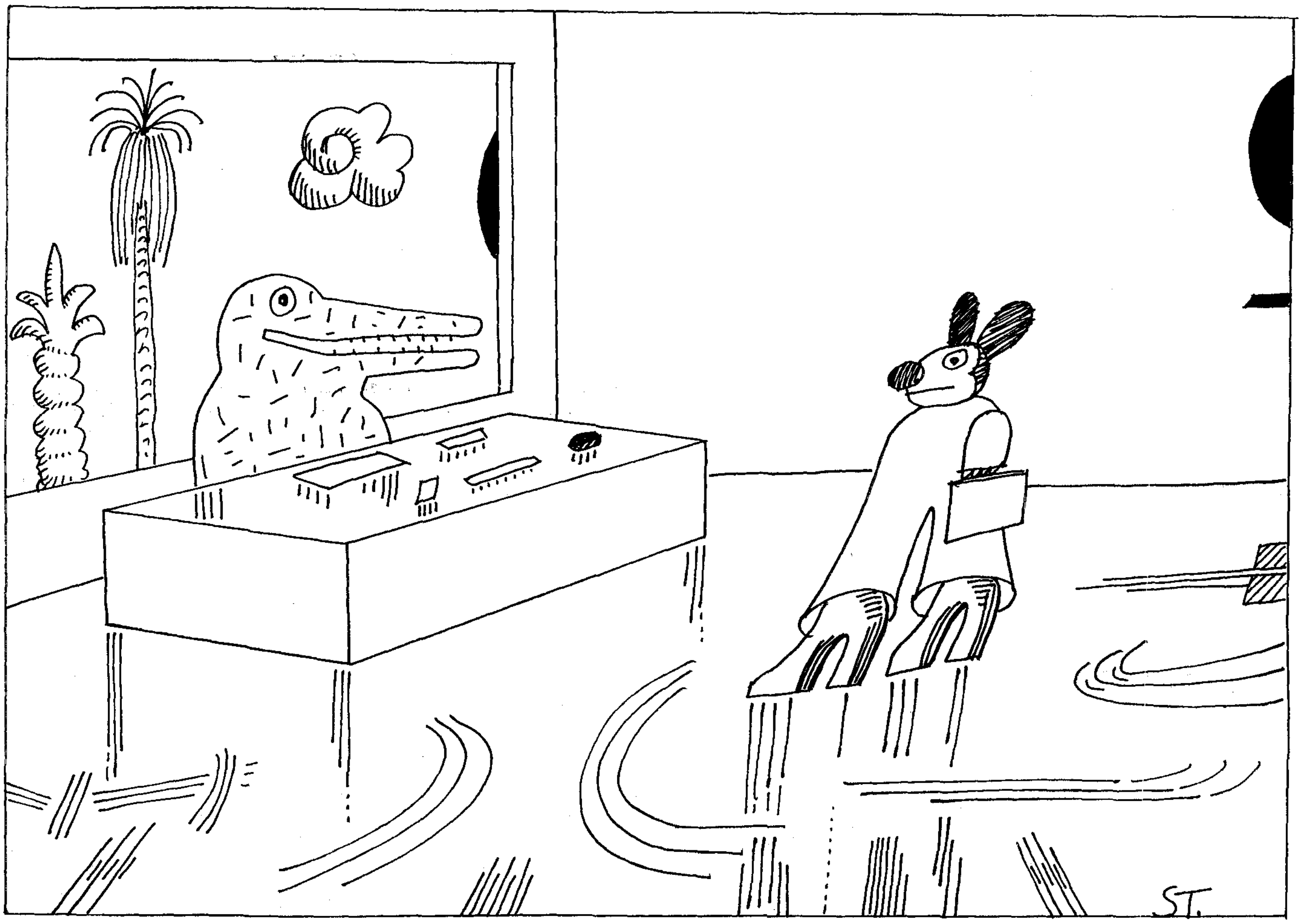
—GEORGE W. S. TROW



"There's a tang of fall in the air."

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE BLOCKBUSTER COMPLEX-III



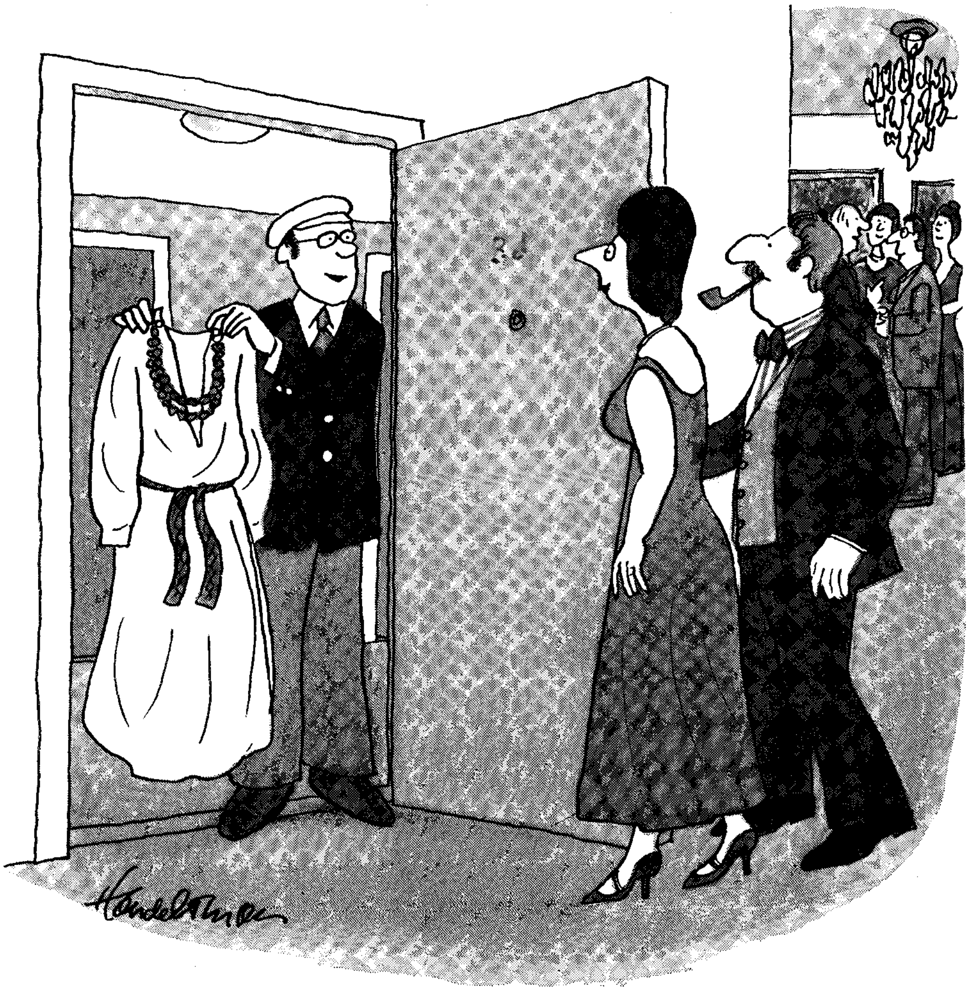
IN the spring of 1978, the venerable and independently owned Boston publishing house of Houghton Mifflin learned that Western Pacific Industries—a conglomerate that at the time owned, among other things, the Western Pacific Railroad—had been making unusually large purchases of Houghton Mifflin common stock and possibly intended to buy even more of it. These purchases led to widespread speculation in the publishing and financial worlds that Western Pacific might be planning a takeover attempt—an attempt that would certainly not be unusual in an age when the control of many formerly independent publishing houses has fallen more and more into the hands of vast conglomerates. Houghton Mifflin came into being in 1832, and authors associated with the house have included Henry David Thoreau, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. The people at Houghton Mifflin were disturbed by the idea of a takeover, and some of the chief officers of the company subsequently made their feelings known publicly. Several months before Western Pacific's stock purchases came to light, I had met with Harold T. Miller, who has been the president and chief executive officer of Houghton Mifflin since 1973, to ask him about the trend toward conglomerate ownership in publishing. Miller received me in his office—a room containing, among other pieces, a desk once owned by Hawthorne—at Houghton Mifflin's corporate headquarters, on the thirtieth floor at One Beacon Street. I found him to be a man of courteous, sober mien and rather careful speech.

Miller told me that textbooks for elementary and high schools accounted for about sixty-six per cent of Houghton Mifflin's annual business, with books for college use accounting for ten per cent, several subsidiaries for fourteen per cent, and trade books—that is, general fiction and nonfiction books—for the remaining ten. He said that Houghton Mifflin had become a publicly held company in 1967, that since then it had on several occasions been "asked to join forces with someone else," but that when the people running the company considered the pros and cons of the proposed mergers they had turned the offers down. "We've always asked the people who came to us how joining forces with a bigger company would make us a better publisher," he told me. "And we've never been satisfied with the answers. The arguments advanced never really seemed to us to be very good ones. It was as if those people felt, mostly, that we should merge because it seemed to be the thing to do. Generally, the arguments offered us were on the order of 'If you become part of us, you will have all the advantages of a large corporation—the greater resources, the greater management skills, and the like.' We were not impressed. Because if you look at how some of the major publishing companies acquired by communications or electronics conglomerates were doing as independents in, say, the early nineteen-sixties and how they're doing today, they're not such major companies now. Suppose you specialize in textbooks, and you agree to merge with a big electronics corporation. Well, the day you start as a subsidiary of one of these operations you're paying the overhead costs that are geared to the financial structure of the electronics industry rather than to that of the book industry. You're likely to find that your opportunity to invest in research and in new textbook programs is impaired, because the head of the acquiring corporation is looking at how he can put his investment dollars where they will bring the most return, and where they will bring the greatest return isn't going to be in some textbook operation. At one time, acquiring textbook publishers seemed to be the glamorous thing for big companies to do, but when things get a little tight for the acquirer where is the textbook publisher as a subsidiary? And, of course, the same question applies even more seriously to trade-book publishing. We have tried very hard at Houghton Mifflin to maintain our independence as a company, and the fact that we've survived is an indication of the view that many of our shareholders take of the value of our independence. There are still a few descendants of the Houghtons and Mifflins around as substantial stockholders, you know, and they have very strong feelings on this issue."

Miller told me that of Houghton Mifflin's stock nearly half was owned either by descendants of the founders or by present or former employees. "We've been very fortunate in having so many stockholders who feel there must be a place in our society for a publishing house committed to good, sound basic publishing," Miller said. "And the feeling of independence permeates our whole group—the stockholders, the editors, and the authors the editors deal with. It disturbs me to hear this talk about books' being the software of the movie business. We're delighted that some of our authors write books that sell to the movies, but I object to the idea that we're supposed to think of ourselves as a software house. At Houghton Mifflin, frankly, we'll go after the big book where financially we can do so. But we at least have a policy that we'll make an honest determination of how well such a book will really do. We set firm limits on what we're going to offer at auctions of big books. Maybe when you're independent and it's your own money you're gambling with you're more conservative with it. We don't want to lose ourselves in the pursuit of blockbusters. We still feel we have a commitment to enable promising young writers to get a start in fiction and nonfiction, and we even do a few books of poetry every year. We feel that if we're going to go on as serious publishers we have to help young fiction writers, and when we see talented young writers we try to keep publishing their books, even though that might not be really profitable before the writers can break through with substantial successes. We published five books by Paul Theroux, in whose future we had confidence, before he came along with 'The Great Railway Bazaar,' his first big success."

From what I could gather, Houghton Mifflin was then prospering as a company. In 1977, its sales reached a high in the company's history, amounting to a hundred and twenty-four million dollars—an increase of fourteen per cent over its sales for the previous year. The trade division contributed to this rise, with sales amounting to about twenty million dollars—an increase of forty-eight per cent over those for 1976. One of the trade division's big successes that year was J. R. R. Tolkien's "The Silmarillion," which was published in September, went almost immediately to the head of the best-seller list, and stayed there until well into 1978. In the financial pages of the *Times* of October 5, 1977, I had noticed that Houghton Mifflin's stock, which had been selling at 15¾ earlier in the year, had risen to 18⅞—an increase that I surmised might in part reflect the degree to which Wall Street was impressed by the ability of such an old Boston publisher to come up with best-sellers by writers of quality.

But there was another reason behind the increased demand for Houghton Mifflin stock on Wall Street. At the start of the winter of 1977-78,



"Gladys was awfully disappointed that she couldn't make it tonight. This is what she would have worn."

The Delish-o-Rooney Restaurant

"It's, it's, it's, well, by golly, it's delish-o-rooney."

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Miller and his fellow-directors at Houghton Mifflin began to notice what he later called "some transactions that were a little unusual" in the trading of Houghton Mifflin stock. On March 3, 1978, notification of a trade of a hundred and twenty-five thousand shares of Houghton Mifflin common stock went over the New York Stock Exchange wire—a transaction whose size the directors of Houghton Mifflin found distinctly disquieting. Then, on March 9th, a bombshell burst at Houghton Mifflin headquarters in the form of a statement filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission—a document known as a Schedule 13D statement, which, under the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, must be registered with the commission when five per cent or more of a publicly owned company's stock has been acquired by any one purchaser. The statement, which Western Pacific sent to the officers of Houghton Mifflin, revealed that between October 20, 1977, and March 3, 1978, Western Pacific Industries had bought two hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred shares of Houghton Mifflin stock, for four million six hundred thousand dollars, "in furtherance of [Western Pacific's] program to diversify its sources of income." To Miller and his colleagues, the news looked like the beginning of an attempt by Western Pacific Industries to acquire a dominant position in the company's financial affairs, if not an outright takeover attempt. This suspicion was reinforced on April 19th, when Western Pacific Industries filed another statement with the S.E.C., announcing that the number of Houghton Mifflin shares it had bought now totalled three hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred—more than ten per cent of all the shares of Houghton Mifflin stock—and giving notice that it might buy still more.

Aside from its purchases of Houghton Mifflin stock, Western Pacific had no connection with the publishing business, and it had no experience with it. Western Pacific was a holding company that owned principally, among its corporate assets, the Western Pacific Railroad Company. The chairman of the board of Western Pacific Industries was Howard A. (Micky) Newman, who, shortly after the purchase of the Houghton Mifflin stock was announced, was described in an article in *Forbes* as "engaged in some very fancy financial maneuvering." Certainly some interesting things had been going on in the relationship between Western Pacific Industries and the Western Pacific Railroad. Between July of 1977 and March of 1978, when the Houghton Mifflin stock purchases became public knowledge, the Western Pacific Railroad—which during the previous five years had paid an annual average of eight hundred thousand dollars in dividends to Western Pacific Industries—had suddenly paid out four million four hundred thousand dollars in dividends to Western Pacific Industries. The situation was described in the *Forbes* article:

> The Western Pacific Railroad sold $20-million worth of bonds last June in a public offering underwritten by a Salomon Brothers-led syndicate. There was, however, nothing in the prospectus suggesting that the railroad the bondholders were investing in was about to be unloaded by its parent company. Nor did Newman tell the bondholders that the railroad assets that underlay the loan were worth about 11 cents on the dollar. Nor could the bondholders have been pleased when the parent company diluted their collateral by suddenly paying itself a much-fattened dividend out of surplus.
>
> It was a mere three months after the bonds were sold that Newman announced his proposal to "sell" (i.e., virtually give) the railroad, along with its $100 million-plus in debt, to a new company formed by its employees. Three months after that the railroad was appraised for $14 million—a full $110 million below book value.
>
> What's in it for Newman and WPI?

Le gas goes slowly. The car doesn't.

Renault Le Car gets you from point A to point B economically. Without taking all day to do it.

It has the economy to give you a ㉚ estimated mpg/40 highway estimate.* But it also has the performance to let you pass more than just gas stations.

Of course, Le Car gets you around curves as nimbly as down straightaways. With front wheel drive, road-hugging Michelin radials, and rack and pinion steering *Motor Trend* describes as "oh, so light and easy."

For potholes that can't be maneuvered around, four-wheel independent suspension and a long wheelbase give you what *Motor Trend* calls "a bump-smoothing ride like no other car in its class."

And when you leave the highway and head for the city, *Motor Trend* says, "the combined capabilities of the steering, brakes, and suspension make inner-city motoring with Le Car an effortless experience."

40 HWY. EST. ㉚ EST. MPG.*

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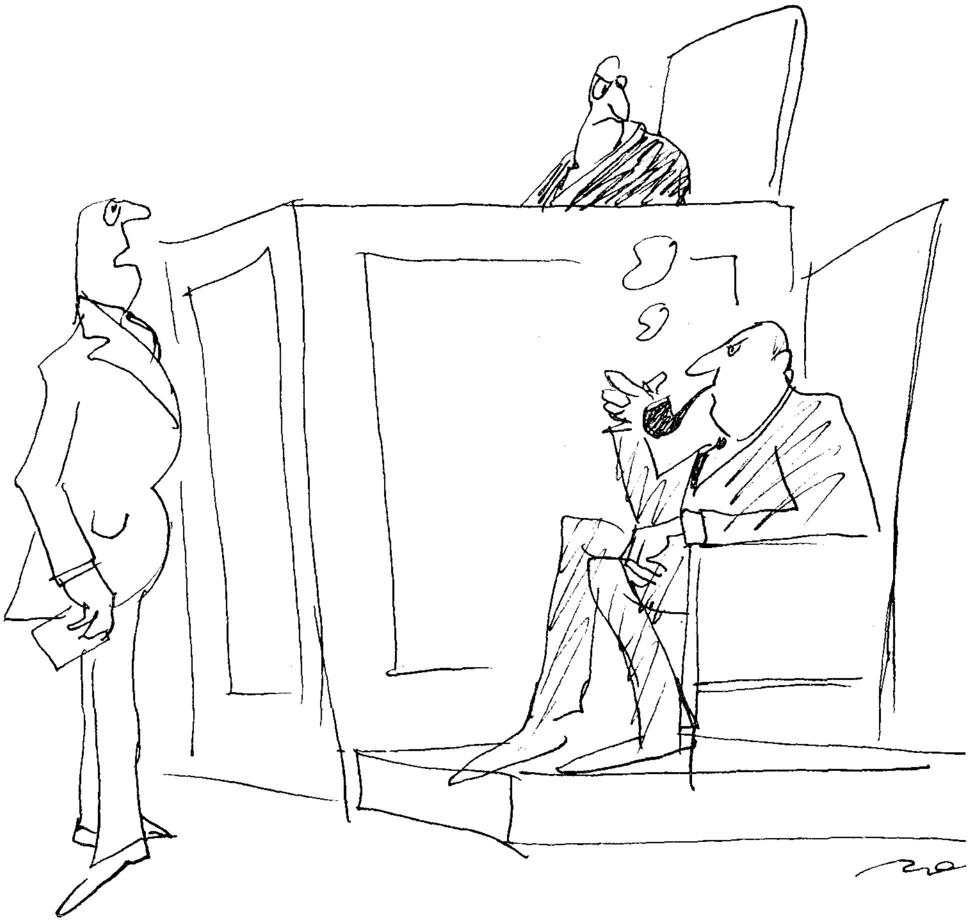
Plenty. They wipe $100 million in debt off their balance sheet. Better yet, they generate for WPI tens of millions of dollars in ordinary losses for tax purposes. How can property sales generate ordinary losses? It's the way the laws are written: Losses incurred in the sale of property used in a business can offset ordinary income. Since the holding company is selling rail assets instead of the railroad's stock, it—not the railroad—gets to keep huge operating tax-loss carryforwards. Newman is already on the prowl for acquisitions whose earnings he can shelter.

The old Boston publishing company was, it seemed, one of those potential acquisitions encountered on Newman's prowl.

The news of the amount of stock that Western Pacific had amassed by the third week in April was received with real consternation at Houghton Mifflin headquarters, and when the Boston press began running news items about a possible attempt at a takeover, several prominent Houghton Mifflin authors also reacted with concern. On March 28th, a letter to Miller signed by five Houghton Mifflin authors—Archibald MacLeish, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, Daniel Yergin, and Daniel Schorr—and subsequently made public declared, "We would be deeply concerned by any action that jeopardizes in any way the present character of the company or the present management and certainly any step which involves the passage of control, actual or potential, to an outside interest with no academic or literary experience or background and no community identification."

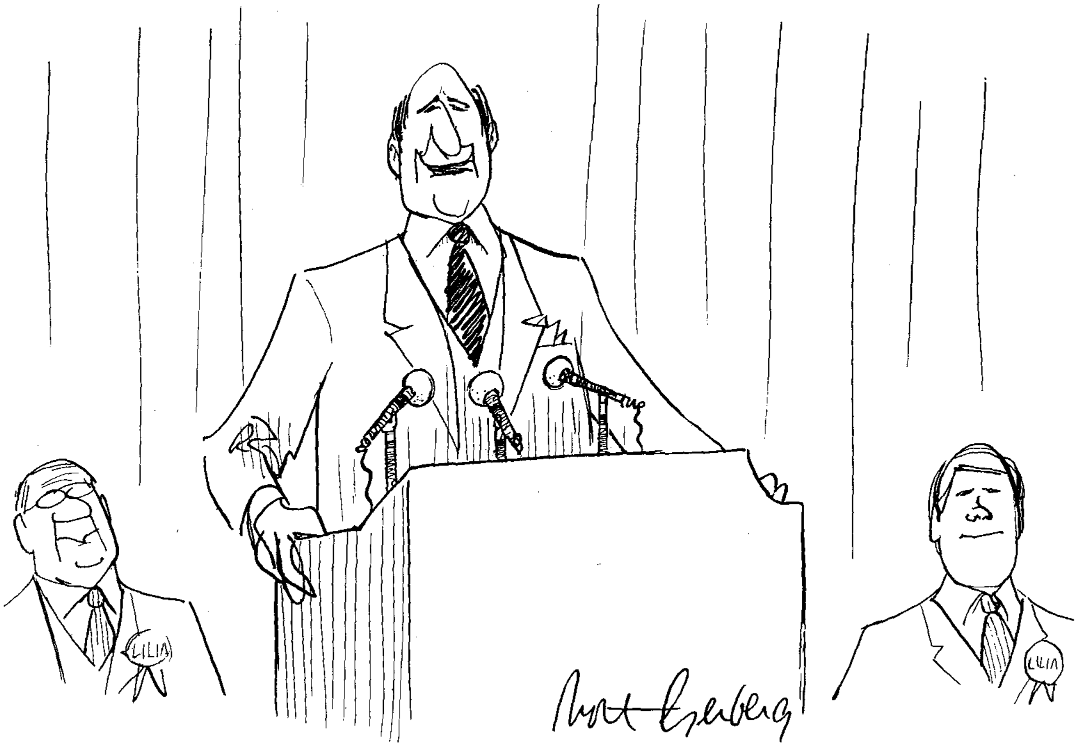
Archibald MacLeish went a step further. On April 8th, 1978, before an audience of publishers and authors at the New York Public Library, where he was awarded the National Medal for Literature and an accompanying prize of fifteen thousand dollars for his services to literature—a medal and a prize that had been endowed in 1964 by Thomas H. Guinzburg, publisher of the Viking Press, in memory of his father, the late Harold K. Guinzburg, who founded Viking in 1925—MacLeish said a few words about the role that conglomerates were assuming in the book business. After expressing high regard for Harold Guinzburg's contributions to literature as an independent publisher, MacLeish warned of the threat to literature posed by large corporations whose only interest in books was, he said, "the bottom line" on their financial balance sheets. As the *Times* reported the following day, MacLeish went on to say that he was referring to "the contemporary practice by which certain corporations, having no connection with literature, no knowledge of literature, no interest in it, have acquired publishing houses not to enter publishing but to diversify their investments." He then identified the "certain corporations" as conglomerates, which he described as "corporate carnivores conceived by a new breed of corporate manipulators." He said that a number of publishing houses in New York had been taken over, and that "the epidemic" was now reported to have reached Boston. Without mentioning Western Pacific Industries by name, MacLeish declared that Boston's oldest and most respected publisher—"Henry Thoreau's, no less"—was under increasing pressure from a West Coast conglomerate.


"*He can't think without his pipe, Your Honor.*"

• •

Galbraith, Schlesinger, MacLeish, and other Houghton Mifflin authors also sent a joint letter to Newman, questioning the aim of Western Pacific's purchases of so much Houghton Mifflin stock and implying that if Western Pacific did achieve substantial control over the publishing company's affairs they would reconsider using Houghton Mifflin as their publisher in the future. In addition, a number of Houghton Mifflin authors wrote to Newman individually on the matter. One of the most forceful representations came from Professor Mary P. Dolciani, of the Mathematics Learning Center, at Hunter College. Professor Dolciani is the author of widely used mathematics textbooks published by Houghton Mifflin. As quoted in the press, she wrote Newman, "I believe that a number of outstanding authors in the field of education first signed up with Houghton Mifflin as a result of takeovers of other firms with which they worked. For my part, I originally chose Houghton Mifflin and have elected to stay with them because of their dedication to publishing and also because of their independent status." And she strongly implied that if that status changed so might her interest in remaining a Houghton Mifflin author.

The chairman of Western Pacific reacted angrily to this uprising of authors. In an interview with Herbert



"My fellow distinguished Americans."

• •

Mitgang reported in the *Times*, Newman questioned the motivation of the authors' protests. "This whole thing sounds like a spontaneous demonstration in the Soviet Union," he declared. "I believe that the authors were put up to it by whoever is advising Houghton Mifflin. All the letters to me have the same tenor. It sounds like the party line."

To Professor Dolciani—again, as quoted in the press—Newman wrote that her letter had the flavor of having been written or suggested by "someone other than you." He told her, "You speak of Houghton Mifflin as having a 'dedication to publishing' as though that were a unique quality instead of a description of a publisher. What else do publishers do? Are you under the impression that Houghton Mifflin is not a profit-motivated business?" He went on:

> Houghton Mifflin is only an entity created by law. The ultimate thrust of your letter is to gratuitously offer a warning or threat misdirected to Western Pacific because it has made an investment in a business enterprise for which you profess high regard. You know little or nothing about the persons of whom the management of Western Pacific is comprised, their philosophy of management, or their interests or aspirations.

When Mitgang asked the president of Houghton Mifflin about Newman's remarks and his reply to Professor Dolciani's letter, Miller said, "Can anyone honestly think that I could orchestrate Archibald MacLeish, or that I am capable of structuring John Kenneth Galbraith? . . . This attitude [of Newman's] shows the lack of understanding about the individuals in publishing and proves what the authors are saying in their letters."

On May 10th, the Authors Guild entered the fray. On behalf of the Guild, John Brooks, its president, Roger Angell, its vice-president, John Hersey, the chairman of its contracts committee, and Irwin Karp, its counsel, wrote a letter to Griffin B. Bell, then the Attorney General of the United States, and Michael Pertschuk, the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, urging that the Justice Department or the F.T.C. "investigate the possibility that the Houghton Mifflin company may be acquired by Western Pacific Industries, Inc." They did so on the ground that "Western Pacific's acquisition of Houghton Mifflin would continue the trend to concentration that has destroyed the independence of many major publishing companies acquired by conglomerates and huge publishing complexes," and they declared that the acquisition of Houghton Mifflin by Western Pacific, if it occurred, could constitute a violation of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, since it could lessen competition in the book-publishing industry—a situation that the signatories maintained would interfere with "the uninhibited marketplace of ideas protected by the First Amendment."

This move was a particularly powerful thrust against any possible takeover of Houghton Mifflin by Western Pacific, not only because the letter suggested that the Clayton Act might be applicable to this potential acquisition but also because the letter was bound to generate unfavorable publicity which might influence Western Pacific stockholders, and because the very existence of the letter raised the spectre of a whole variety of tiresome governmental inquiries into the financial affairs of the conglomerate. And, to stir up a bit further the literary hornet's nest that Western Pacific had stepped into, Miller and his co-directors of Houghton Mifflin had in the meantime decided to fight fire with fire, if necessary, by hiring the law firm of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom to represent their interests. The people at Western Pacific may well have looked upon this as a serious matter, partly because the firm had gained wide experience in representing corporate raiders in takeover attempts as well as representing various potential corporate victims of such attempts, and knew a great deal about all the maneuverings in such corporate high-noon confrontations. What with the big public row raised by the well-known Houghton Mifflin authors—probably the first really effective collective action ever taken by authors of an independent publishing house facing a potential conglomerate takeover—and the forceful representations of the Authors Guild to the Justice Department and the F.T.C., and the knowledgeable legal counsel retained by Houghton Mifflin, Western Pacific must have given serious thought to whether it wanted to go through with

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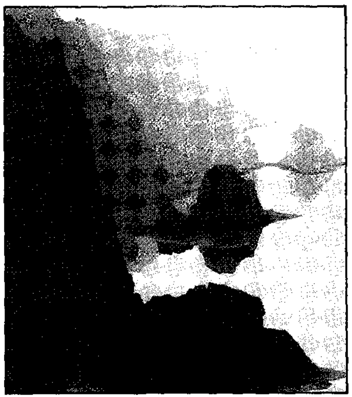
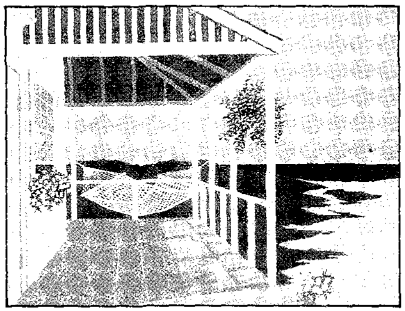
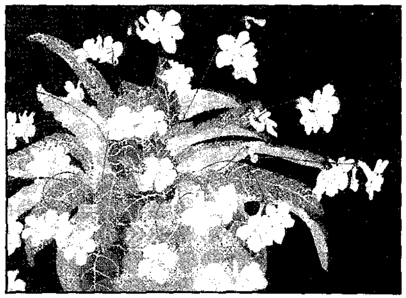
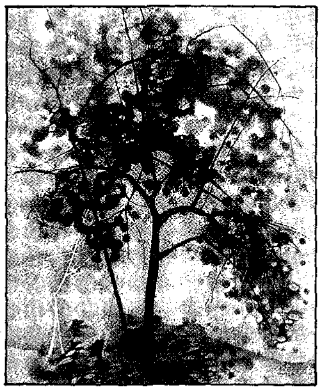
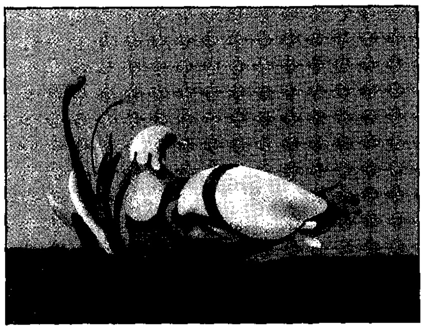

Jerome Schurr's *Olympia*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 290.


Eric Holch's *Lazy Afternoon*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 275.


Tjelda Michas' *Cape Rose*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 225.


Anne Walker's *Berkshire*, original etching. Signed limited edition of 90.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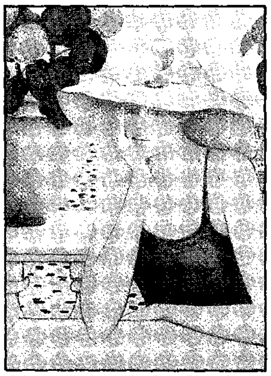
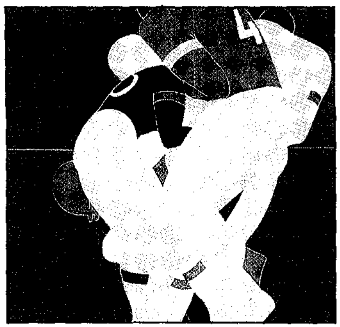
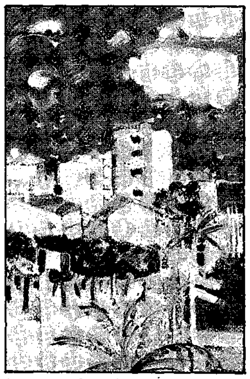
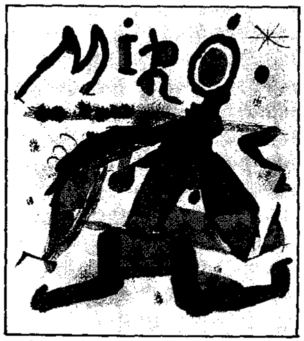
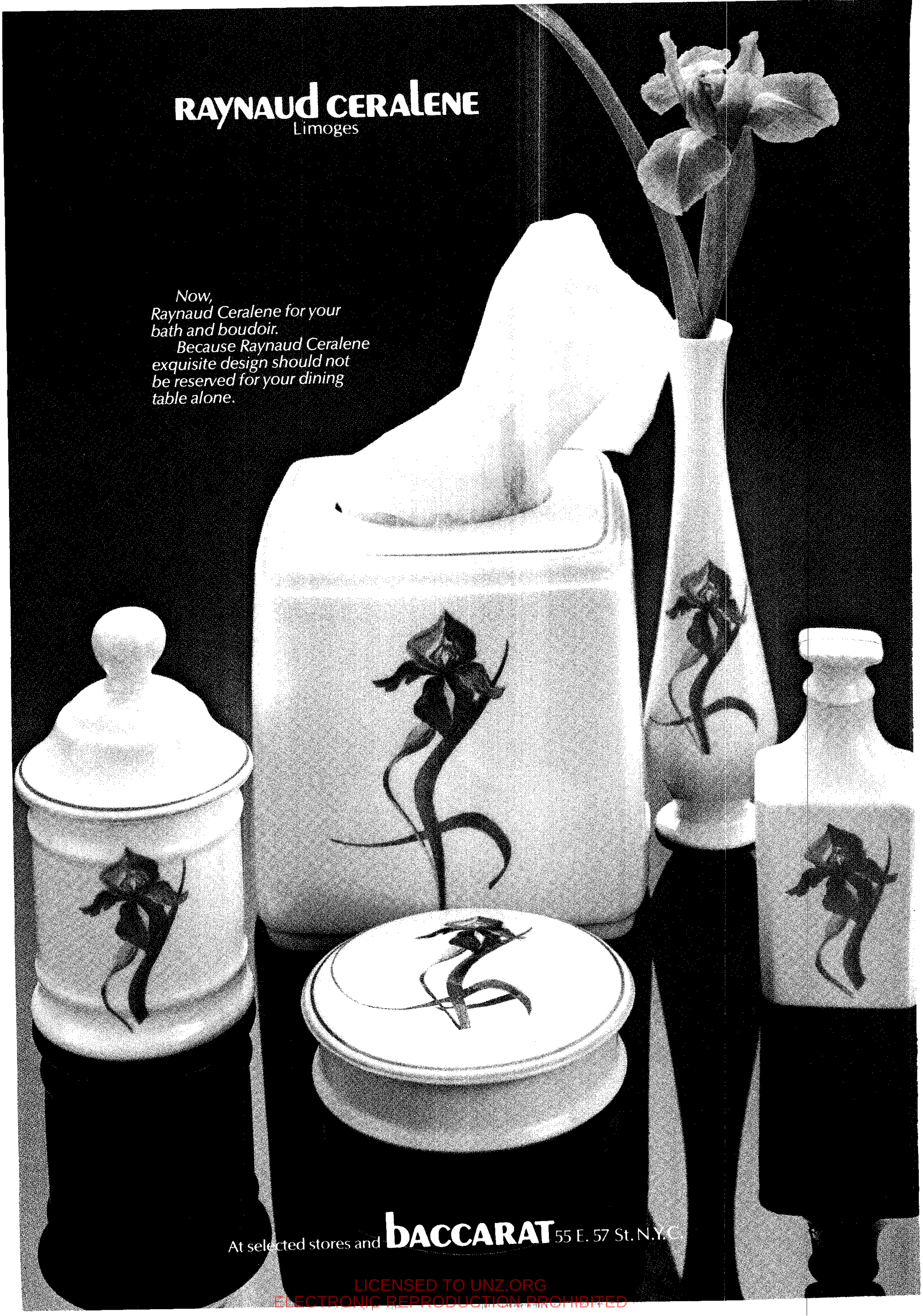

Jean-Pierre Cassigneul's *Les Géraniums*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 100.


Thom de Jong's *All-Star Wars*, original etching. Signed limited edition of 175.


Gorriti's *Place du Village*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 190.



Joan Miró's *Miró Fantasy*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 75.



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further major acquisitions of Houghton Mifflin stock.

In fact, in the summer of 1978 Western Pacific in effect gave up the prospect of continuing its Houghton Mifflin stock purchases. In July, Houghton Mifflin entered into an agreement with Western Pacific to buy the three hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred shares of its common stock that Western Pacific held. After the agreement was announced, Newman was quoted in the *Times* as saying of the resistance by Houghton Mifflin and its authors and literary allies to Western Pacific's stock-purchasing program, "I really didn't expect the reaction we got there." However, his company did very well financially out of the affair. It had bought the stock at an average price of about twenty-one dollars a share. Now Houghton Mifflin paid thirty dollars a share for that stock, so within a few months Western Pacific had got something like a thirty-six-per-cent return on its investment. And Newman was quoted in the *Times* as saying that Western Pacific might set its sights on another publishing house. "There are all sorts of publishing companies, and I'm not going to ignore an opportunity that may come along because of what happened with Houghton Mifflin," he said.

A few months after Houghton Mifflin bought its stock back, I went to Boston and had a short talk with Austin Olney, vice-president in charge of the company's trade-book division. Olney made it clear that the reaction of everybody at Houghton Mifflin to the successful settlement with Western Pacific was one of enormous relief. He told me that Western Pacific's purchases of Houghton Mifflin stock had come as a complete surprise to people in the company, "even though we sensed that we were a ripe plum ready for the picking" by some acquisitive conglomerate. "I was excited by the way everyone closed ranks and got ready to fend off boarders," he said. He went on to say that the initial news that Western Pacific was moving in with substantial stock purchases had caused a moment of panic—"just trying to think of what to do"—within the company but that Harold Miller and his colleagues had quickly settled down to tackle the problem of takeover by getting sound legal advice. "We listened to everything the lawyers said, but I think the most pleasing thing that happened was when our authors got wind of what

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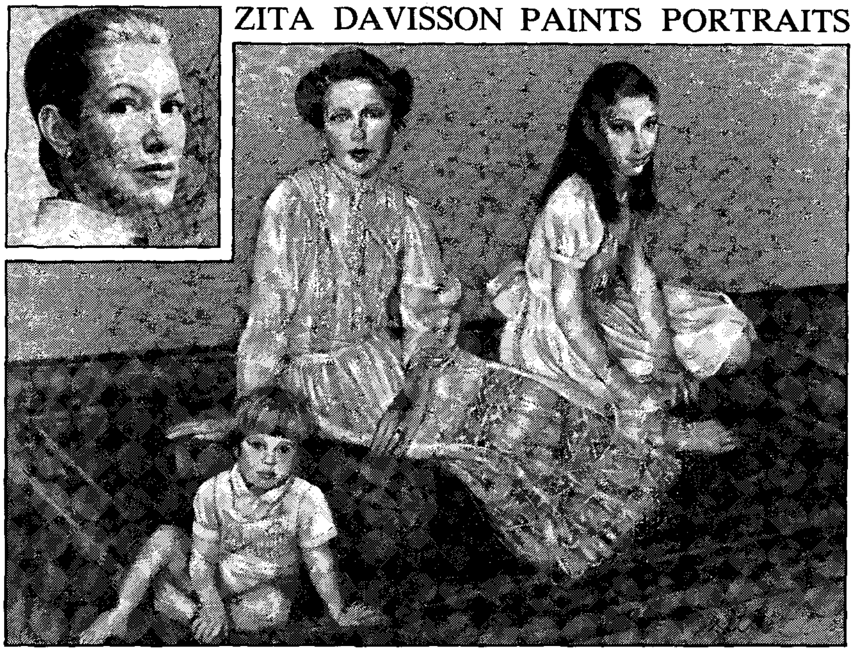

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was going on and decided to help," he told me. "In particular, Ken Galbraith, who after all is not without considerable background in the structure of large corporations, gave us some good advice, and in addition he acted on his own initiative to make various public comments on the situation. And in no time at all, without our ever having to go to our authors and say, 'Help save us,' they *were* helping, by the letters they sent expressing their serious concern about what was going on. We didn't say to them, 'Please do it—we'll go down the drain without your help.' To do that might have been of doubtful ethics. And it could be charged that we were not representing the best interests of the stockholders by trying to enrage our house authors against Western Pacific Industries. But we had other responsibilities, to both our authors and our stockholders. When our authors came forward with letters, we did circulate, with their permission, copies of them to other authors. And I think that a publishing house that didn't inform its authors of something like this situation would not be acting in good faith."

After talking with Olney, I had another chat with Miller. He, too, was obviously pleased by the outcome of the Western Pacific crisis. "I wouldn' like to go through anything like that again. It takes too much out of everybody," he said. I got some idea o Miller's feelings about takeovers wher he passed on to me a few clipping from business magazines and financial newsletters, and some copies o speeches. One of the clippings wa from a Wall Street newsletter, quoting from testimony by Robert J. Buckley chairman and president of Alleghen Ludlum Industries, before the Antitrust, Monopoly, and Business Right Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciar Committee:

> Call them "takeovers," "raids," or wha have you . . . hostile mergers are not in th business interest, the customers' interes and really not in the public interest though they are often in the interest of th shareholders. Or at least the shareholder of a particular moment. . . .
>
> A smaller, successful company that b comes healthy and liquid becomes a targe of opportunity of some business that has n been managed well and needs the former cash. This is plain old "blood-sucking, usually imparting only temporary life t the one and ending the existence of th other.

Also among the papers that Mill handed me was the transcript of

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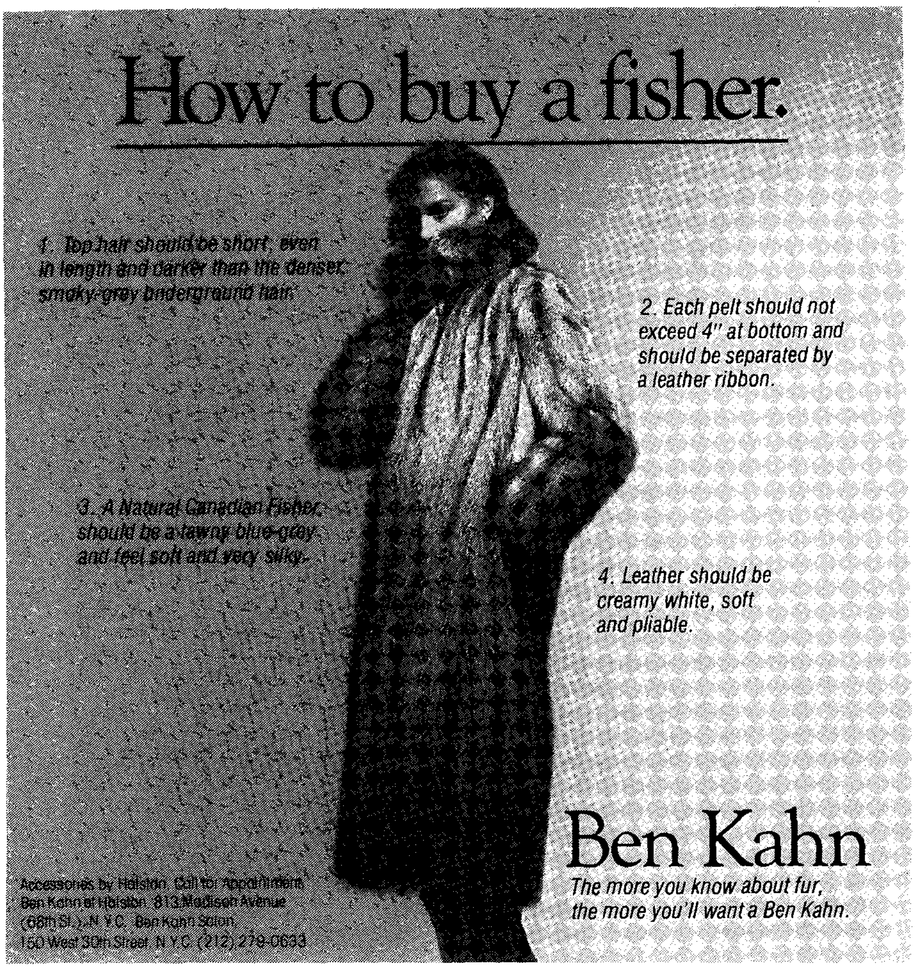
speech made by Richard E. Cheney, vice-chairman of the New York public-relations firm Hill & Knowlton, before the Business Roundtable and entitled "The Torrent of Takeovers—Is Any Relief in Sight for the Threatened Independent Executive?" In his speech, Cheney had referred to the successful resistance of the Houghton Mifflin management and its authors to the advances of Western Pacific, and he had commented, "So, it's still not impossible to ward off a takeover, given time and luck. But it continues to get more difficult, all the same." And, speaking of alleged economic benefits in growth, efficiency, and so on that are claimed to result from the takeover of smaller companies by large ones, Cheney asked:

> Does growth by takeover really lead to economy of scale? This is a serious question. It has been pointed out that today it is not the backward unproductive company that is sought by raiders, but rather the more successful enterprise whose record of growth makes it an attractive target. If such a well-managed company is taken over, what happens to its effectiveness? Moreover, is there a tendency for the takeover company's planners to make planning decisions differently than the acquired company's planner might have. . . . In allowing takeovers to go unchecked, are we simply satisfying the egos of acquisitors or helping them get big enough to discourage takeovers by others and, if so, is that in the public interest?

To this Cheney added, "Admittedly I make my living in part out of the takeover business, but I believe these questions should be examined by Congress."

Next, I looked at a photocopy of an article from *Business Week*. A few passages had been marked for Miller's attention. One dealt with Rudolph Eberstadt, the former president of Microdot—which he had helped to found and had headed for sixteen years—and his reaction after he resigned following the acquisition of Microdot by Northwest Industries. It read, "Although Eberstadt's reasons [for his resignation] were varied, when asked to sum them up in one sentence, he responds, 'I just wasn't used to having a boss.' " Another passage in the *Business Week* article read, "No matter how you cut it, superimposed authority is a bitter pill to swallow. Acquired managers' egos can be subjected to a constant and brutal battering. . . . And they are expected to change their perspective on decisions almost overnight: What works for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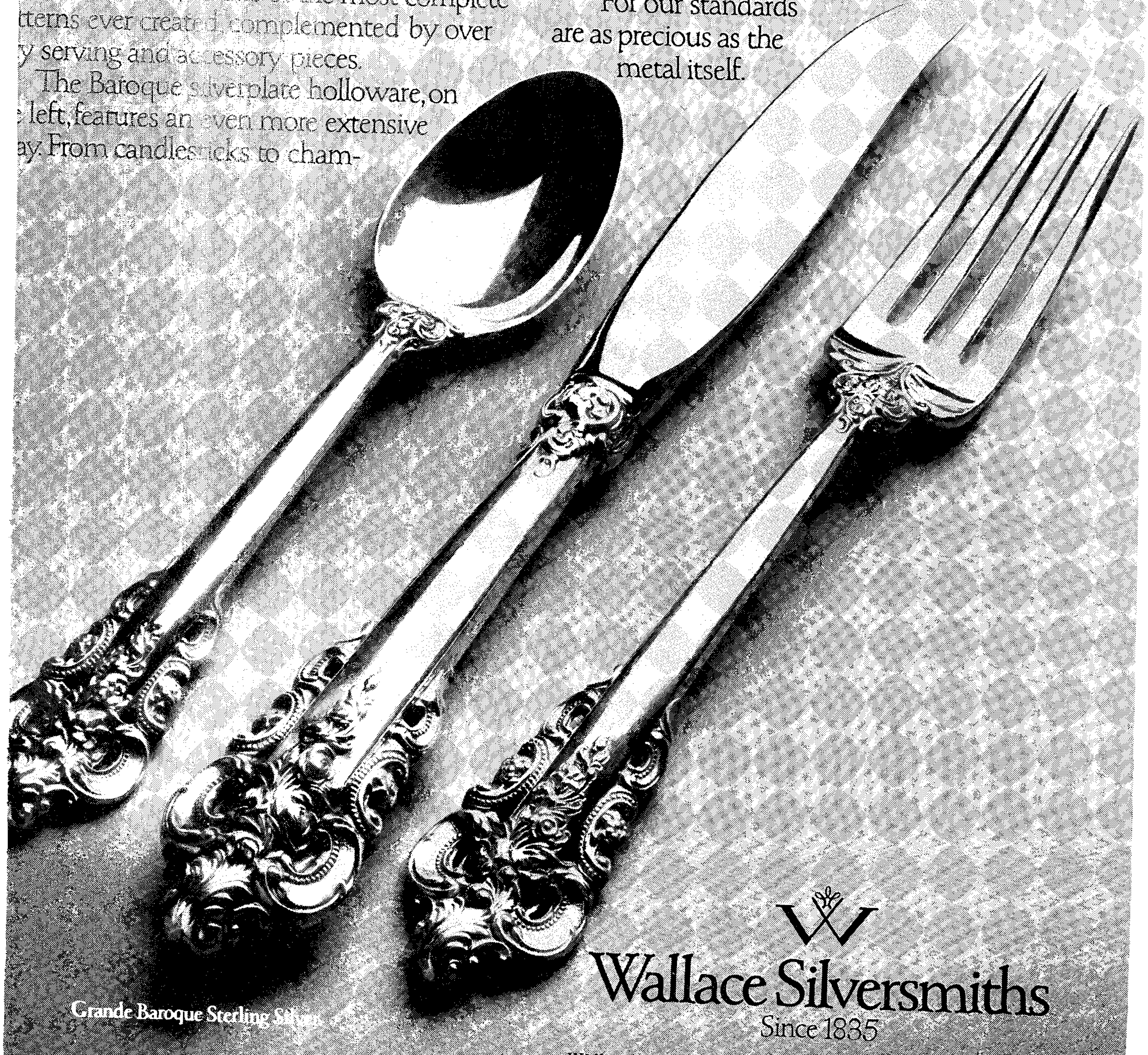

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their operation as a company may not work for it as a division."

For all that, Miller, though he was only too glad to have the Western Pacific affair behind him, seemed rather uncomfortable about what people might expect of him as president of Houghton Mifflin, in view of his ordeal. "I want to be honest about our relations with our authors and what they did concerning Western Pacific's purchase of stock," he told me. "To say that we had no conversations with the authors about our position would be to misrepresent the situation. They always knew where I stood. But what they did developed on its own, and beyond any capacity we might have for controlling them, even if we wished to. No publisher can put his authors in lockstep. I have a stack of letters from authors who are not our own authors and from people who work at other publishing houses expressing their pleasure at our stand on resisting this thing, and about the way it all turned out. I'm very appreciative of what our authors did, but I don't want to dwell on it. I don't want to appear to be using them. And I don't want to be the darling of the authors' group that protested, or of the Authors Guild. And I don't want to be placed in the camp that says there's no good purpose in a merger, because there can be a point where for good and proper reasons a publishing entity might wish to seek association with other publishers, say."

WHEN Archibald MacLeish delivered his public denunciation of conglomerates' acquisitions of publishing houses, what he had to say must have been received with a certain bemusement by Thomas Guinzburg, of Viking. Guinzburg assumed the presidency of Viking in 1961, after the death of his father. In 1975, Guinzburg and his sister, Carola Lauro, sold two-thirds of their virtually total financial control of Viking to Penguin Books, the American subsidiary of the big British paperback house, for a price that has been estimated at nine million dollars. Under the terms of the merger, Guinzburg became the president and chief executive officer of a new company, Viking Penguin, Inc., and also continued to direct Viking's editorial affairs. The merger of such a widely respected American hardcover publishing house —which in its fifty-year history had published a distinguished list of fiction and nonfiction works, including books

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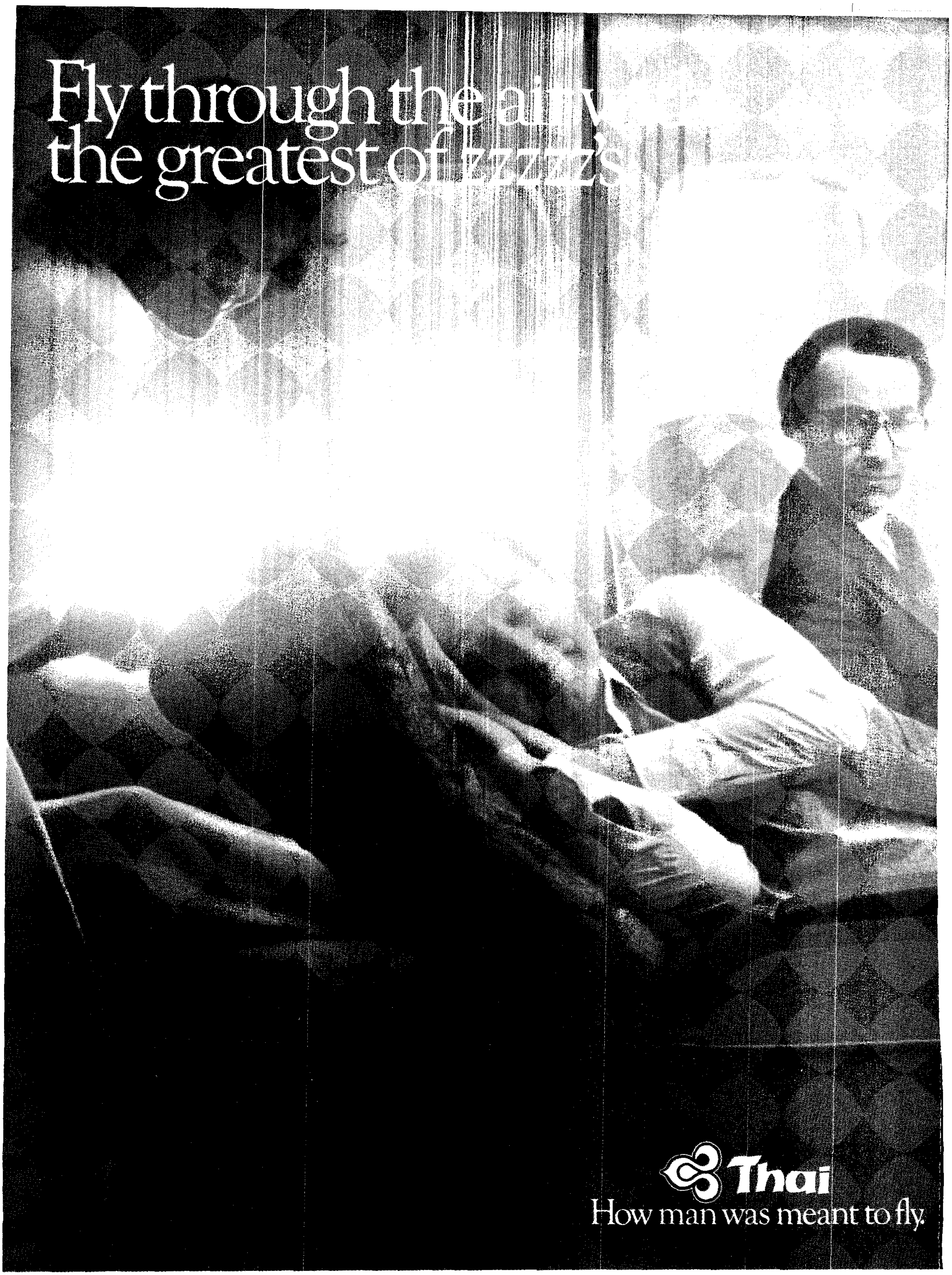
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by James Joyce, Dorothy Parker, D. H. Lawrence, John Steinbeck, Rebecca West, Stefan Zweig, and Saul Bellow—and the major British publisher of quality paperback books seemed to give great satisfaction to both parties. In an article in the *Times*, Alden Whitman reported, “Mr. Guinzburg, for his part, bubbled with optimism over Viking Penguin, Inc. ‘I expect to improve and strengthen the present Viking list,’ he said, ‘by attracting authors who can be published in either trade or paperback. . . . In my view, publishing as a whole will gain from this merger.’ ” By the spring of 1978, however, Guinzburg was having his troubles with the parent company. These troubles climaxed in September of 1978, when the new owners removed Guinzburg from the presidency of Viking Penguin. He was replaced by Irving Goodman, who had been the publisher of trade books at Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

In the spring of 1979, I had a chance to talk to Guinzburg at his apartment, in New York, about his experiences at Viking and about what had happened after his company was taken over by Penguin—a version of events that may differ, of course, from that of the new owners but that does nonetheless provide an example of the difficulties an independent publisher may have to contend with in a merger with a conglomerate. Penguin Books are produced by the Penguin Publishing Company, which was started by Allen (later Sir Allen) Lane in 1935, and the books were originally so inexpensive that they were sold in Britain through Woolworth’s. Sir Allen Lane died in 1970, and almost immediately thereafter the company was acquired by Longman, Ltd., the English publishing company. Longman is part of the Pearson-Longman group, which is a holding company controlling the varied publishing activities of S. Pearson & Son, a conglomerate with extensive interests—oil and manufacturing interests among them—in Britain, Europe, and the United States. The ultimate controller of all these interests, including Viking Penguin, is the holding company S. Pearson & Son.

Guinzburg began his talk with me by saying that most people, and even people in the business itself, didn’t really appreciate the enormous changes that had occurred in publishing since the nineteen-twenties. “Knopf had started earlier, but Viking, Random

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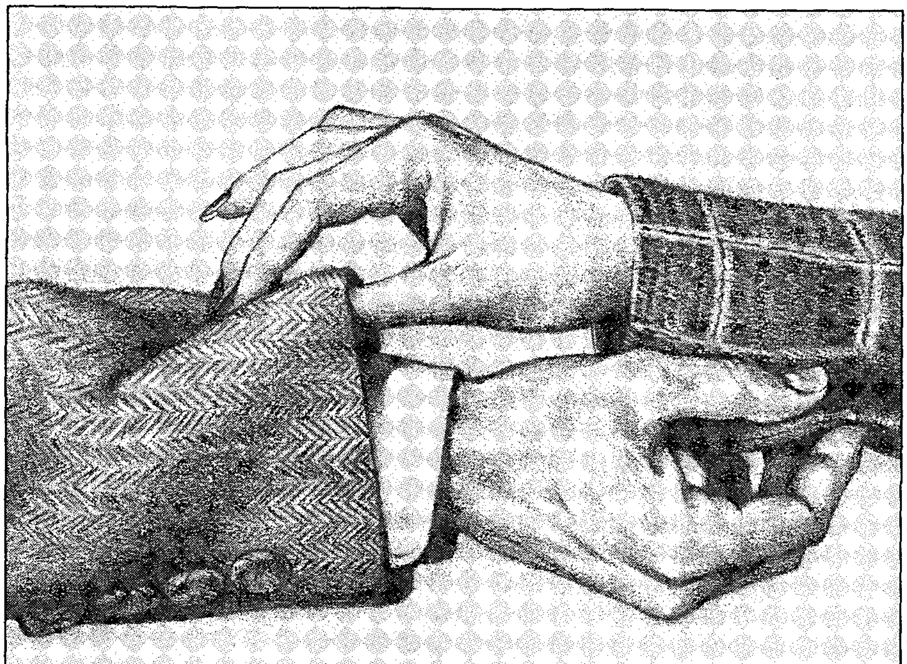
House, and Simon & Schuster all started up between 1924 and 1927, and very few people realize how small these companies were," he said. "It was a cottage industry they went into. They were started mostly by very young people, like my father—young people whose families were well-to-do. Most of these people were there to represent quality rather than popular literature. There weren't a great many bookstores in the country then, and there were no bookstore chains. In addition to starting Viking Press, my father started the Literary Guild, and the reason he did so was that there were so few bookstores in the country and so many people seemed embarrassed about going into the bookstores that did exist. The book clubs made the process of picking out readable books much easier for such people. At Viking, the change from cottage industry to the semi-big time occurred in the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties. Then came the big time in TV, the rise of the big electronics companies, and the whole Jules Verne promise of electronic miracles ahead. We all read reports about that and shook in our boots: if you listened to the doomsday spokesmen of that period, TV was going to put the traditional publishers out of business. Well, we know what came of most of those promises about the electronic classroom and all that. But the book-publishing business seems to be following the TV pattern, in some ways. Just like TV, the book business has been affected by a jackpot syndrome. You have a 'Holocaust,' which was created for TV before it was a book. Increasingly, the distribution of books is in the hands of a few people, just as TV is, and the battle to get on the racks through the distributors isn't much different from the battle among the TV networks to hang on to their affiliated stations.

"All right. When it comes to the considerations lying behind the Viking merger with Penguin, you have to recognize that, generally, when the big electronics-industry push of the sixties came along, independent publishing companies like Viking Press were significantly undercapitalized, and when the acquisition by the big communications companies of houses like Random House occurred, in the sixties and seventies, and at the same time you had an enormous growth of the mass-market paperback and a scramble for blockbuster books, houses like Viking



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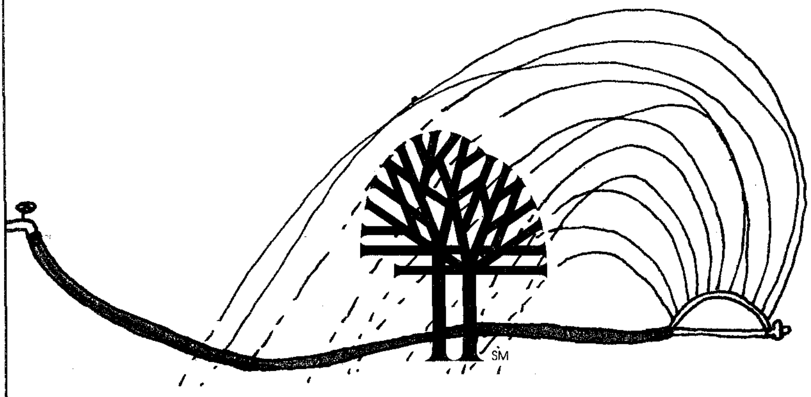
found themselves under pressure to keep up in the marketplace. Having been a very good small publishing house for so long, Viking had begun to be a very good medium-sized publishing house. Having been essentially a literary publisher, we had begun to find the occasional commercial *and* good book. We had Saul Bellow, who hadn't been very successful at first, and who began to be very successful. And I remember one glorious day in 1970 when four of the ten best-selling books were by our authors, including Bellow and Graham Greene. As we had more than our normal share of success, and the writers we had or wanted needed greater financial backing for future books and acquired agents who could command far bigger advances than formerly, we had to consider how we were going to be able to supply all this vastly increased financing. The price of the success that Viking was enjoying—whether in the cost of maintaining our authors, with large advances against future royalties, or of doing business generally—had come to exceed our flow of cash. Cash flow is the Catch-22 of the publishing business, because the business has been so undercapitalized. Let me give you just one example, concerning a commercially successful writer, of the kind of rise in cash advances that were required. When Frederick Forsyth's book 'The Day of the Jackal' was published, in 1971, he got about a ten-thousand-dollar advance. For his second Viking book, 'The Odessa File,' he got a half-million-dollar advance, and for his most recent book, 'The Devil's Alternative,' he got an advance not far from two million dollars. Soon, with the huge escalation in advances being demanded by writers and their agents, we found we had reached the point where we could not conduct business in terms of available cash, and we realized that we'd have to go to the banks and tell them we'd need so many dollars, and we had to face the fact that they just might say that a loan to us would not be a good business risk—or, alternatively, they might take an equity position in our business as a condition for the loan.

"So at that point we said we guessed we needed some partners, and we began to look around for some. We had a lot of suitors, and most of those that we entertained seriously were already involved in publishing. One of them was Penguin Books. We didn't have a major paperback arm of our

a small hotel



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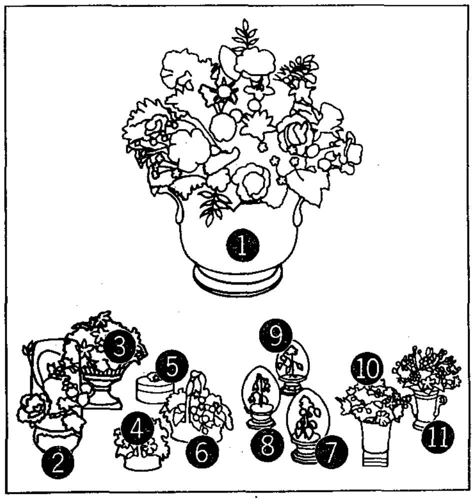

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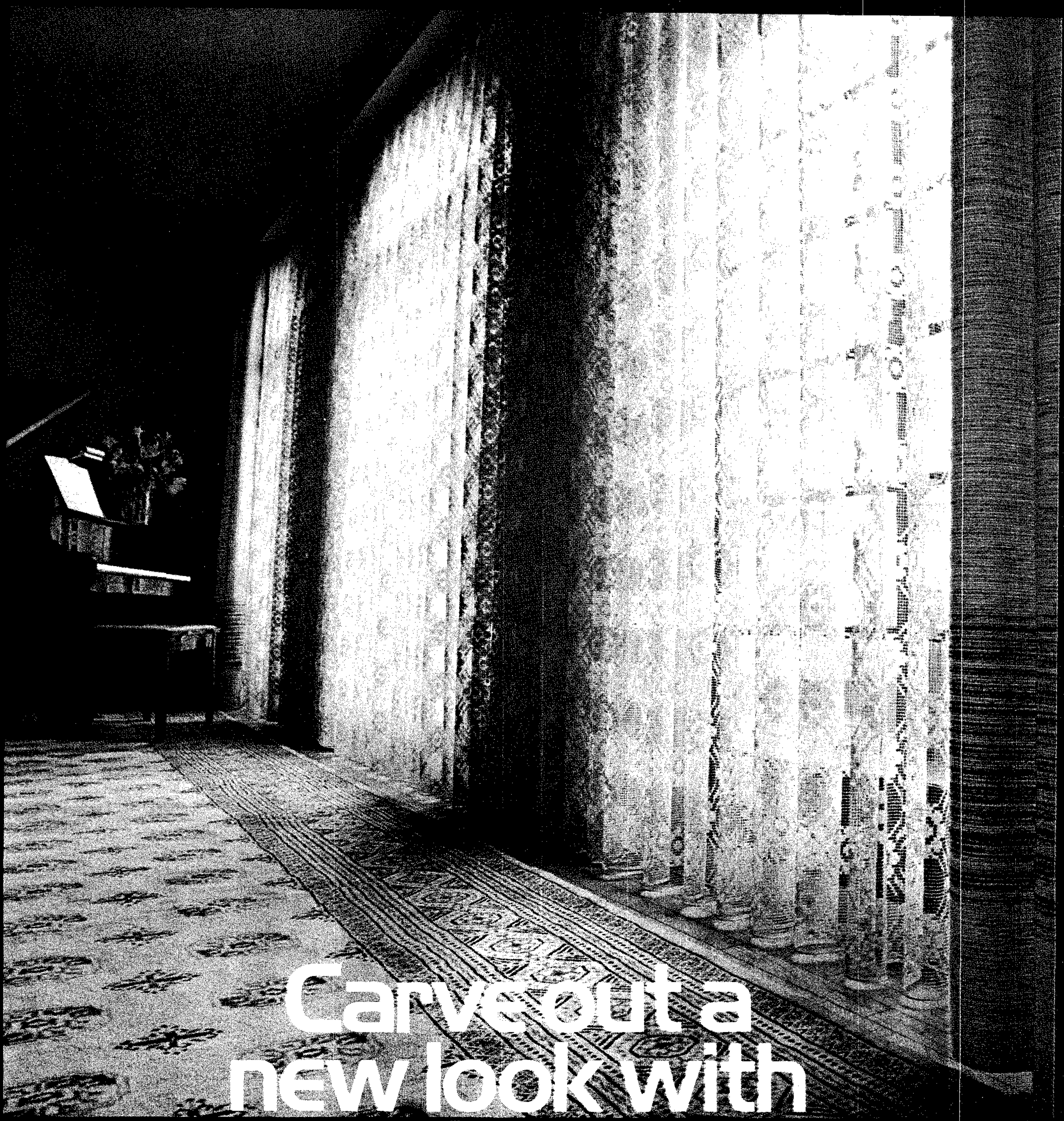

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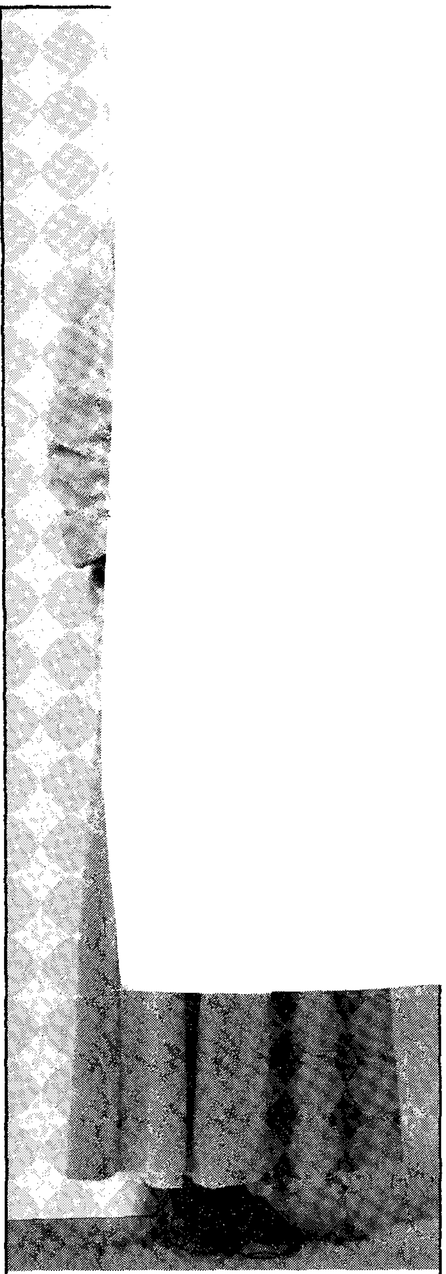
own, and in the past Penguin had tried on three different occasions to create an increased position with us but hadn't succeeded, so there were honest brokers out there still trying to arrange a marriage between Penguin and Viking. I went to see Felix Rohatyn, of the investment-banking house of Lazard Frères. Felix told me that Lazard could be of assistance to us in arranging a merger with Penguin on terms agreeable to us. Everything looked all right to us, and we thought we should go ahead and merge with Penguin Books. In fact, we thought at the time that it would be an inspired merger—a quality American hardcover house joining forces with what is, outside the United States, the foremost quality paperback house in the English-speaking world. And we knew, of course, that behind Penguin lay the extremely impressive assets of the Pearson group, and its ownership of newspapers and periodicals, including the *Financial Times* of London, and its part ownership of *The Economist*. It owns a bit of Ashland Oil, it owns a lot of land in California. It has extensive interests in Africa. It owns Royal Doulton china; it owns the Château Latour vineyards—one of the great inducements! No matter how we looked at it—on top, underneath, and all around—the arrangement looked very good. And to us one of the biggest attractions of a merger with Penguin was that it was *over there*—it would be less likely to be looking over our shoulder all the time than any domestic conglomerate setup. There wouldn't be that sense of control right on our doorstep. I remember Bennett Cerf once talking about what is involved in an acquisition of a publishing house by a big company—in the case of Random House, of course, by RCA. Bennett said, 'I hope you never have to do it. It becomes more difficult every week.'

"Well, we went ahead with the merger with Penguin. What was involved was more a transfer of financial control than a merger, but my capacity for maintaining working control over Viking's affairs seemed extraordinarily secure. In working out the arrangements, the people who acted for me and my family were successful in writing a contract concerning my own role which was unlike most contracts for chief executives in merger situations, where you can continue to run your own company but don't have any legislative teeth. My piece of paper said I had complete control and would continue to run Viking without any outside interference. And so the merger went through.

"And there we were, all very happy. The merger of Viking and Penguin—it's a tale called 'Welcome to the Conglomerate.' And the red carpet that was put out for us when this fascinating arrangement was completed was quite genuine. At Viking, we felt we'd created the best possible circumstances for continuing our professional lives, and for the ultimate benefit of all the writers we would be publishing. Through Penguin, because it's such a strong house, we could see our writers being distributed in places where they had never dreamed of having their books sold—for example, in Singapore, in the Far East generally, in Australia, in Nigeria. It seemed like an enormously attractive arrangement in this respect, and I think it still is. And, in addition, the distribution of Penguin Books in the United States has taken very significant steps forward since the arrangement between the two houses was consummated.

"But what was not successful, I found, was our ability to mesh two different styles of publishing and of management. I found that the English management, which was the dominant one, operated primarily through committee and was heavily freighted with computerization and meticulous financial forecasting—all of which was set directly against the smaller, personal, idiosyncratic style here. As an independent publishing house, Viking had never been run as a democracy, you know; it was run as a sort of benevolent dictatorship, I suppose, but it was one in which our *instinct* for books was always central. After this merger took place, we never really comprehended or were able to absorb the fact that, for example, there was a gigantic computer in our midst—a computer hooked up to a terminal in Baltimore that was supposed to tell us, on the basis of all the known factors at a particular time for decision, what the price of every Viking book should



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be. If we were to accept the analysis offered by that computer, certainly every book that we put out under the new scheme of things at Viking could be published profitably. The only catch was that the books would have to be priced so high that nobody could afford to read them. You can't legislate publishing decisions by big-company computer. What we were used to had to do with publishers' smell—with what we felt *comfortable* publishing. I found that our own decisions were more and more being dictated from thirty-five hundred miles away and by the sort of computer-oriented thinking I've mentioned. That's just one symptom of what I felt was beginning to do us in. To be truthful, the qualitative problems we had with the Penguin complex in England were real ones. Fine as Penguin is, it's essentially a paperback house, which does comparatively little original publishing. It had no interest in hardcover publishing, even though it owned its own hardcover house in London—Allen Lane, which was a sort of feeding station for Penguin reprints. And, irrespective of the fanfare with which the merger with Viking had been greeted in Britain, I could not believe that there was any significant support for a hardcover publishing program in which Viking would have a prominent place. It was made absolutely, explicitly clear to us that the weight of investment dollars was going to stay significantly on the Penguin side. And Viking, it was hoped in Britain, would act primarily as a producer of books whose ultimate sale would be in Penguin. In other words, Viking would become another feeding station for Penguin."

Interestingly, in view of the assumption by a number of critics of the conglomerate role in book publishing that conglomerate-owned publishers, when they embark on a policy of big advances and big books, are having to do so as a result of direct orders from conglomerate headquarters, Guinzburg made it clear to me that what he described as "one of the areas where we had the most fundamental disagreement" was "the degree to which Viking, in hardcover, should remain competitive on the successful-author level." Which is to say that in this situation it was not Viking's corporate owners but Guinzburg himself who was all for Viking's being in the big-money, big-book publishing race as well as in the business of publishing books of literary quality. Guinzburg's

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explanation of this rather curious state of affairs—which seemed to me to offer an example of the conflicts not only between a formerly independent publisher and his conglomerate owners but also between the entrepreneur and the littérateur in Guinzburg himself—was this: "It remains my conviction that the book for which one is most likely, as a publisher, to pay the most money is a book that is likely to start immediately generating a return on that money. If you pay a vast amount of money for a writer's work, the amount is usually based on some sort of track record. As soon as one commits oneself to one of these hefty advances, the entire publishing community begins to respond. The Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild may make some kind of commitment simply on the basis of the news of the size of the advance, merely to get an option on the book, and this, in turn, generates monetary enthusiasm from other parts of the industry—mass-market paperbacks, magazines, foreign publishers. I'd rather make one of these big advances to some author in whom I have confidence than make ten smaller advances to those in whom I have less confidence—those books may never be written. A person you give a five-thousand-dollar advance to is less likely to produce—it's not the greatest priority in his life. 'Unpublished advances'—that's our R. & D. You must spend a lot of money this way, but you can't get careless about it. What used to be a three-thousand-dollar advance to a young author is now a ten-thousand-dollar advance, and one of your painful tasks at the end of the year is to look over your list and write off those books that their authors are never going to finish."

Guinzburg went on, "And there were other disagreements over our degree of access to all the formidable assets of the Pearson group, which had so attracted us in the first place. At one stage, I went to London about getting additional financing that I had asked for and that I believed we needed at Viking. Later on, Lord Gibson, the chairman of S. Pearson & Son, made a trip to New York, and after seeing the Viking operation he said to me that, while he understood our request for more money, 'I have to decide whether to give it to you or to put it into pistachio nuts.' Well, that about summed it up for me. The words can't be avoided, there's no use pussyfooting around it: this is what was being em-

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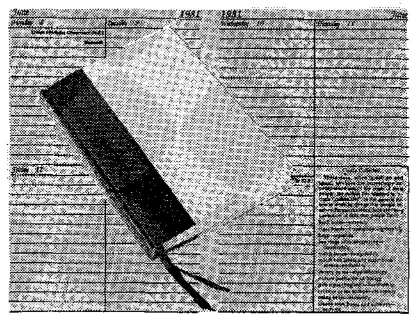
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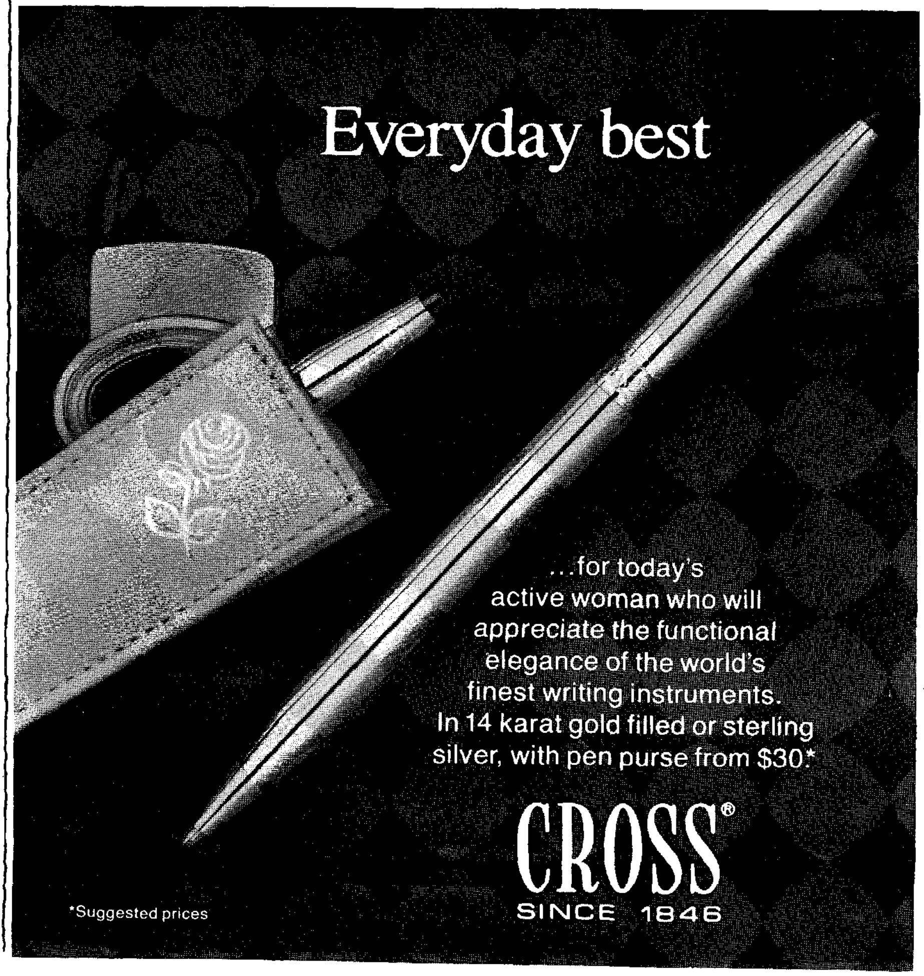
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phasized to the American subsidiary—'profitability,' 'net profit,' 'bottom line,' or just 'the line.' Oh, how that grates on my brainpan! That's something you used to hear in the garment industry. But not about the books of individual authors. I spent three years in that merger with our British colleagues, and there was a lot of piety about what we were publishing, but actually the only real interest was in how we were going to do this year, and the next year, and the next year again. One was just constantly engaged in the kind of financial projections that anyone in financial management might be used to—but a publisher concerned primarily with the literary quality of the books he handles isn't, necessarily. It seemed that we spent most of the year preparing financial projections for next year for Penguin, and, on top of that, three-year projections. 'What are you going to do to increase your profitability?' This was the incessant question when they saw our statements.

" 'Well,' it was suggested, 'you can cut down on your overhead.' That's usually the first emergency surgery that takes place. Attrition of staff people. Cut down on the copyediting staff—during the recession of 1977, the copyediting departments of trade-book publishing were probably cut down more than any other departments. Cut down on advertising: that's very significant, because by cutting down in small increments on advertising expenditures you can seem to save huge sums; a couple of percentage points off your advertising-and-promotion budget could go into hundreds of thousands, and since advertising is a straight out-of-pocket expense, your savings are visible immediately. And, of course, raise the price of your books. You can do all these things in response to pressures. But the pressures don't stop when you do respond that way. Pretty soon, you start concentrating your attention on publishing books you *know* will be successful. Instead of really putting yourself behind people who might be fine writers but not writers to support really profitably, you begin to go after several of a hundred successful names. That's what can happen to a publisher under pressure, and if the publisher is saying that to himself you can be sure he's saying it to his editorial staff. And the editors begin to respond to that pressure. They even find the character of their lunches changing; instead of talking over the structural problems of an

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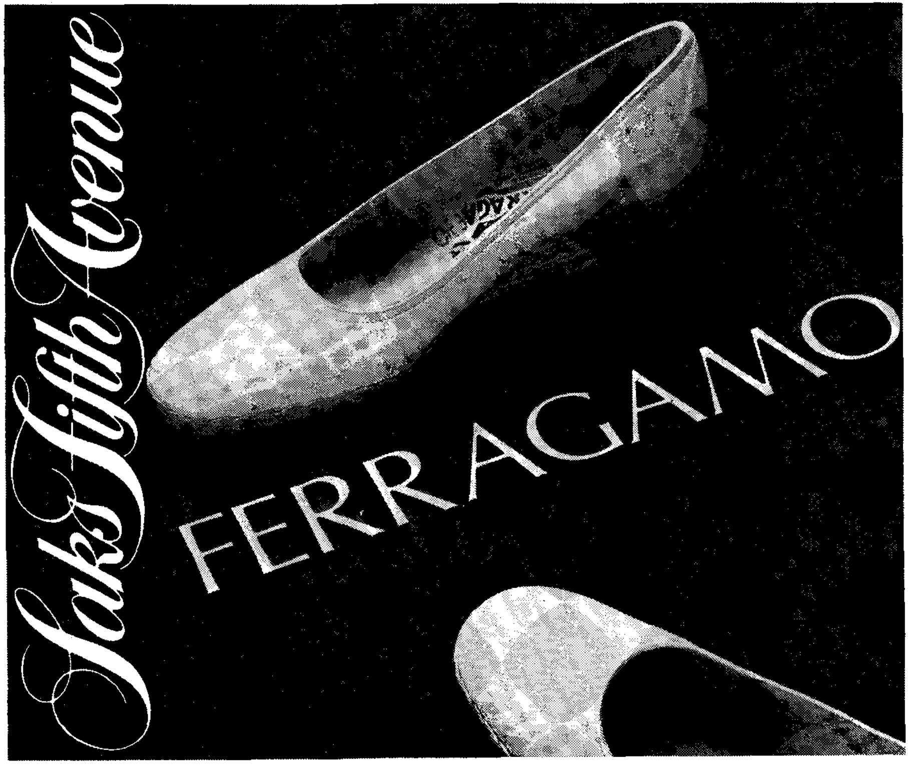

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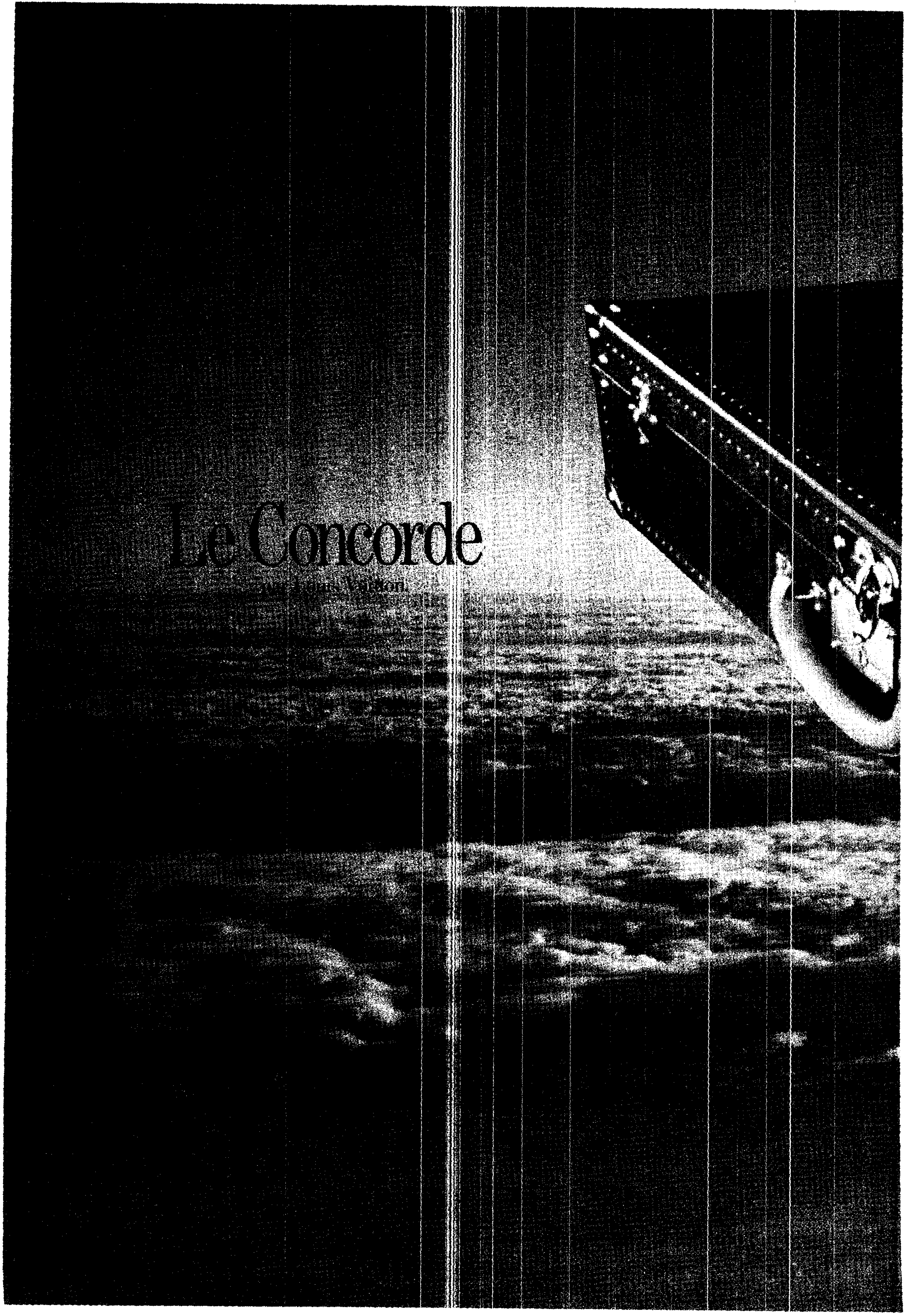
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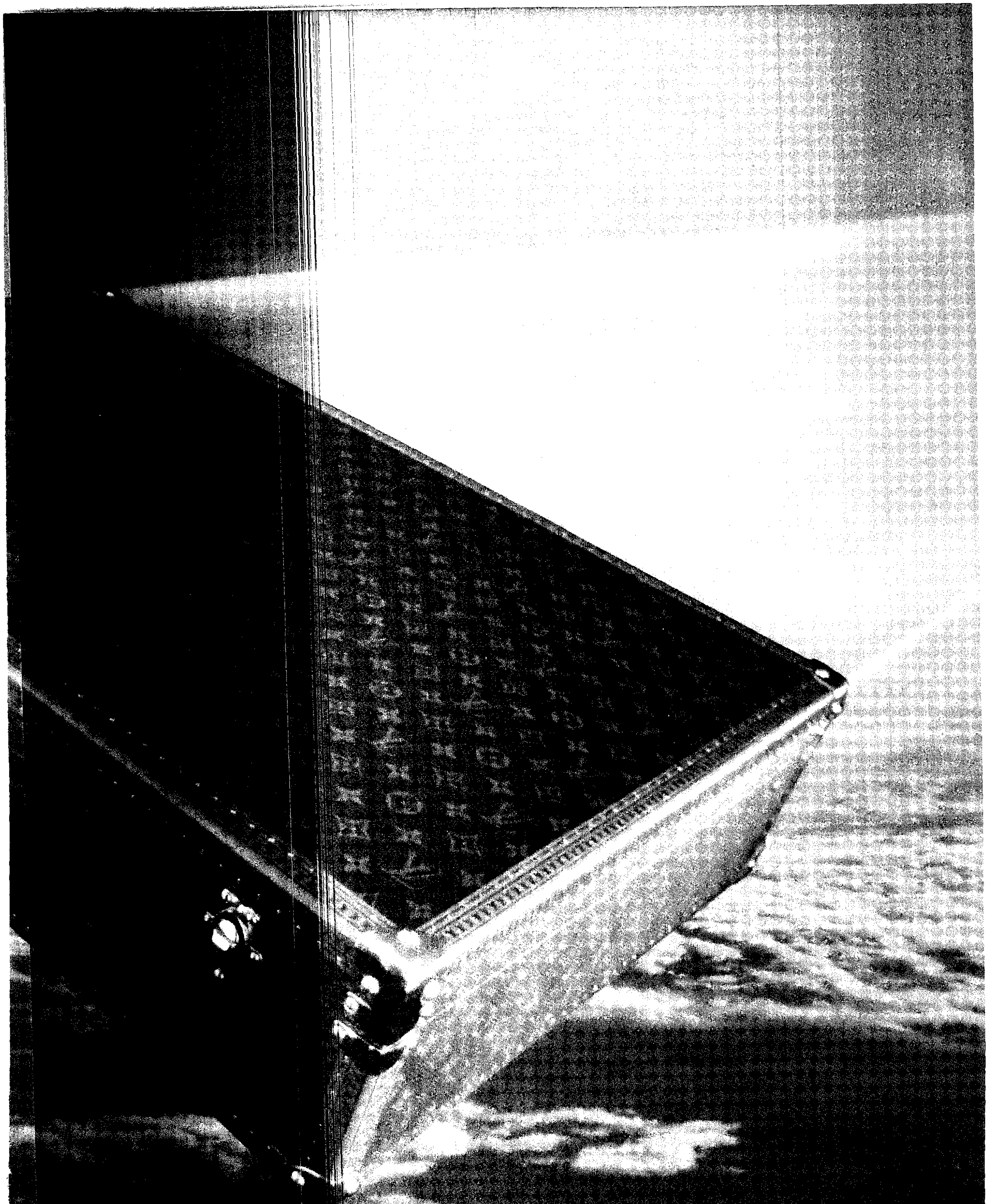

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author's book, they're making *contracts* at lunch. And telling themselves, 'Well, maybe I won't send up that proposal for that first novel after all—maybe I can find a sexy thriller.'

"Things just began to go bad. And one of the reasons they went bad, and from bad to worse, was the attention I was drawing to myself by becoming increasingly outspoken about the degree of stress and pressure the Penguin management was creating, and by making it clear I didn't believe that the people I was dealing with on the other side of the Atlantic were as competent to make American publishing decisions as we were here at Viking. And I guess that I was outspoken about what became a disdain for their failure to understand our publishing philosophy or our particular problems. Word of this was certainly conveyed to the English proprietors, who ultimately began to see me as a disgruntled and less than faithful follower of an over-all corporate plan, and someone who was unchangeably convinced of the soundness of his own publishing philosophy. The people at Penguin weren't colleagues anymore. They were the owners—the proprietors. They had financial control over Viking. They owned two-thirds of the stock, my family owned one-third. I had that wonderful contract, it was true, giving me full decision-making powers at Viking. They could not impose control over my decision-making powers while I was on the scene. However, a contract is really not a guarantee of anything except that you'll be paid. The proprietors couldn't break my contract, but I was breakable."

From *Publishers Weekly*, October 2, 1978:

> In these developments that spanned the Atlantic: Peter Mayer [former president and publisher of Pocket Books] was appointed chief executive officer of Penguin International, which comprises independent publishing operations worldwide, including Viking Penguin Inc. in the U.S.; and Thomas H. Guinzburg was succeeded as president and chief executive officer of Viking Penguin Inc. by Irving Goodman, publisher of trade books at Holt, Rinehart, and Winston for the past four years.
>
> The announcements of the two new appointments were made September 26 by E. J. B. Rose, chairman and chief executive of the Penguin Publishing Company.

Considering Guinzburg's original intent in selling control of Viking to Penguin and the Pearson interests—that is, to have access to the strong financial resources of an international

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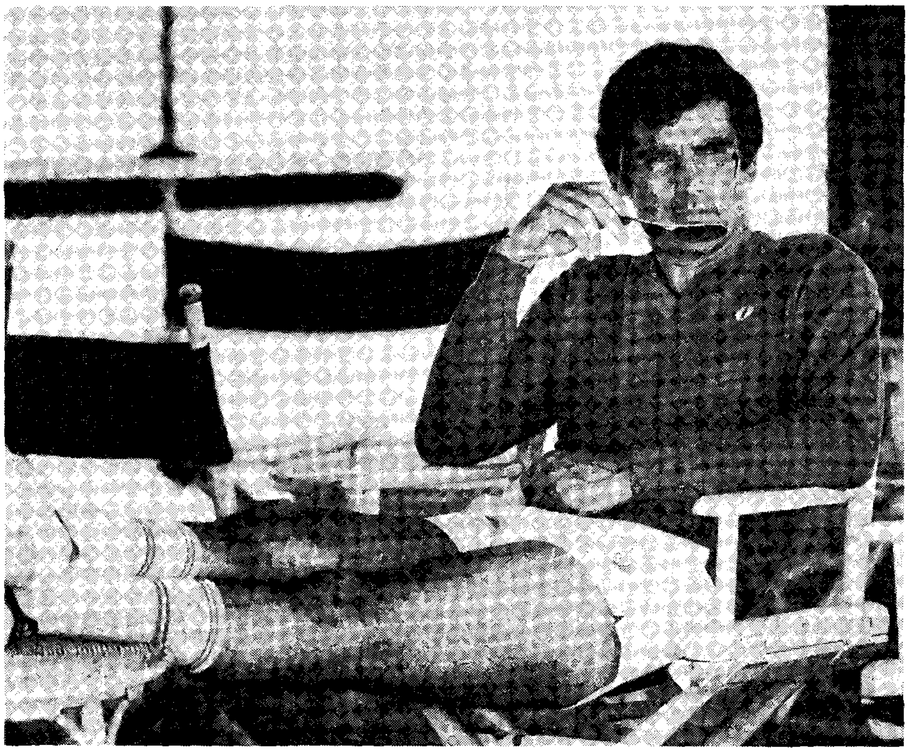

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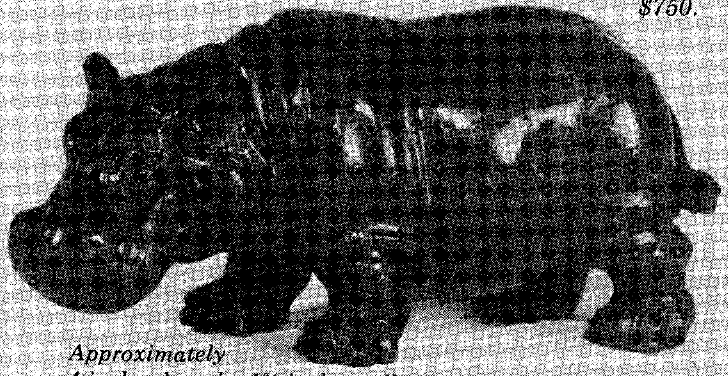

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conglomerate in order to assure stability and expansion of his book company's operations—it seems ironic that only five years after the merger Viking's controlling company, Penguin, rather than Viking itself, has displayed signs of serious problems. In February of 1980, Penguin Books, Ltd., announced that it was cutting its publishing program by some twenty-two per cent, dismissing a hundred people out of a total of six hundred on its staff, and lowering its overhead drastically. These measures included reducing the number of new books being published from five hundred and twenty-five to four hundred and seven. Furthermore, the number of Penguin books in the company's warehouses was to be reduced by four million. Peter Mayer, when he took over at Penguin at the time of Guinzburg's departure from Viking, had embarked on a program of acquiring popular works for the Penguin series, dropping those titles that, he later said, were "going to too small a market," and buying what he called "more accessible" works, which were promoted and marketed aggressively, more or less in the American paperback-publishing manner. "Good backlist titles are being dropped to pay for best-sellers," one Penguin staff member said in a story in the *Times*. Quite apart from these considerations, however, Penguin's dependence on the overseas market, including the American (forty per cent of its business has been overseas), combined with the growing weakness of the dollar against the British pound and the extraordinarily high British inflation and interest rates, has been responsible for hurting Penguin's business badly, as it has hurt the British book business in general. When Mayer had been in the American mass-market-paperback-publishing business, first at Avon and then at Pocket Books, his colleagues considered him to be one of the more capable and energetic publishers on the scene, and it may be that at Penguin he was confronted with economic conditions essentially beyond his control. In any event, a publishing company with an honorable history—the company that Guinzburg had once looked to with such hope as Viking's bulwark of protection and aid—found itself struggling to stay afloat.

WILLIAM TARG, a vigorous and sportily dressed man of seventy-three, regularly enjoys a comfortable prospect as he presides over lunch at a corner table in the main dining room of the Algonquin. There he daily entertains friends and acquaintances, including many figures in the publishing business, among whom he is well known as a veteran editor and a genial host. Targ began to make a name for himself in the publishing business in the nineteen-forties, when he developed the trade-book division of World Publishing. In 1963, World was bought by the Times Mirror Company, of Los Angeles, which had entered the paperback-book business three years previously by acquiring New American Library. At the time of the Times Mirror acquisition, Targ was a vice-president of World and a member of its board of directors. "The Times Mirror representatives told us they were there to help us grow," Targ said later on. "I had spent *twenty-one years* in developing the trade-book division from scratch, and two weeks after the Times Mirror people took over we were told that all contracts for hardcover trade books made by World had to be approved by the New American Library paperback people." Targ decided to leave this conglomerate setup, and joined the independent publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons as a senior editor. Putnam, a widely respected hardcover house, had been founded by George Palmer Putnam in 1838 (just six years after Houghton Mifflin was established as a publishing company) and had been the publisher of such authors as Edgar Allan Poe and Washington Irving. In 1932, control of G. P. Putnam's Sons had been acquired by Melville Minton, a former salesman for Charles Scribner's Sons, who became president of Putnam and ran it until his death, in 1955. He had been succeeded as president by his son Walter J. Minton, and it was under Walter Minton's presidency that Targ joined Putnam and, later, became the company's editor-in-chief. In that role, Targ, over the years, acquired a number of works that turned out to be huge commercial successes, most notably "The Godfather," which he bought from Mario Puzo for an advance of five thousand dollars in 1967, whereupon Putnam sold the paperback rights to it to Fawcett for four hundred and ten thousand dollars. (In the spring of 1978, Putnam sold the paperback rights to Puzo's subsequent book, "Fools Die," to New American Library for two and a quarter million

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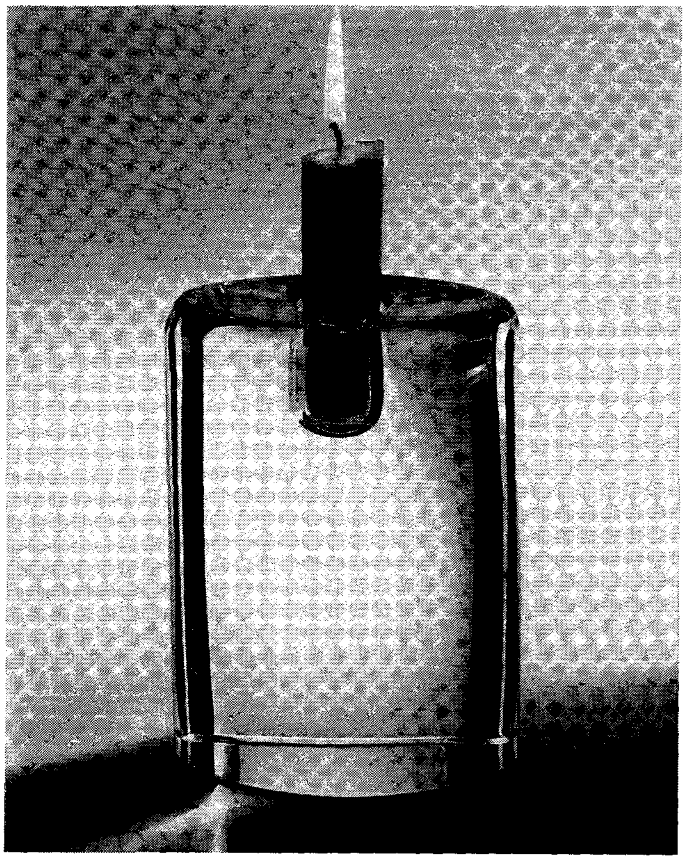

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dollars.) As editor-in-chief at Putnam, Targ was also responsible for the company's publishing a large number of other authors, ranging from Simone de Beauvoir to Art Buchwald. A man who vastly enjoyed the life of an independent editor, Targ was disappointed to learn, in 1975, that the status of Putnam as an independent house was about to change. That year, Minton decided to sell control of Putnam to MCA, Inc., the entertainment and so-called leisure-time conglomerate. Under the terms of sale, Minton remained as president.

Over a Gibson at his table at the Algonquin—a drink that he said the editor Maxwell Perkins had introduced him to years ago—Targ recently reminisced about his experiences at Putnam after MCA acquired control. "Walter Minton sold Putnam to MCA because he thought it advantageous for his family to own MCA stock," Targ told me. "Mr. Minton certainly didn't sell the company because Putnam was short of cash. Putnam had never borrowed from a bank. In fact, Putnam *lent* money to banks. It had an eight-million-dollar cash reserve when it sold to MCA. In my view, even at the time, there was no logical reason having to do with publishing itself for selling the business. I said to Walter Minton before the deal went through, 'If you sell Putnam to MCA, six months later you're going to be fired. He said to me, 'I can't be fired. I have a *contract*.' So MCA acquired us. They told us, 'We're here to help you.' But as far as I was concerned we didn't need any help."

After MCA bought Putnam, Targ said, "our editorial meetings suddenly began to feel the impact of the moth-

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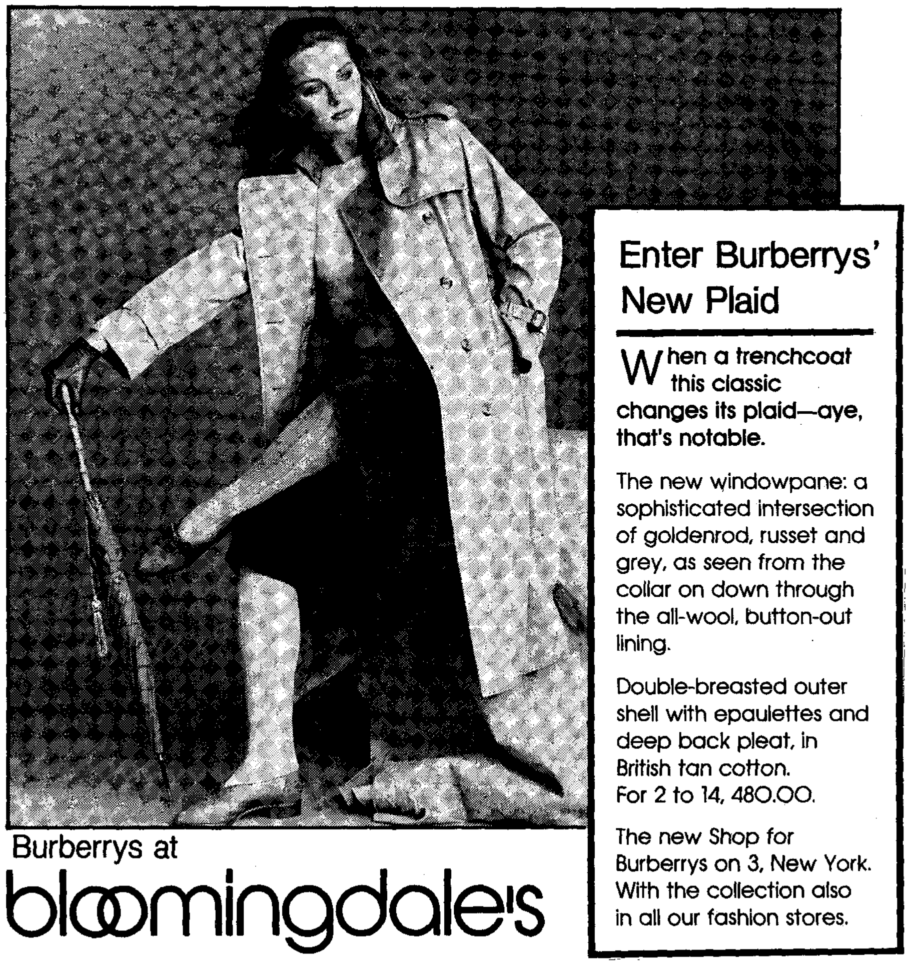
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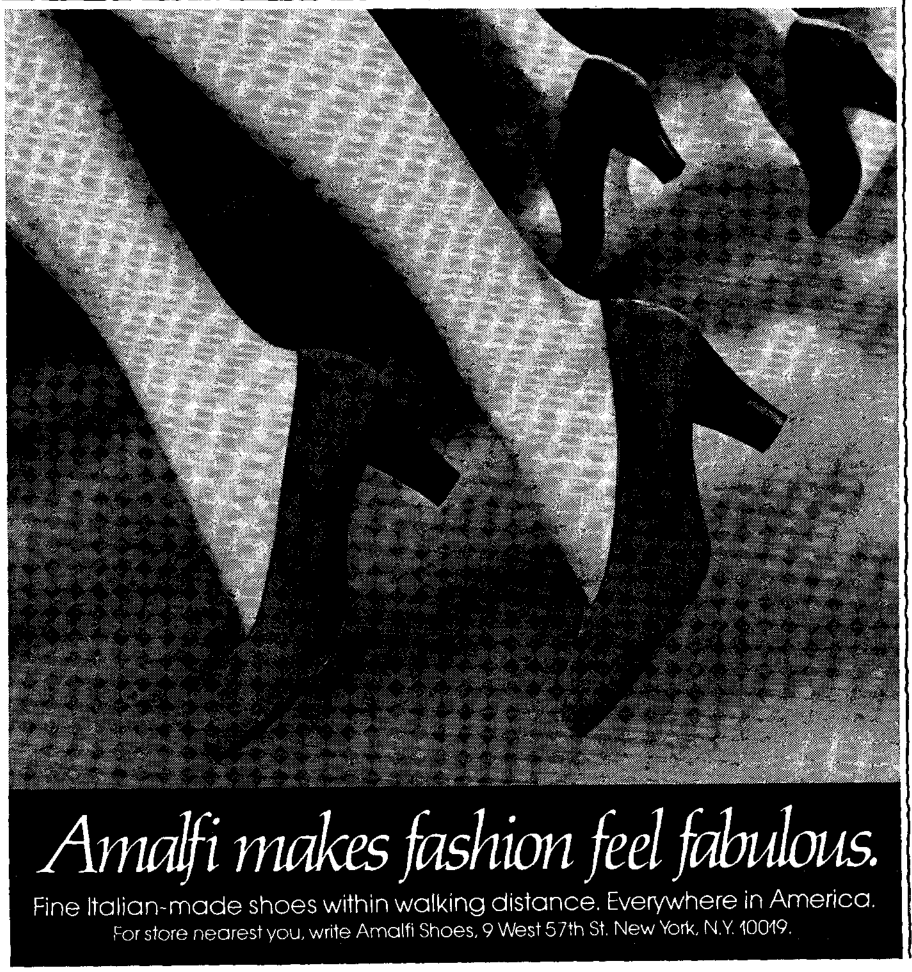
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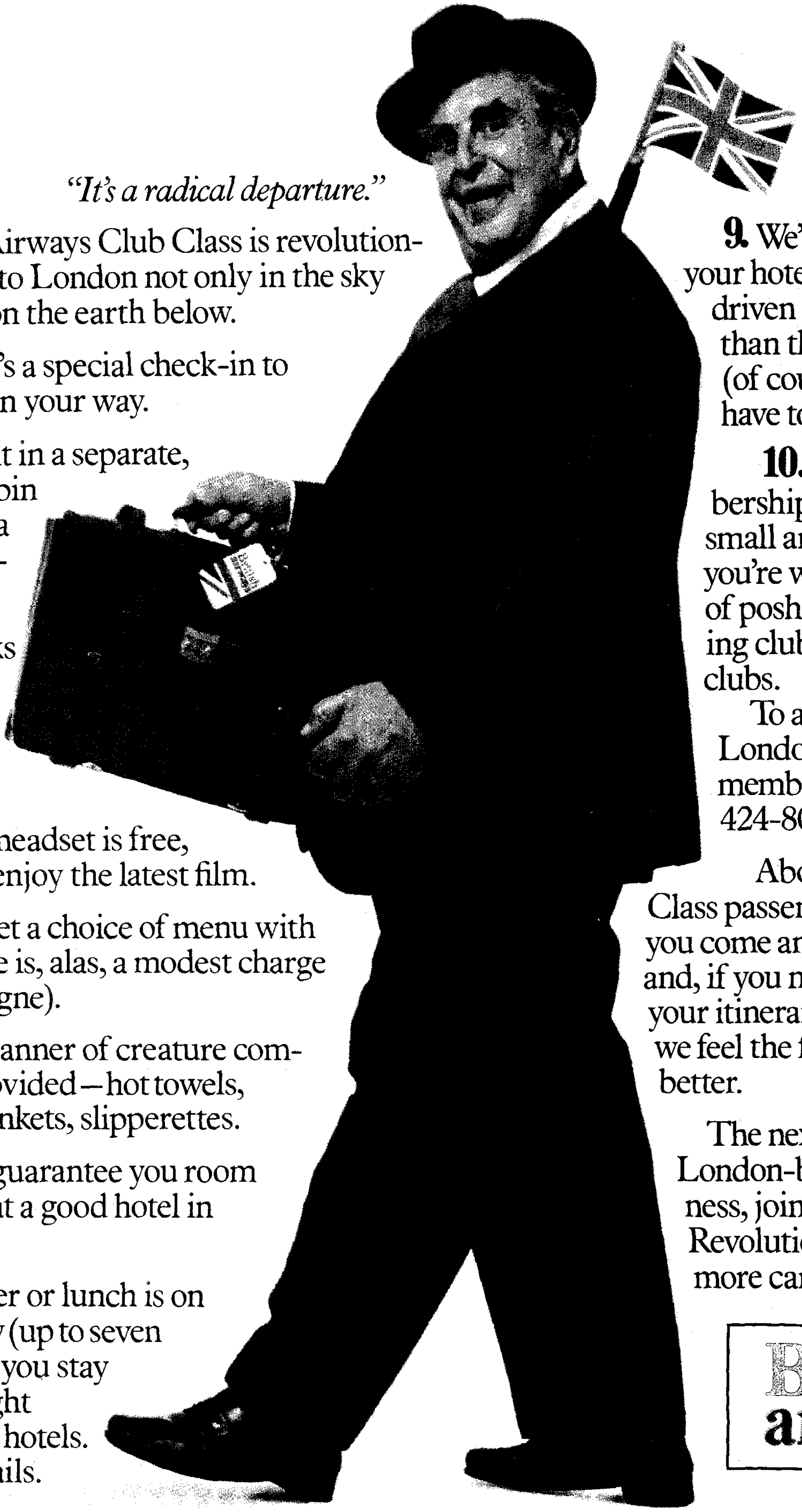

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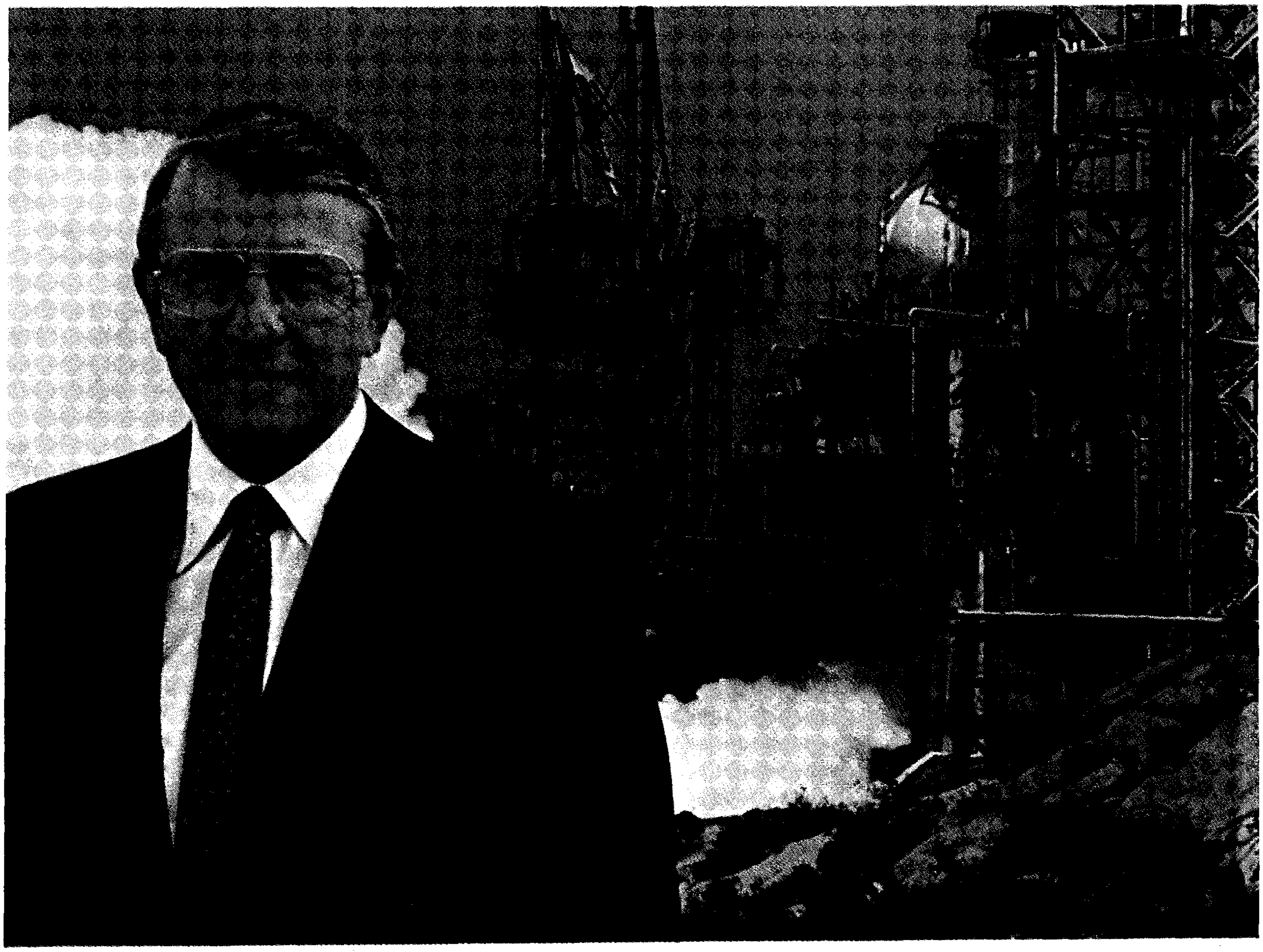

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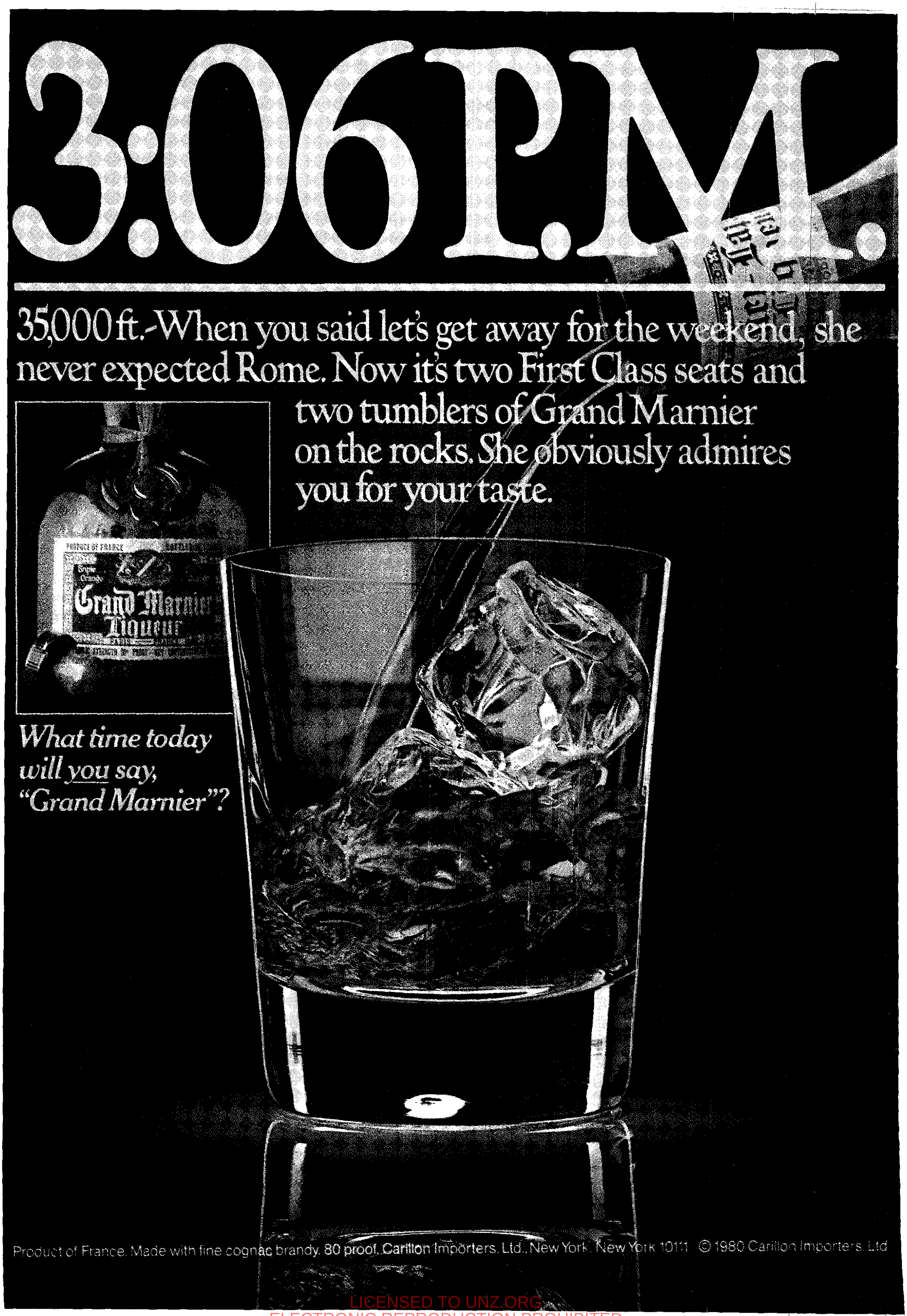

3:06 P.M.

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er company." He continued, "This impact deepened as time went on. I remember one editorial meeting in 1978 when Mr. Minton told us, 'The emphasis will be on entertainment.' That's verbatim. I said, 'All fiction is entertainment.' Minton said, 'We want to do more tie-ins with films, television shows, and there are a lot of novelization possibilities.' I had brought a lot of commercially successful books to Putnam, but I also wanted to find new writers. I was publishing some interesting new writers, and I wanted to seek out more of them. But I discovered, for the first time in my publishing career—and in spite of the fact that I was, after all, editor-in-chief of Putnam—that there was to be no chance for these people at Putnam unless there was a substantial sale of subsidiary rights to their work *up front*. I went to the advertising department to discuss advertising for the book of a new writer. I was told, 'Wait a minute. There's no budget for that book.' We had a meeting about it. At it, I was told again, 'There's no budget for that—not one dime for advertising that book, because no subsidiary rights to it have been sold.' I went to Peter Israel, Putnam's managing director, about the matter. He said to me, 'What's the use of throwing money away on books that can't make it?' I said, 'I'm old-fashioned, I guess, but what's the use of this business if you can't take a *chance* on a book?' At another editorial meeting, I made a David-and-Goliath thing out of this issue. There were some young editors at Putnam who were proposing some authors they thought we ought to publish. I said at the meeting, 'Unless we agree to support young writers with advertising, I don't think we should be buying their work—because it's unfair, and because it's so embarrassing to work with an author for so many months and to know that after all that work that author is just not going to be supported by the publisher.' And I said to Peter Israel, 'Look, among all the books I bought for Putnam, those two Puzo books netted Putnam two and a half million dollars in paperback-rights income. Can't we peel off twenty thousand, thirty thousand dollars from this roll and put it into these new authors?' He said, 'No. That's not the way we work.' I wrote out my resignation, and said I would leave Putnam at the end of the year. One day when I was still there—early in December of 1978, I think—Walter Minton walked into my office and said, 'You won't believe this. I'm fired.' "

PARK
PARK
TGoddard

TO turn to less sombre—even strictly upbeat—aspects of the contemporary publishing scene, it proved to be a lucky day for Morton L. Janklow, the lawyer-agent who heads Morton L. Janklow Associates, and is a partner in the law firm of Janklow, Traum & Klebanoff, when, in March of 1976, he received in the mail for his consideration, from a friend in Beverly Hills, Mrs. Judith Krantz, the manuscript of a novel she had written. It was Mrs. Krantz's first effort at a novel, and she wanted Janklow's opinion of it. Mrs. Krantz, the wife of the movie producer Steven Krantz, had a background as a free-lance magazine writer on nonfiction subjects for such magazines as *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Cosmopolitan*. Janklow is a busy man, and the manuscript was nine hundred and fifty pages long, but he took it home with him and read it anyway. What happened after he did so has been summed up by Mrs. Krantz this way: "Morty didn't get the manuscript till Friday. He called me on Monday, and he said to me, 'If you want to see that book covering the face of every woman on the beach in America next summer, let me be your agent.' "

The novel was about business, success, and sex on Rodeo Drive, the super-boutique row in Beverly Hills, and also about the movie business, and it was called "Scruples," after the fictional name of a boutique founded by the central character. According to Mrs. Krantz, Janklow's first move after he took her manuscript on professionally was to show it to the people at Simon & Schuster; they turned it down, she said, "because they didn't like it," whereupon Janklow showed it to Larry Freundlich, then in charge of fiction at Crown Publishers, an independent hardcover house. (Freundlich is now an editor at Simon & Schuster.) Freundlich loved the manuscript, Mrs. Krantz said, and after several weeks of bargaining between

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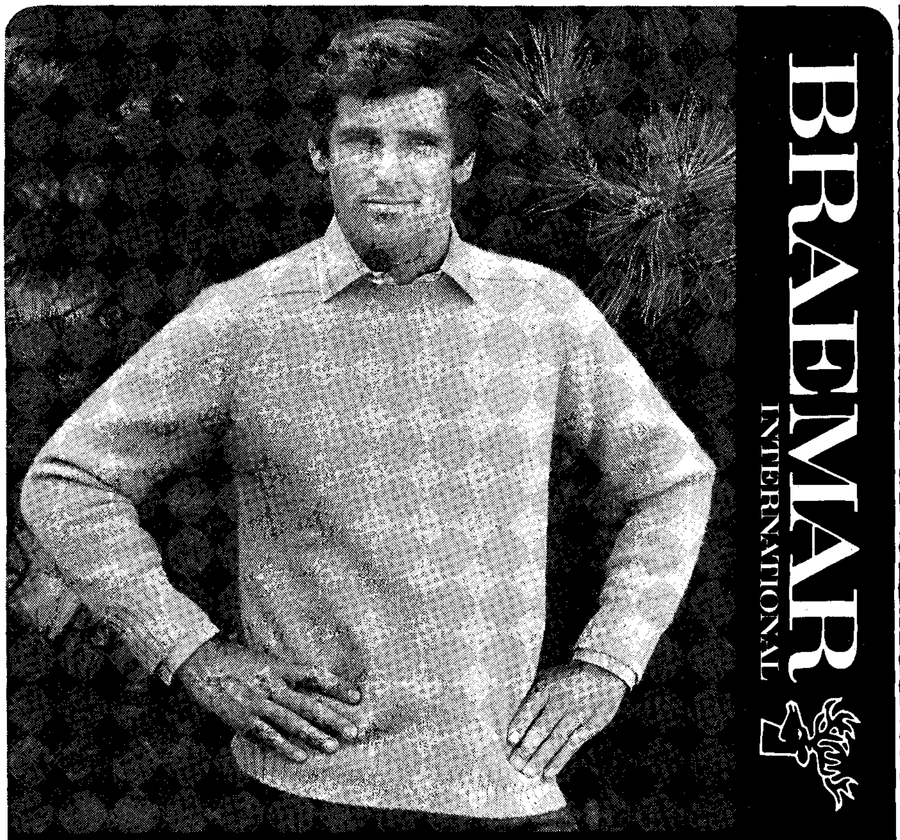
Crown and Janklow "Crown bought my manuscript for a fifty-thousand-dollar advance, which was enormous for a first novel, and the next thing I knew Warner Books was shown the manuscript and they offered a preëmptive bid on the paperback rights of half a million dollars." She added, "I was reeling!"

"Scruples" was published by Crown, in a first printing of a hundred and six thousand copies, in March of 1978, and it went almost immediately to the top of the *Times* best-seller list. It stayed on the best-seller list for about a year. (So far, the hardcover edition has sold over a million copies in the United States and Canada.) The jacket of the book was distinguished by a color picture of the head of a fashionable-looking woman, in a close-fitting hat and a veil. One of Janklow's associates remarked later of Crown's merchandising of the book, " 'Scruples' was completely packaged and jacketed to make it look very classy, which is one of the factors in this kind of image-making. A lot of the readers of such books as 'Scruples' are middle-class and upper-middle-class housewives. If you were to say to them about one of these books, 'Do we have a dirty sex book for you!,' you might have a problem. In the packaging of 'Scruples' everything was done to upgrade the image of the book and make it classy. Just as everything in the promotional tours that Judy Krantz made for the book was done first class."

In Mrs. Krantz, the people at Crown found, they had not only a successful writer of popular fiction but also a publicizer of her own work whose determination and untiring energy were almost comparable to those of the late Jacqueline Susann. Mrs. Krantz crisscrossed the country making network and local TV and radio appearances to plug "Scruples," and also put in appearances at supermarkets, shopping centers, bookstores, and women's-club meetings—any place where her book could be touted effectively. And when Warner issued "Scruples" in paperback, in the spring of 1979, she went on tour across the country all over again. I got my first glimpse of Judith Krantz in person at last year's convention of the American Booksellers Association, in Los Angeles, where for two hours she sat or stood autographing copies of the paperback edition of "Scruples" for attending booksellers, at the rate of about five hundred books an



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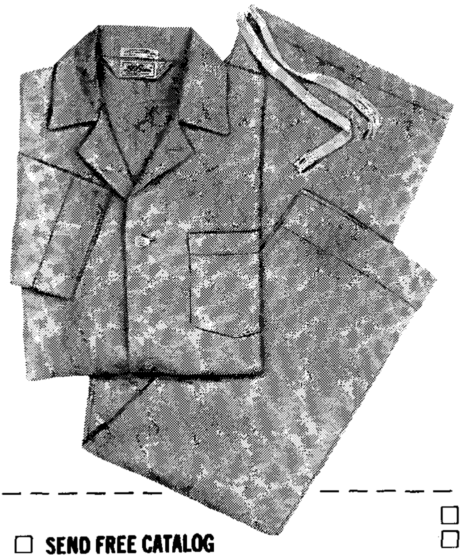

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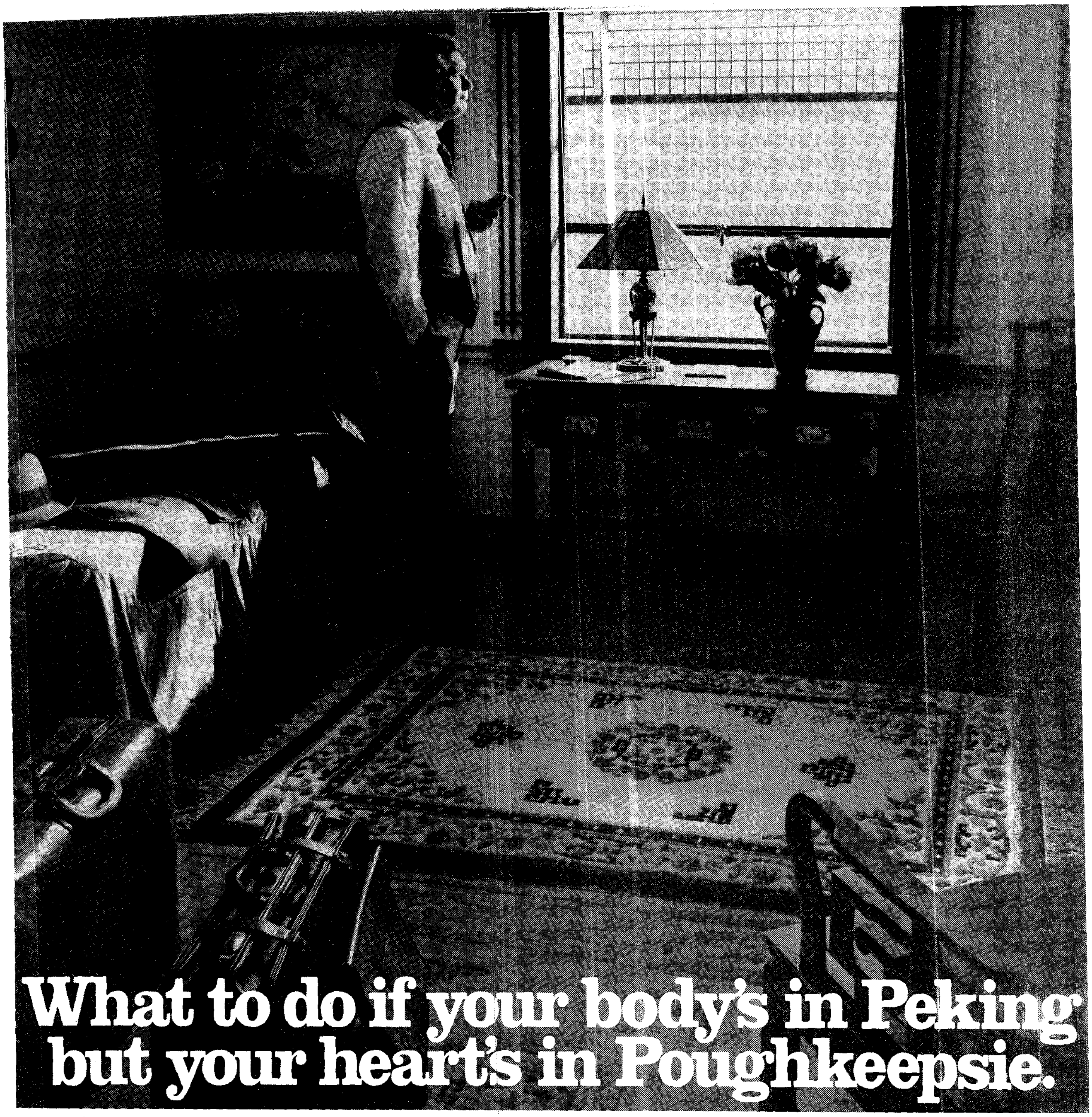

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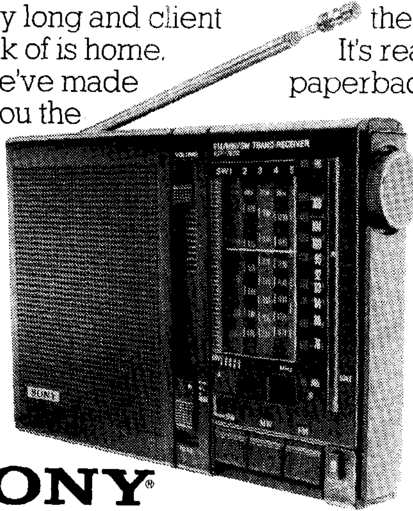

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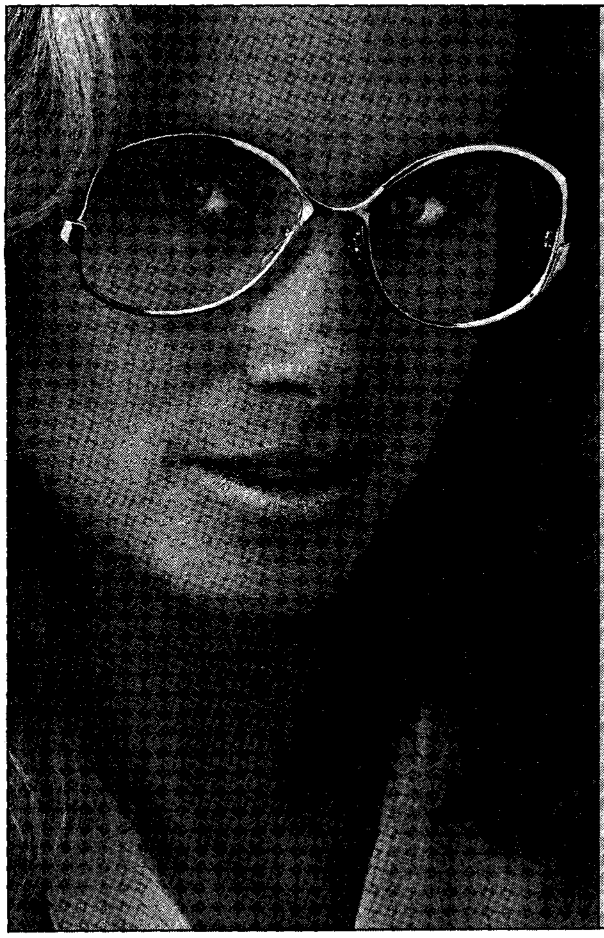
hour. "The local bookseller is so essential," Mrs. Krantz told me later. "These are key, key people. In their town, people call them up and say, 'What do you advise for Great Aunt Minnie in the hospital?' They have lists of ladies who read. What they call 'clienteles.' People who call up and say, 'Sarah, what's new?' Near the Warner Books booth at the A.B.A. convention when I was autographing I looked at the name tags on the people lined up, to see if the tags had a blue border. That meant a bookseller. You don't want exhibitors who aren't booksellers picking up your book." Janklow was at the booksellers' convention, too—all over the place and terribly busy on the deal-orchestration front, but also continually in touch with Mrs. Krantz. One day of the convention was proclaimed Judith Krantz Day by the mayor of Beverly Hills, in honor of the novelist's success with "Scruples." At a party given by Warner Books at the Beverly Hills Hotel for her and A.B.A. people, Mrs. Krantz was in the reception line. Again, Janklow was on hand. "This is a meat-and-potatoes party," Janklow told me. He explained, "Look at all those other authors, out tonight at those flash agents' parties up on Mulholland Drive. *This* is meat and potatoes—the place is full of jobbers and regional and local distributors, and, as you can see, Judy is right in there, standing by the door shaking hands, talking to the wives, and remembering the names."

While I was in the Los Angeles area, I had a talk with Mrs. Krantz at her home—a big, very comfortable house whose architectural style she has described as "California French provincial, I guess." Mrs. Krantz is a rather short, very perky-looking woman with blondish hair composed in a sort of upswept, what-are-the-wild-waves-saying style. She was wearing a blue turtleneck and light-salmon-colored pants. She had just returned from six weeks of cross-country TV, radio, and other appearances following the paperback publication of "Scruples," she told me, and still more tours were ahead. "I never realized before how much hustling was involved," she said. "Touring for a book—it's the literary equivalent of war. I remember my hardcover tour. I'd hit a city—say, Cleveland—at night, unpack, steam out the clothes that were wrinkled, and, the next morning, get up at six. Because there's always an 'A.M. Show,' a 'Good



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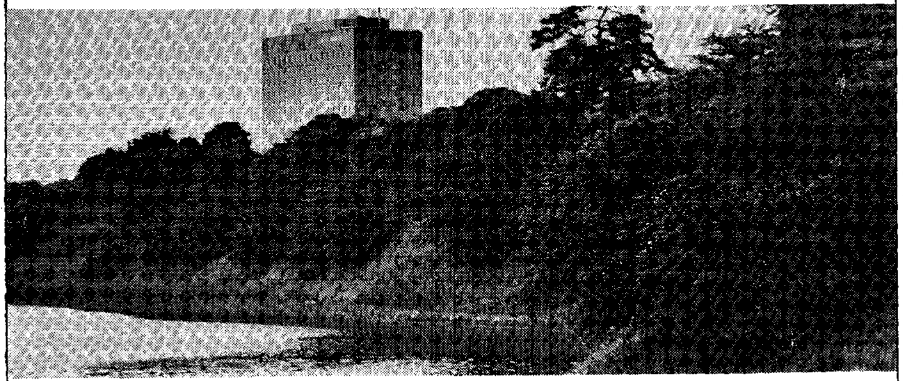

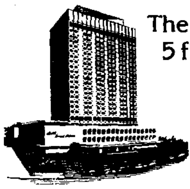

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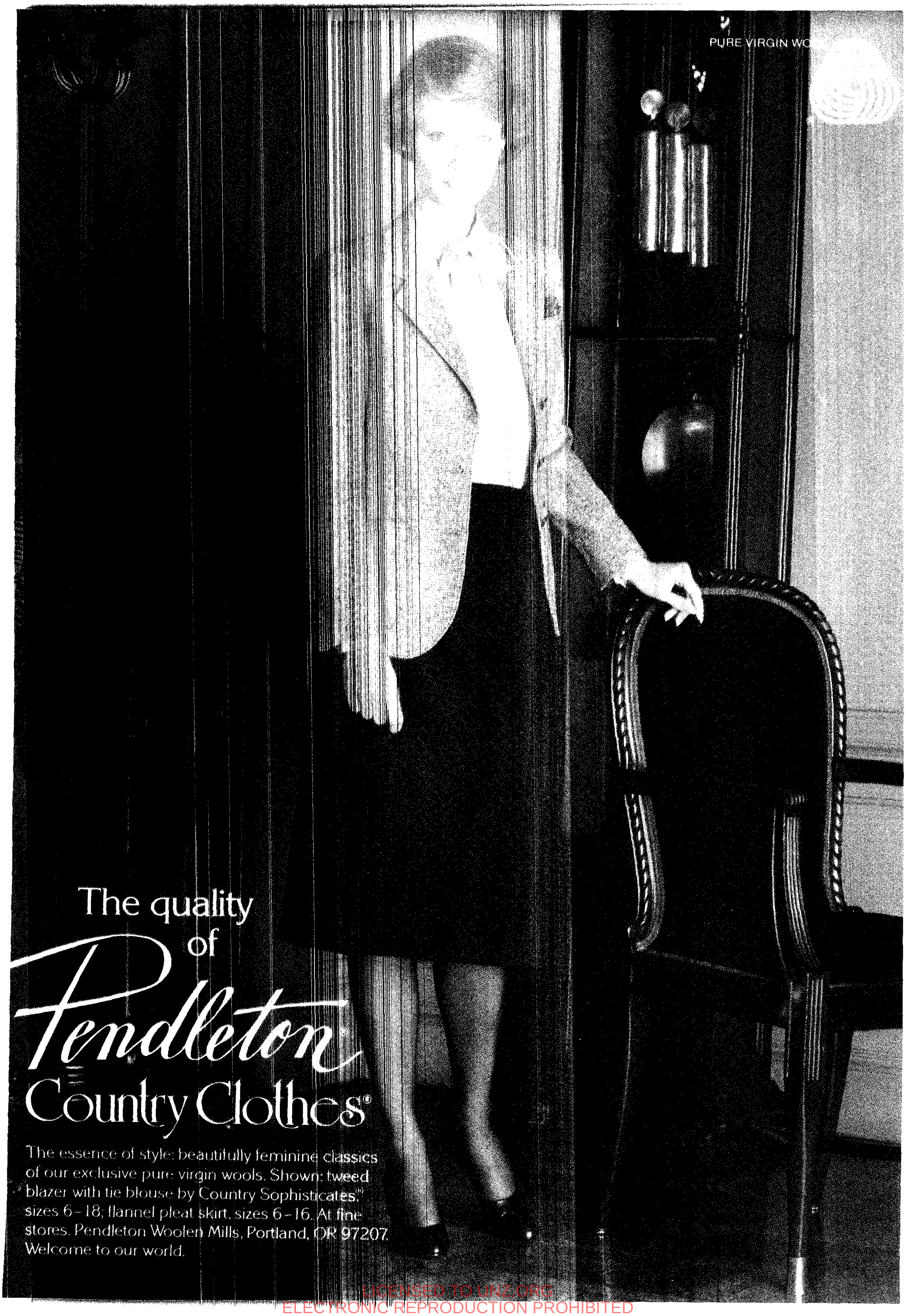

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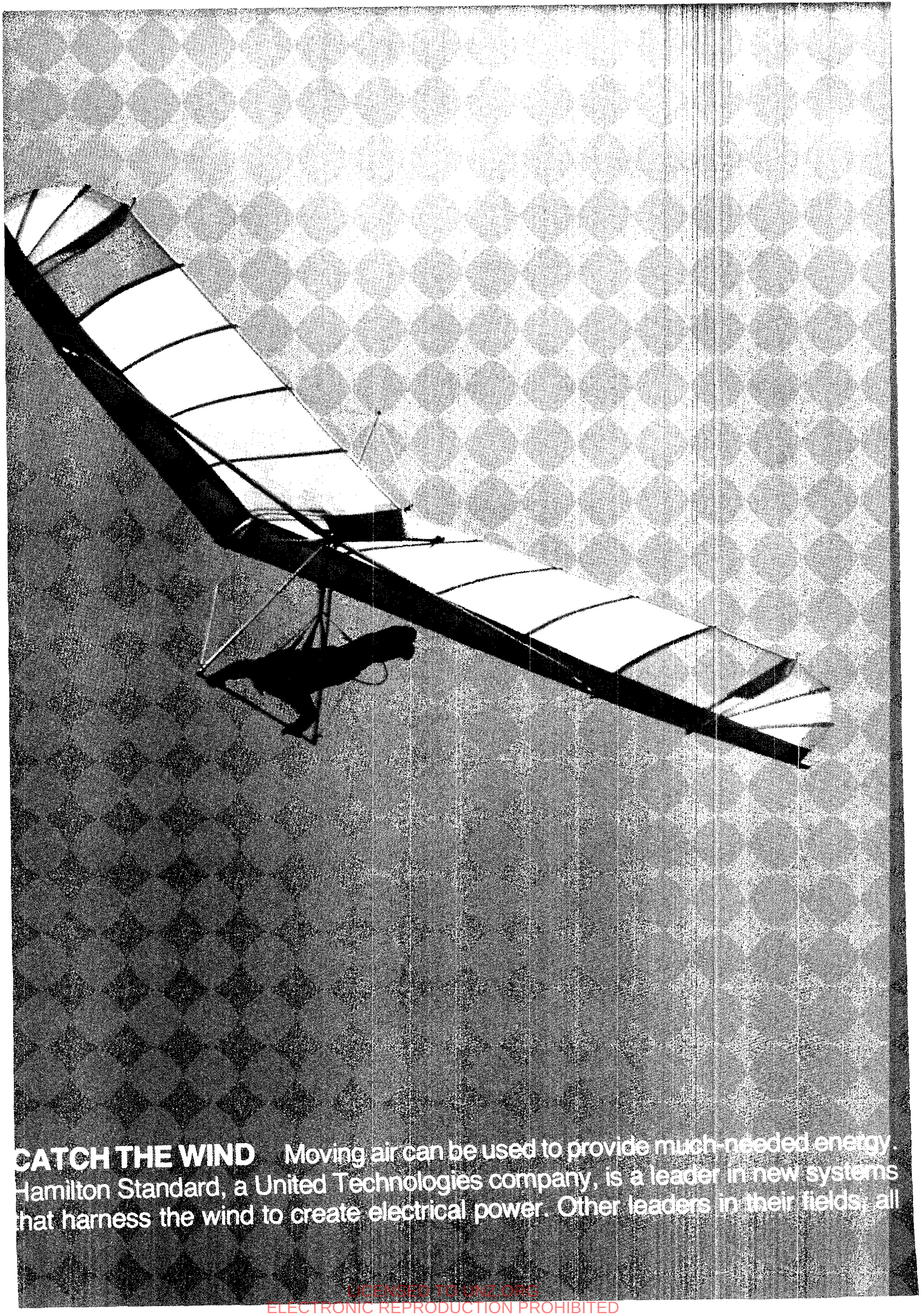

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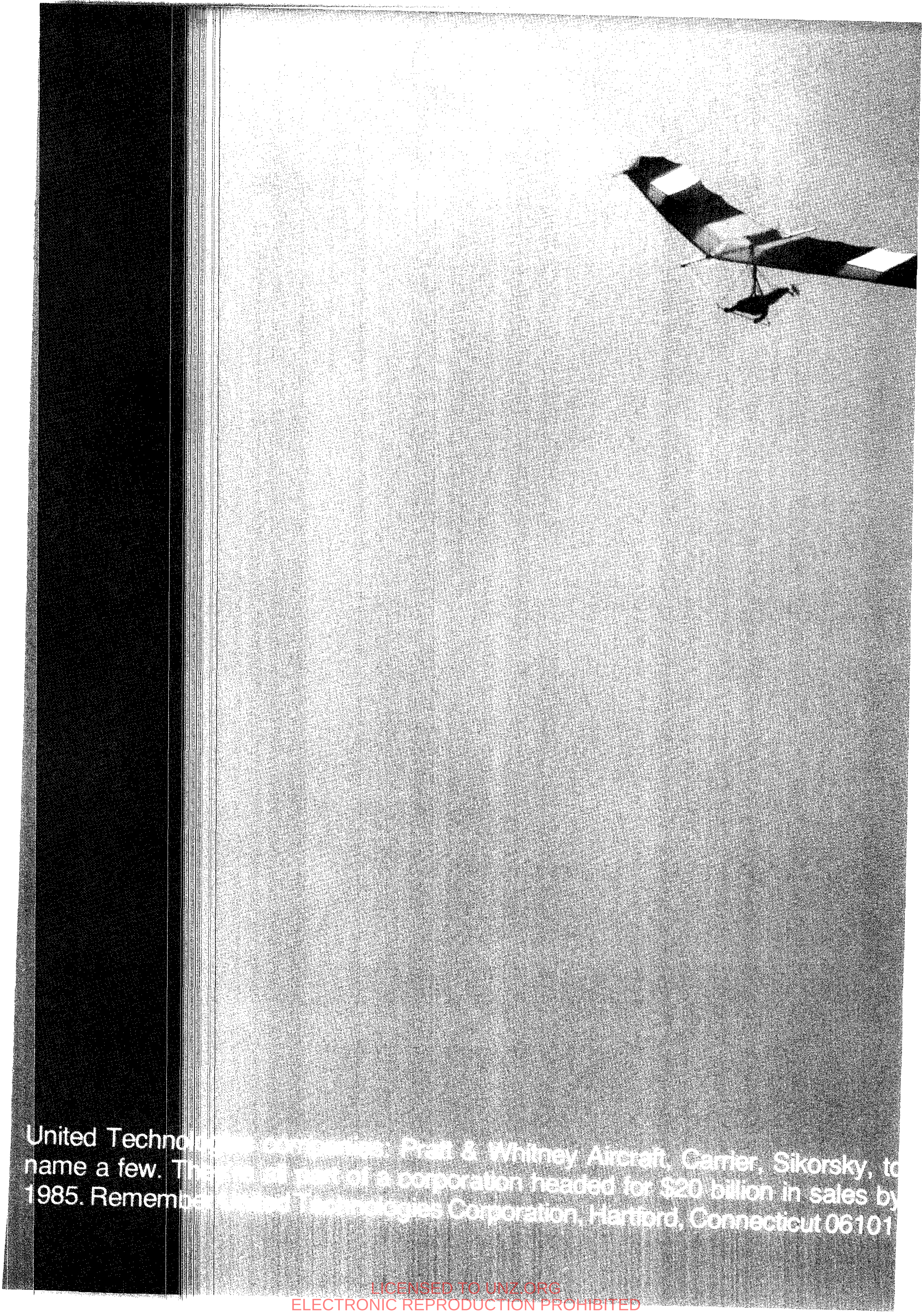

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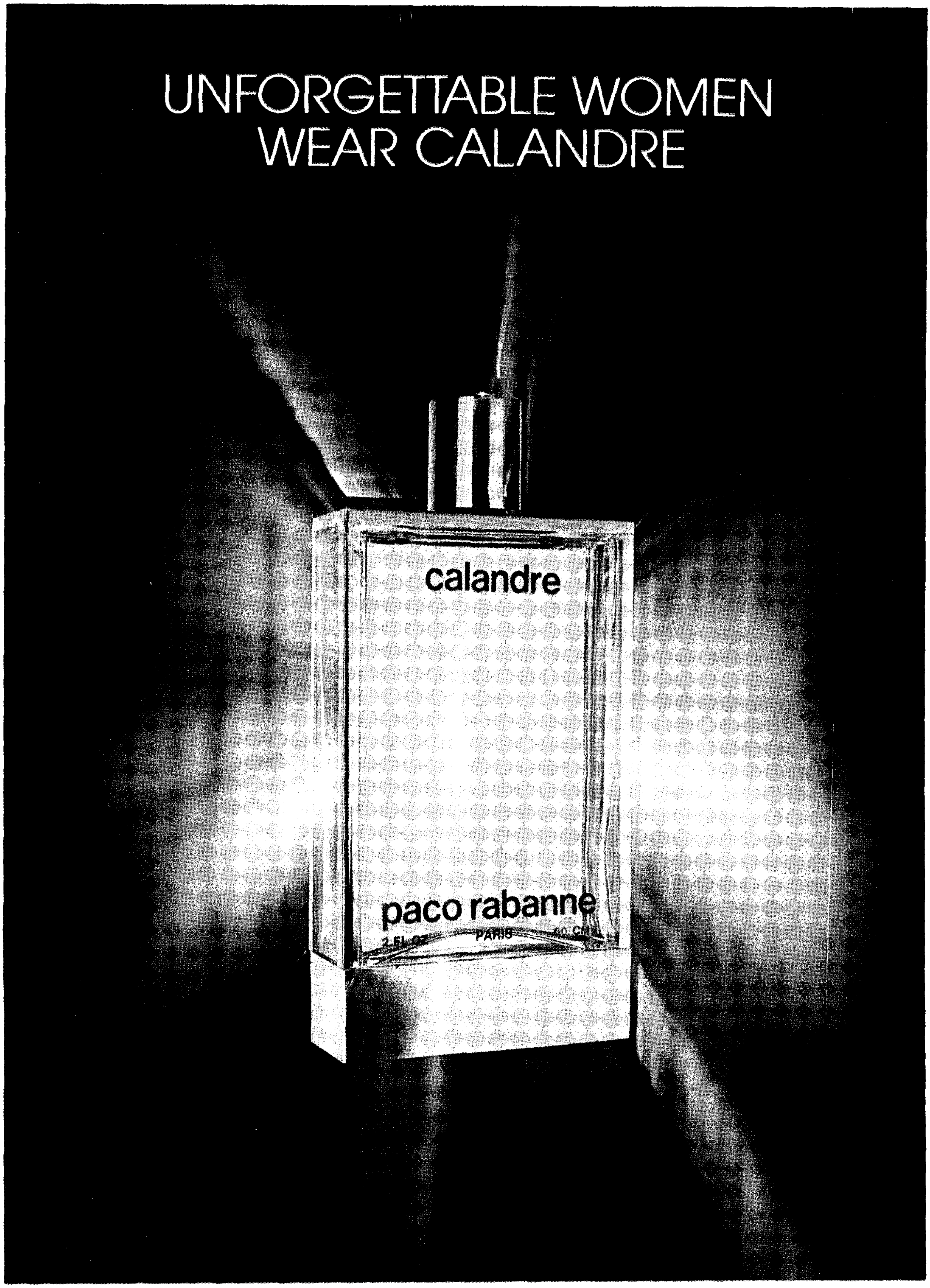
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Morning Show,' a 'Hello Show' in every city in the country. I happen to be naturally very hyper and jazzed up, so I never had to be actually awakened by a wake-up call. Also, I have a compulsive streak about being on time. When the wake-up call comes, I'll already be putting on my mascara. Men authors on tour can wake up, shave, and get right out of their hotels to go on television. A woman author can't. She has to put on all the makeup and do her hair. I had to learn to make myself up for television, because I have a rather allergic skin, and I have a tendency to break out when they make me up at the studio. Anyway, at most out-of-town stations they don't make people up, and when they do, the brushes and the powder puffs look as though they'd been used on twenty-five thousand people. So I make myself up. When you leave that hotel early in the morning, you have to be packed up and all checked out—the publisher has a limo to get you to the studio, and your suitcase is going to be in that limo all day while you make your sixteen different stops. Your arrival at the studio is at seven-thirty or eight, and the author invariably goes on last, but you have to be there an hour ahead of time in order to keep them from going crazy. Then, after I went on, I'd do a whole day of media in Cleveland, finishing up at six o'clock, just in time to catch a plane for Detroit, and the departure gate is *always* at the very end of the airport. You do that day after day and enough weeks in a row, and you get so that you feel you can hardly function. One day during the hardcover tour, after doing all those media appearances in St. Louis—on sheer adrenaline, I guess—suddenly I felt I'd had it. I felt they had used up every last ounce of my blood. My husband insisted I come back home to rest, and I came here and slept for about three days. Then I talked to Jim Zeidman, who was with the Doubleday Book Shop in Beverly Hills. I told him I'd used my last ounce of blood. He said, 'You get back out on that road. Irving Wallace does it. Sidney Sheldon does it. You do it. If you want your book to sell, you finish up that tour!' So I called Crown and said, 'Rebook it.' But the next time around, for the paperback tour, I laid down conditions with Warner. Only one city in a day, and no night travel, so I wouldn't arrive in the next city in a state of exhaustion.

"When I go on tour, I prepare

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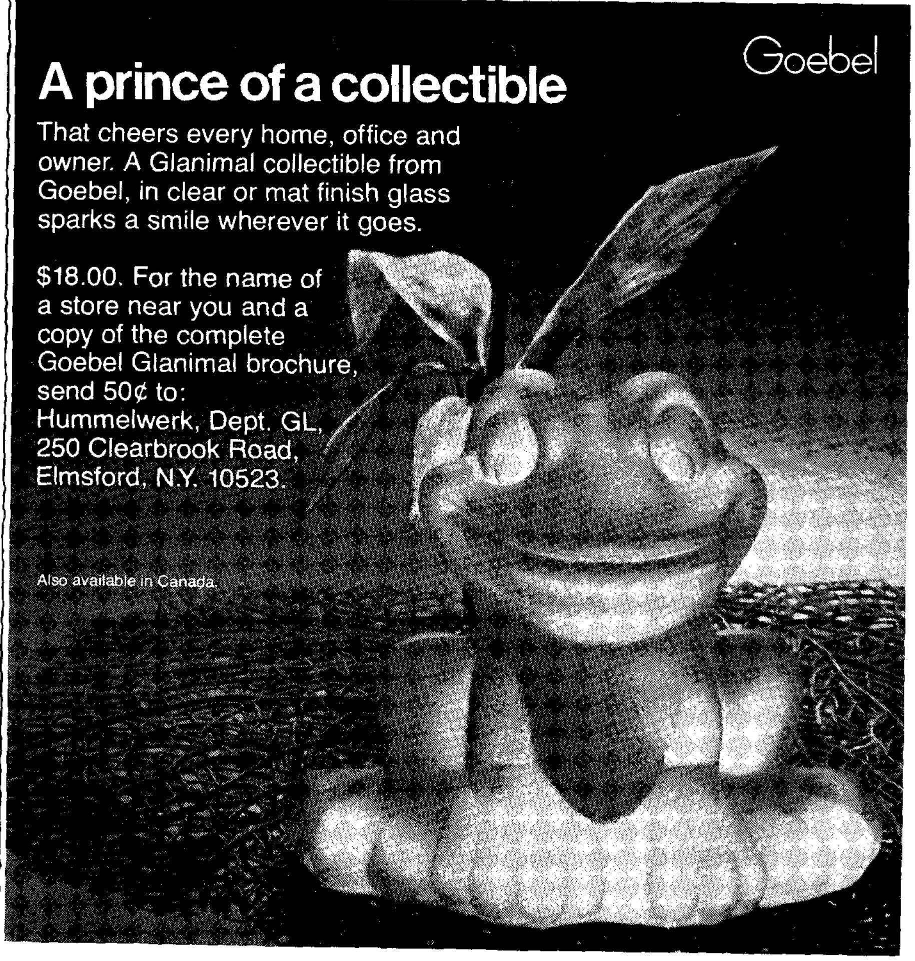

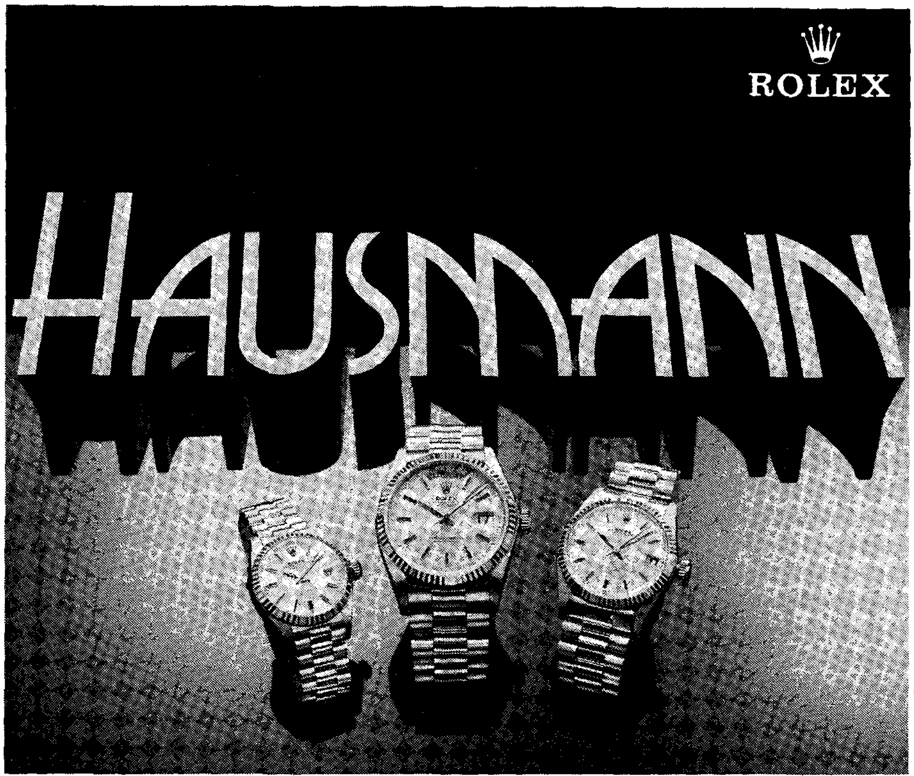

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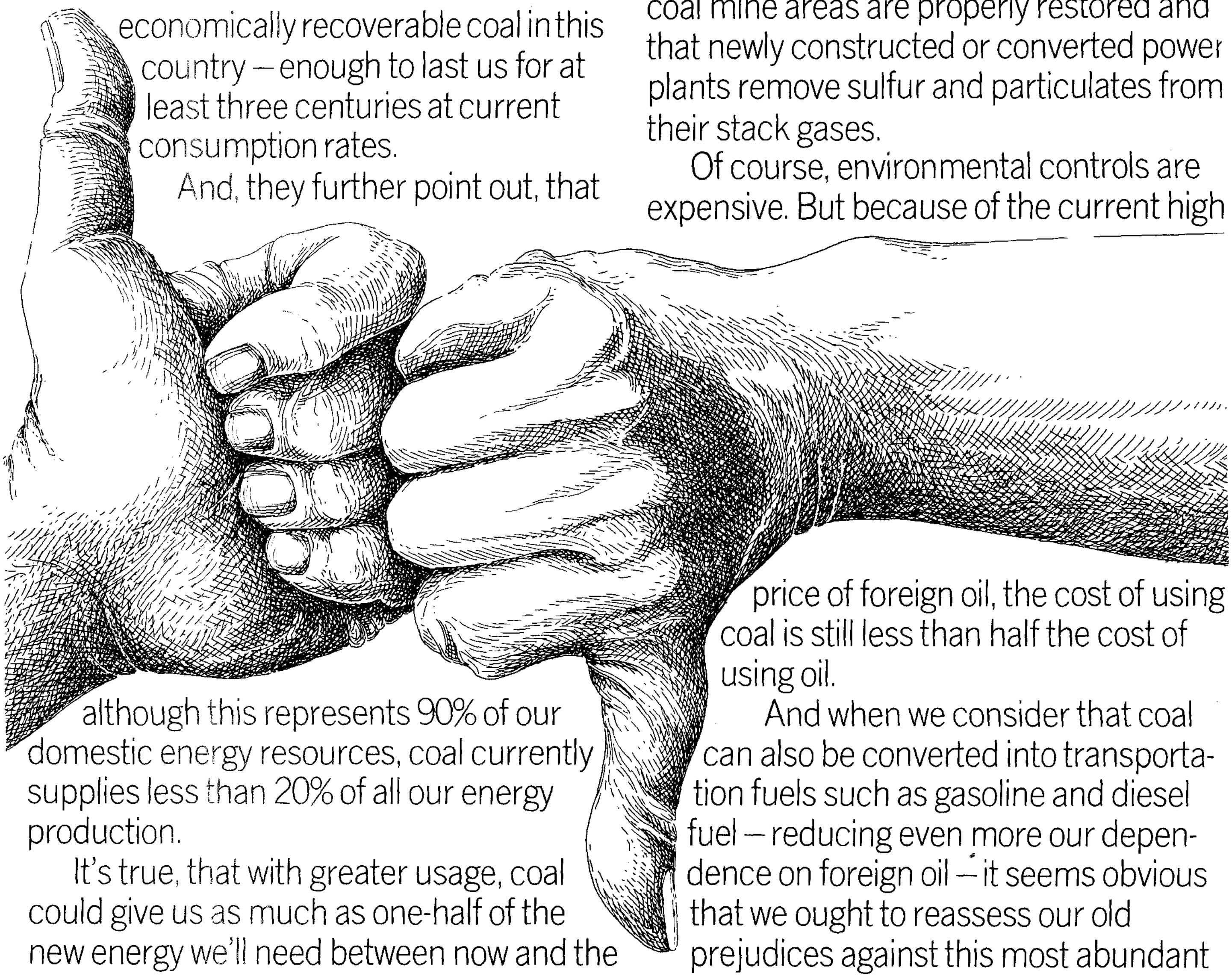
ahead of time. I interview myself and prepare typical questions and answers for shows that I'm going to appear on. I tape these interviews with myself, and the Q-and-A's go out to *every show ahead of time.* And I see to it that these really *are* sent, along with the bios and all the other information. Before the hardcover tour for 'Scruples,' Crown put out the best press kit ever invented, and two thousand went out to the press, TV, and radio, and to booksellers, too. Radio is very important in selling books. People listen to radio while they're driving, and in California that accounts for a lot of time, so I go on radio interview shows a lot. One thing about radio interviews—the station breaks come so often that the interviewers will keep saying after the breaks, 'We've been talking to Judith Krantz, the author of "Scruples," the new best-seller.' On TV, all they do is flash that book for a few seconds. On all these shows, you don't talk about the plot of your book. You talk about Rodeo Drive. If I hadn't by good luck written about Rodeo Drive—which was just becoming the greatest shopping street of the Western world—when I did, I don't know how I could have got on 'The Merv Griffin Show' or 'The Mike Douglas Show.' And I think I've been on every local TV show that has ever existed. In Chicago and out here in L.A., you have to have a local person who knows the media and is a specialist in arranging TV and radio appearances. Besides the publicity people at Crown and Warner Books, I've got the services of Jay Allen, who, as I'm sure you know, handled appearances for authors going back to Jacqueline Susann. Out here, Jay Allen has the contacts nobody else has. He said to me, 'I told Merv that none of my clients will go on "The Merv Griffin Show" if there's a Gabor on. Because they steal the time that my client would normally have.' Nobody can make that statement to Merv except Jay Allen. He's retiring from the business any day, but he's handling another appearance of mine this week on Merv Griffin. I'm keyed up now. Tomorrow is my hair day, so I'll be *up* for Merv. Merv does the best plug of all. He holds that book up and he says, '*This* is a *terrific* book; you've *got* to read this book!' Of course, Phil Donahue is the prime, out of Chicago, but the show won't take fiction authors—except Tony Curtis, because he's a movie star, and Gore Vidal, because he's also

Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad.
We insist it's not that black or white.



Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country — enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, that although this represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of all our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one-half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000 — enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollut the air when burned.

Still, we believe that these days the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantage

Because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.

Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel — reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil — it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

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a political figure. If you wrote a book called 'How to Set Your Own Broken Arm,' you could get on Donahue, probably, but if you've written a novel the show doesn't want to know about it. Well, the Griffin show—the first thing in the morning, after I leave the taping, I'll be flying out to Minneapolis-St. Paul, and on to Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth. The treadmill. And then there's 'The Mike Douglas Show' here when I get back. Everybody's out here now. Johnny Carson, Griffin, Douglas—all the talk-show people have moved here. That's why New York is not a good media town anymore—it just takes the network stuff. There's hardly any talk show you can go on from New York, except maybe the 'Today' show, and I got on the 'Today' show the other day from here. I knew I had to convince the 'Today' people that I'd have something fresh to talk about. You can't go on talking about Rodeo Drive forever. As Jay Allen says, 'you don't want to sound like Johnny One-Note.' So I did some research. I knew there was such a thing as compulsive shopping. I talked to a couple of psychoanalysts, a couple of storekeepers about the habits of compulsive buyers. So that's what I talked about on the 'Today' show."

Mrs. Krantz told me that she was working on the manuscript of a second novel, and had made an outline for it late in 1977, before the hardcover edition of "Scruples" was published. She said she had now written most of the novel itself and expected to finish it that summer. I didn't ask Mrs. Krantz any questions about the novel, and she didn't volunteer any further information about it. However, some time after my talk with her, Janklow told me that the outline was twenty-nine pages long and that after reading it he had taken it to Nat Wartels, the president of Crown, and told him that he had in his possession an outline of another novel by Judith Krantz, "which is going to make 'Scruples' look silly," and that he was convinced that "it's going to be a giant book." Janklow told me that although he had realized that in submitting an outline for a second Krantz novel at so early a stage—before the actual publication of "Scruples"—he might be taking the risk that it would get a less than clamorous reception, and so might possibly cool some of the publishers' enthusiasm for Mrs. Krantz's current work, he decided that he ought to go ahead and show them the outline. "I'm

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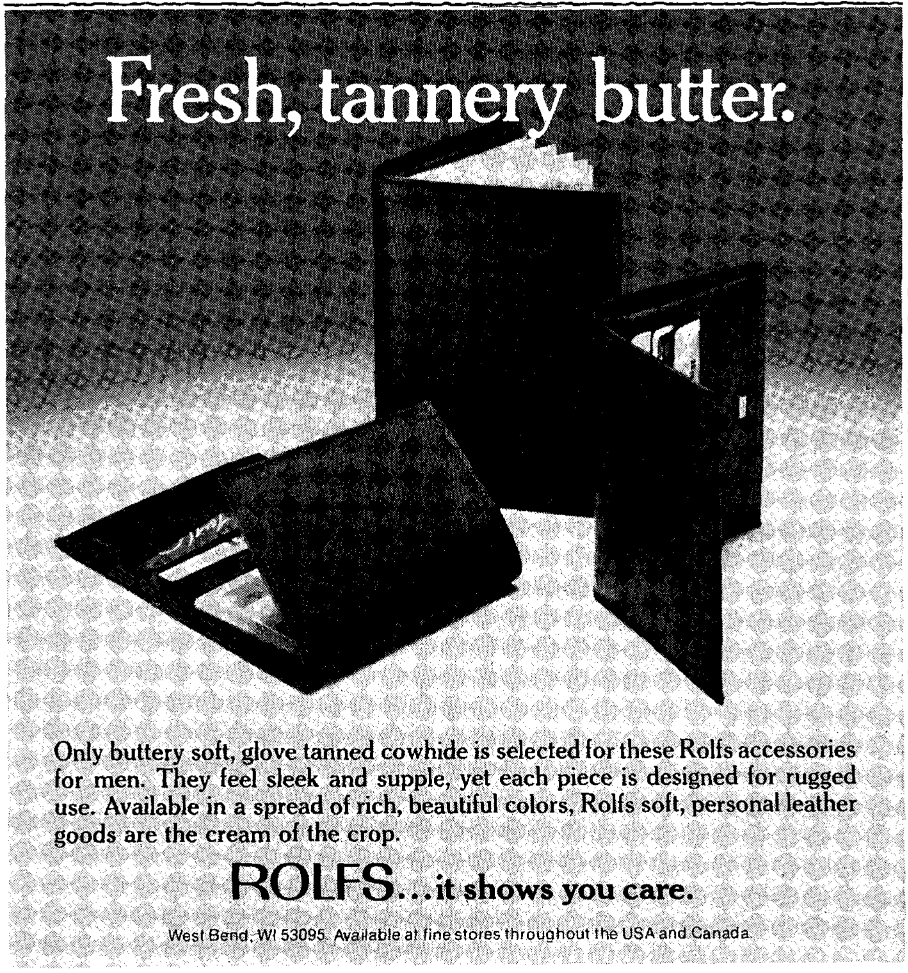
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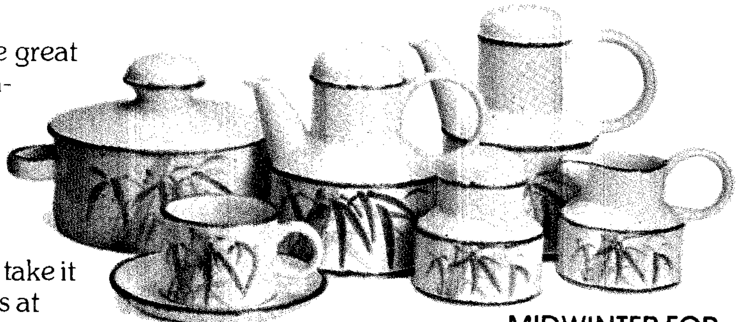

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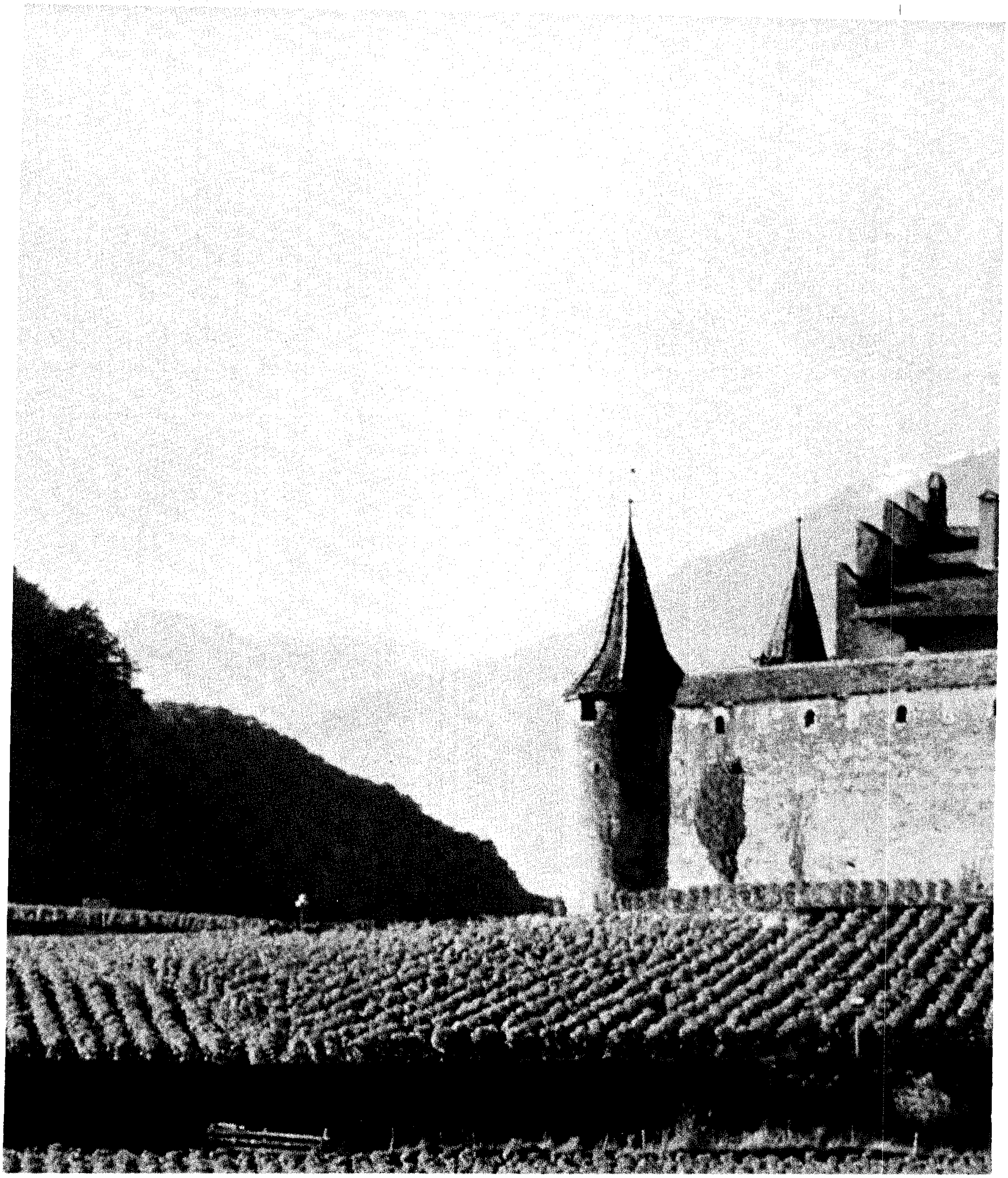

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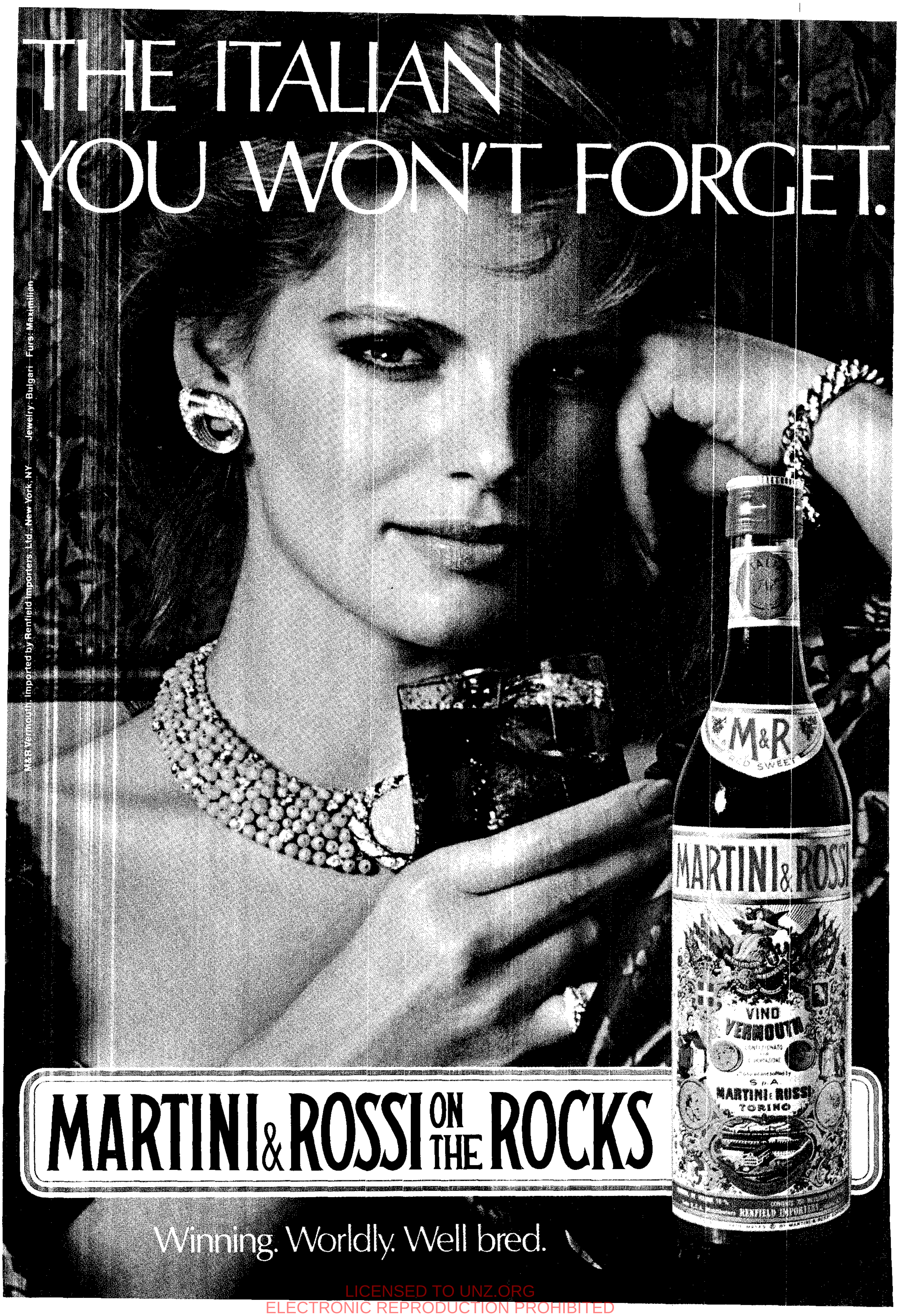
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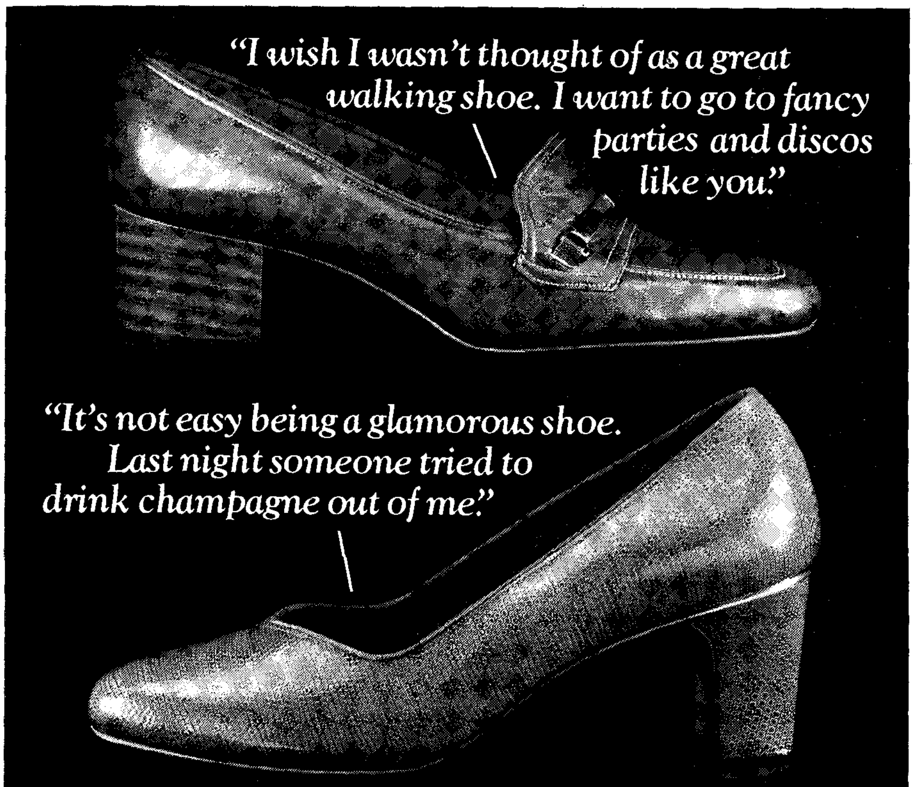
a lawyer," Janklow said to me. "And I thought, What's my downside risk in submitting the outline? It can conform to expectations or it can—let's not say fail, but succeed in becoming less than a big book. Why not take the moment when everybody's *anticipating* it'll be a big book, and move right in and keep the excitement going. And I must keep it in mind that I'm here not merely to sell a book but to *orchestrate a career*. My hope was to turn her into America's premier woman writer of fiction in one or two books. So I showed the outline to Crown and gave them the option of buying the book two ways—one a straight hardcover buy, separate from a paperback buy, and the other a hard-and-soft buy, which is what they ultimately decided on. And I gave them a very good price, and they came back to me and agreed to my terms. Which were a four-hundred-thousand-dollar advance on the hardcover edition and an arrangement advantageous to Judy on the selling of the soft-cover rights. After consulting with me, Crown took the outline to Warner Books, which had the right of first refusal on Judy's next book, and asked them to make a preëmptive bid of a million four hundred thousand for the paperback rights. But Warner thought that that price was too high. They told Crown, 'Nobody will pay the kind of money you're asking, and Janklow doesn't know what he's doing.' So Crown took the outline to another paperback house, and *within days* they agreed to give us a *floor* bid at paperback auction of *a million dollars*, plus three hundred thousand dollars in bonus clauses."

At intervals during that summer, I checked with Mrs. Krantz by long-distance telephone to see how the paperback edition of "Scruples" and the writing of the new novel were coming along. In answer to the first inquiry, Mrs. Krantz told me that well over three million copies of the paperback edition of "Scruples" were in print. "The only competition 'Scruples' has is from outer space," she said. She went on to explain this suggestion of extraterrestrial interference by saying, " 'Scruples' has been Number One on the paperback best-seller list for all these weeks, and guess what I've just found out. Now 'Alien' is going to be Number One and 'Scruples' Number Two. 'Alien'—a two-hundred-and-seventy-page piece of schlock! A tie-in novelization, and Warner Books has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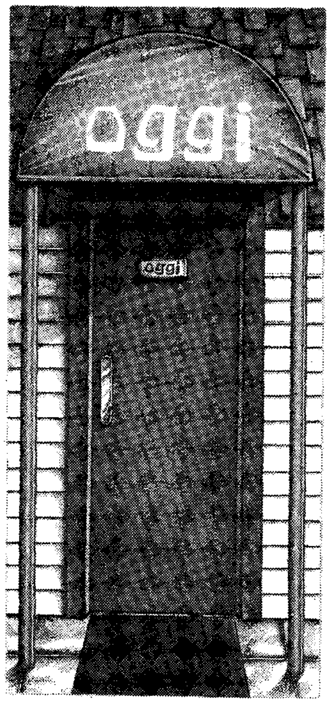

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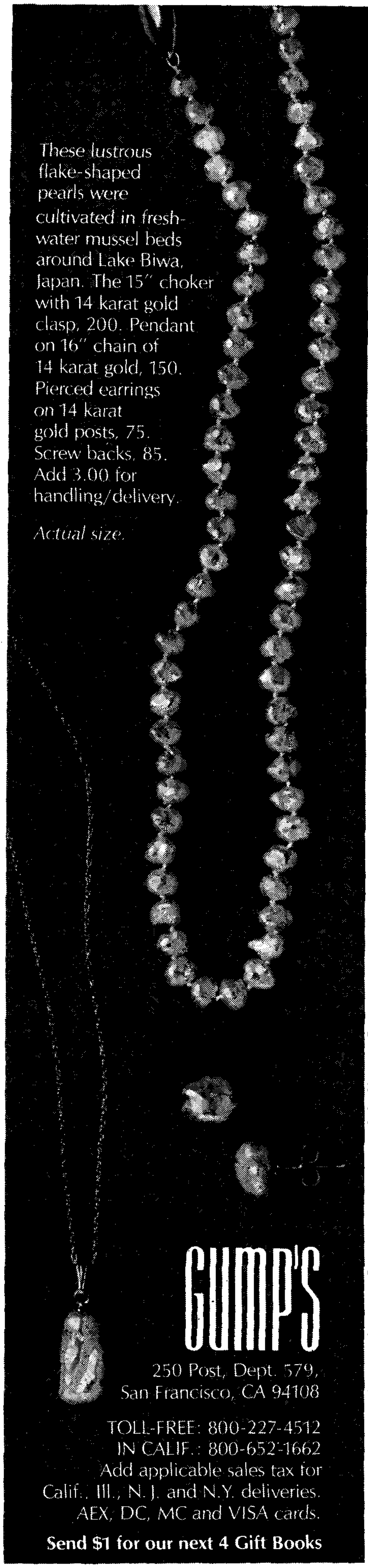
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sold the first million copies of it. A piece of junk! And printed by my own publisher!" Speaking deliberately, she added, "God damn 'Alien.' And now I'm Number Two."

On the subject of her novel in progress, she said, "I expect to have it finished soon. It's a good read. It's going to be called 'Princess Daisy.' I don't want to be typecast and have people keep asking me how come I know so much about sex. I'm no Joan Didion—there are no intelligent, unhappy people in my books. I want to be known as a writer of good, entertaining narrative. Don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to be taken seriously by the East Coast literary establishment. But I'm taken *very* seriously by the bankers."

Late in July of last year, I checked by telephone with Janklow in New York on the progress of "Princess Daisy." Janklow said that the manuscript was completed, that he had read it, and that it was terrific. "We've already got it over to Crown," he told me. "And they *adore* it. Crazy about it. A fabulous book!" Janklow said he was preparing, together with Crown, for a grand auction of the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" while the book was still in manuscript form. On the basis of the million-dollar floor bid that Crown had obtained, plus the three hundred thousand dollars in bonus clauses attached to it, he was very optimistic, he said, on how high the bidding might go at the actual auction. "I think we'll get *two* million," Janklow said.

On August 30th, Crown sent out copies of a typescript of "Princess Daisy" to the nine major paperback publishers, and, in an accompanying letter, notified them that the auction of the paperback rights to the book would be held on September 12th. The letter, which was signed by Michelle Sidrane, the subsidiary-rights director at Crown, set out in detail the ground rules for bidding at the auction.

"PRINCESS DAISY is bound to be the No. 1 best seller of 1980. A first printing [in hardcover] of 150,000 copies is planned; our initial advertising and promotion budget is set at $150,000.00," the letter said. It then recapitulated "the story of SCRUPLES," including "36 weeks on the New York *Times* Best Seller List, 6 weeks as No. 1 . . . 3 million plus copies in print from Warner Books, the No. 1 mass market best seller during all of Spring 1979 . . . six-hour mini-series from

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The letter went on to say, "SCRUPLES was a first novel. Now Judith Krantz is established and consequently PRINCESS DAISY will outperform SCRUPLES." To substantiate this promise of superior performance, it informed interested paperback publishers that "Judith Krantz will do full-scale media tours at the time of publication of both the hardcover and paperback editions of PRINCESS DAISY." And by adding that "preparations are under way for a major theatrical motion picture production of PRINCESS DAISY" the letter also seemed to open up to acquisitive paperback people an alluring vision of movie-tie-in sales and, at the appropriate time, a whole third round of promotion, publicity, and—why not?—yet another set of TV- and radio-show tours by the author.

In setting forth the terms for the actual bidding at the auction, Crown made clear that a floor bid of a million dollars, plus three hundred thousand in bonus clauses, had been established and had already been agreed to by one publisher, whose name the letter did not mention. Under the terms of the auction, the holder of the floor bid would have the opportunity to top by seven and a half per cent the highest offer received at the end of the auction. A number of paragraphs followed concerning the conduct and terms of the auction. One subject dealt with was escalation clauses providing for extra payments based on the book's ranking on the *Times* best-seller list, or if a motion picture version of "Princess Daisy" was released in theatres or on television. The bidding itself was to be divided into rounds. The bids in the first round were to be blind bids, and the round had to be completed by noon on the day of auction. The bidding order for later rounds was to be determined on the basis of the blind bids; that is, the highest bidder in Round One would have the favored last position in the subsequent rounds. All bids made after Round One were to be made in raises of at least seven and a half per cent over the prior high bid. And the letter concluded, "Sale of the paperback rights is subject to the consent of the author's agent, Morton L. Janklow Associates, Inc."

"I wrote the bidding letter," Jank-

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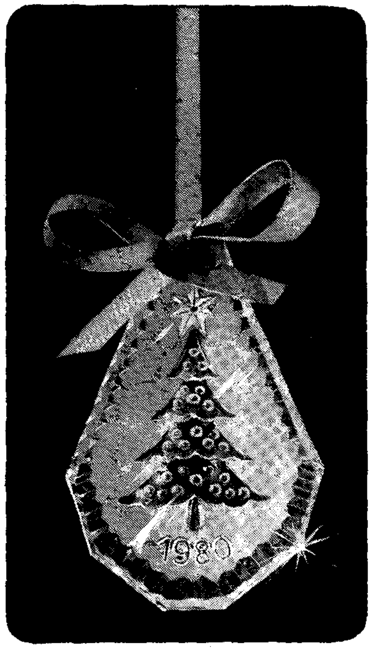

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low told me in a subsequent talk. "We know how to do that better than anyone else. We know how to structure an auction. By structuring your terms for an auction very tightly, you force people to bid in the mode in which you want them to bid. And I like to define the terms in such a way that they are frozen into a bidding formula."

The auction took place as scheduled, with eight of the nine paperback houses that had received the bidding letter participating, the exception being New American Library. The very fact that each of the eight was willing to *start* bidding for the paperback rights to the as yet unpublished novel at more than a million dollars clearly indicated the ultimate stakes involved in competitive paperback marketing—especially, one might suppose, since in the months between the time when I first heard about Judith Krantz's forthcoming second novel and the date of the auction the paperback market in general was said to have "softened," although to a lesser extent than business as a whole in this country. Of course, the people at Crown would look upon all the big money ready to be thrown in (after all, the eight publishers' participation in the auction meant that a bare minimum of eight million dollars had been set aside simply to cover the openers) as a huge vote of confidence in the worth of "Princess Daisy," and so would Janklow. Still, in a talk I had with Janklow shortly before the day of the auction he predicted that the very softening of the paperback market over the previous few months would drive the price eventually paid for the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" up rather than down, because, he argued, the competing publishers would be all the more eager to capture a potential blockbuster, which might achieve or preserve for their whole current book line a dominant position in the racks of the paperback outlets across the country.

On the day of the auction, as on the days immediately preceding it, everybody connected with the affair appeared tense. No outsiders were allowed in or near the scene of the auction, at Crown headquarters; even Janklow was stationed physically apart from Crown's offices, although he was in constant touch with the Crown people by telephone. Nobody at Crown was talking to the press, and even Janklow had no comment for the time

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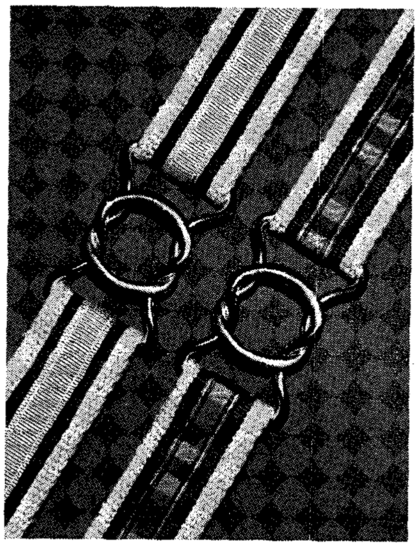

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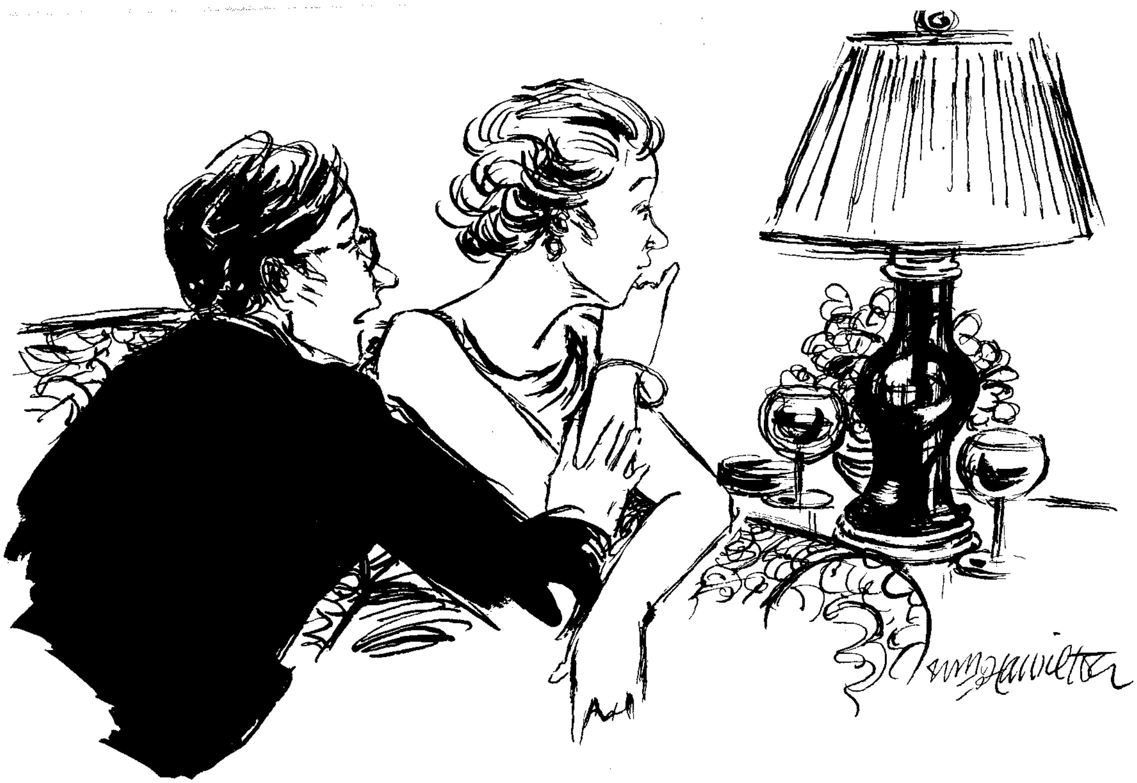

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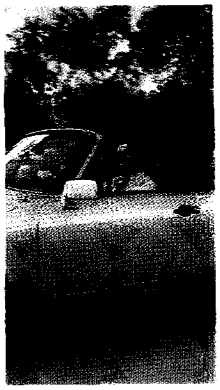

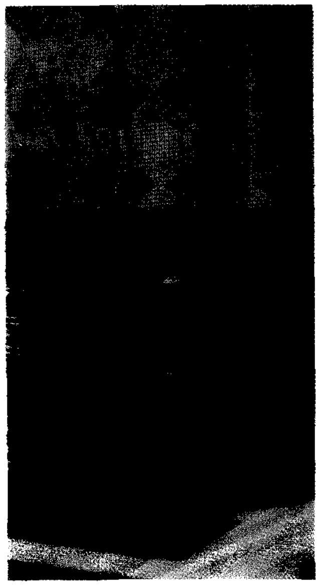

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His first novel, *The Andromeda Strain,* published the year he finished medical school, became an international best-seller. In the ten years since, he has written six books, including *The Great Train Robbery* which remained on *The New York Times* Best-Seller List for 22 weeks. His major film credits include "Westworld," "Coma," and "The Great Train Robbery."

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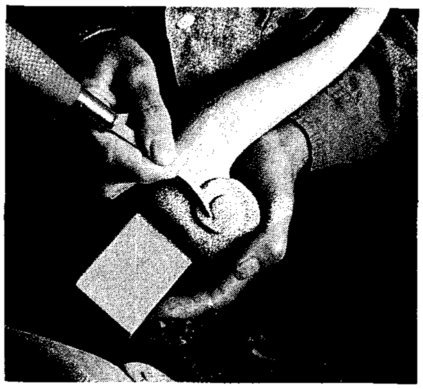

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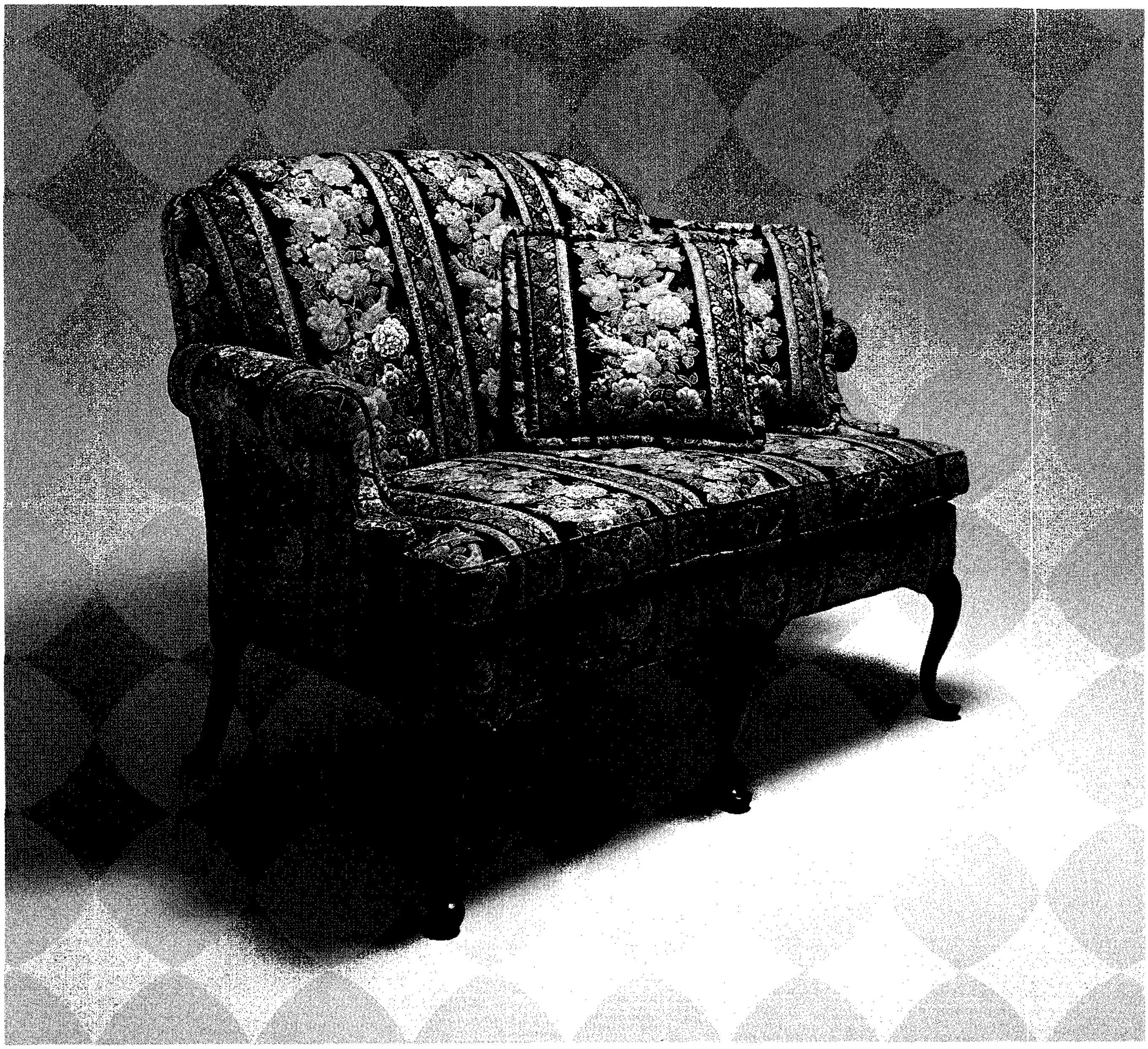

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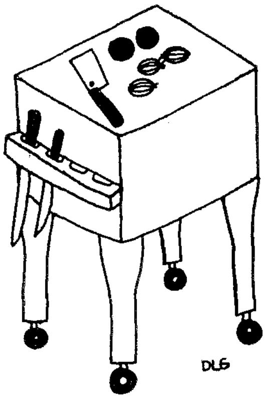
being. The reason for all the secrecy was the same as that at any auction involving large sums of money: the participants wanted to play their cards as close to the vest as possible. The Crown people knew that they would be dealing with thoroughly experienced bidders, determined to prevent the escape of information that might afford their competition any insight into the characteristics or patterns of their bidding practices. Added to these considerations was the fact that this was the first really big-time paperback-rights auction for Michelle Sidrane as Crown's subsidiary-rights director.

The auction was conducted entirely by telephone. It began at nine in the morning, and the first of the blind bids was telephoned to Mrs. Sidrane at five minutes past nine. The bid was for a million one hundred thousand dollars, plus the bonus money in the escalation clauses. It was followed by bids for a million five, a million five hundred and twenty-five thousand, and another of a million five. Then, between eleven-fifteen and eleven-forty-five, there were three bids for a million one hundred thousand. "This was just to establish who was going to be in the game," Janklow explained a day or two after the auction. The blind bidding that morning did not proceed without flareups, I learned, and even in the glowing aftermath of the auction Janklow seemed to feel a bit stirred by what had happened. Without mentioning the names of either the people or the publishing houses involved, he gave me an account of one incident. "During the blind-bidding round, the chief executive and the chief operating officer of one of the major paperback houses called me," he said. "First, they had called Crown, and Crown had told them to clear it with me. They placed a bid that was very high, but under conditions not provided for in the bidding letter. They wanted to give that high bid, but without the bonuses provided for in the escalation clauses. I said, 'I can't accept that bid, high as it is, because it deviates from the terms laid down for the auction.' They said—and I quote—'You're a God-damned fool. You don't know what you're doing, and you're screwing up this auction.' I said to the chairman of this company, 'Listen, one thing I'm not is a fool, and tomorrow we can discuss who's right and who's wrong, and in the meantime we'll play the game according to *my* rules. If I change the rules now, I have to go back and re-advise all the other parties and give them the opportunity to restructure their bids.' The chairman said to me, 'You mean you're passing up this bid of a million and a half dollars?' I said I was. They said they were going to drop out of the auction. I said, 'I'm sorry, I'm not going to accept your bid under these conditions.' Lots of screaming and yelling. I said, 'Why shouldn't you bid the way I suggested two weeks ago that everybody bid? Why wait till today?' There was a long pause, and then one of them said to me, 'We don't like playing the game by the rules *you* set. We want to play the game by the rules *we* set.' I said, 'That's not a reason, that's an excuse. Now I'm really not going to do anything, and that's it, and goodbye!' I called Nat Wartels at Crown, and I told him, 'I think they're bluffing and they'll come back in.' "



Notwithstanding the firmness of his goodbye, Janklow soon was talking again to the chairman and the chief executive officer of that publishing house. He told me, "I said to them, 'Look, if you're willing to bid a million five, then bid a million two hundred thousand and bonuses.' 'We don't want to do that.' I told them, 'This is the trend of arrogance that has cost a lot in this industry. I'm not going to give in.' So at twelve noon on the stroke these people called in the bid I wanted, and they continued right through the auction as one of the major bidders. A classic example of inflexibility. A refusal to do things just because someone else had set the rules. There were three or four of these episodes during the day, where we had to take risks. In one of the later rounds, for example, one of the major players couldn't come in with a bid for a couple of hours, because the senior corporation executives weren't there. We waited and waited. I said, 'Someone should be available.' Crown said, 'Well, we can't shut them out on the ground of time.' We waited, waited,

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and I said, 'That's it! They've got fifteen minutes! If they don't get their bid in by three-thirty, we're going on to the next round—it's not fair to the others.' We delivered that message. God, such consternation! So it becomes a war of nerves. I happen to be competent at playing in that war. Look at that episode in the morning. They'd had that bidding letter dated August 30th—why the hell raise this in the middle of an auction on September 12th? The point is, people think that by upsetting the auctioneer they can obtain an advantage. Which is why I like to retain control over decisions at an auction. Well, we delivered that message in midafternoon that the other bidder had fifteen minutes. And at three-thirty *right on the button* they came in with their bid.

"After the conclusion of the blind-bidding round, we already knew we had a *very* big auction. Then we went on with Round Two. Now, the rules called for the highest bidder in Round One to get the last spot in Round Two, and for each bid to exceed the previous high bid by seven and a half per cent. So the maker of the lowest bid in Round One was the first bidder in Round Two. All right. The people who finally made that three-thirty bid deadline came in with a one-million-seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bid. Then another house was approached by Crown and invited to bid. They told us they passed. They told us their top had been a million four. Then the next house that was approached also said this was too rich for them and they were getting out. Remember, topping a million seven-fifty by seven and a half per cent meant that the bid was like a million eight-eight for the next bidder. To stay in Round Two, they now had to be bidding at a level almost as high as for any book rights sold in history. Very interesting! That was one reason for staging the incremental bids at seven and a half per cent, because I had seen all these people in major auctions and I knew how slowly it could go. I sold a book a couple of months ago for five hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars, and it took two days, and they were bidding up in five-thousand-dollar increments. So you *force* their attention. There's nothing like a hanging to attract the attention of the hangee! If they're not going to be serious players—unless they're *really* prepared—they *ought* to get out. Requiring these sizable increments in the bidding also enabled me to close

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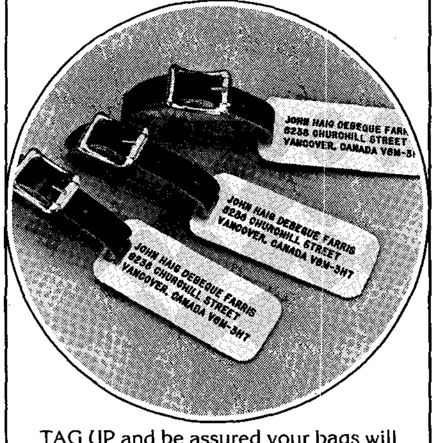

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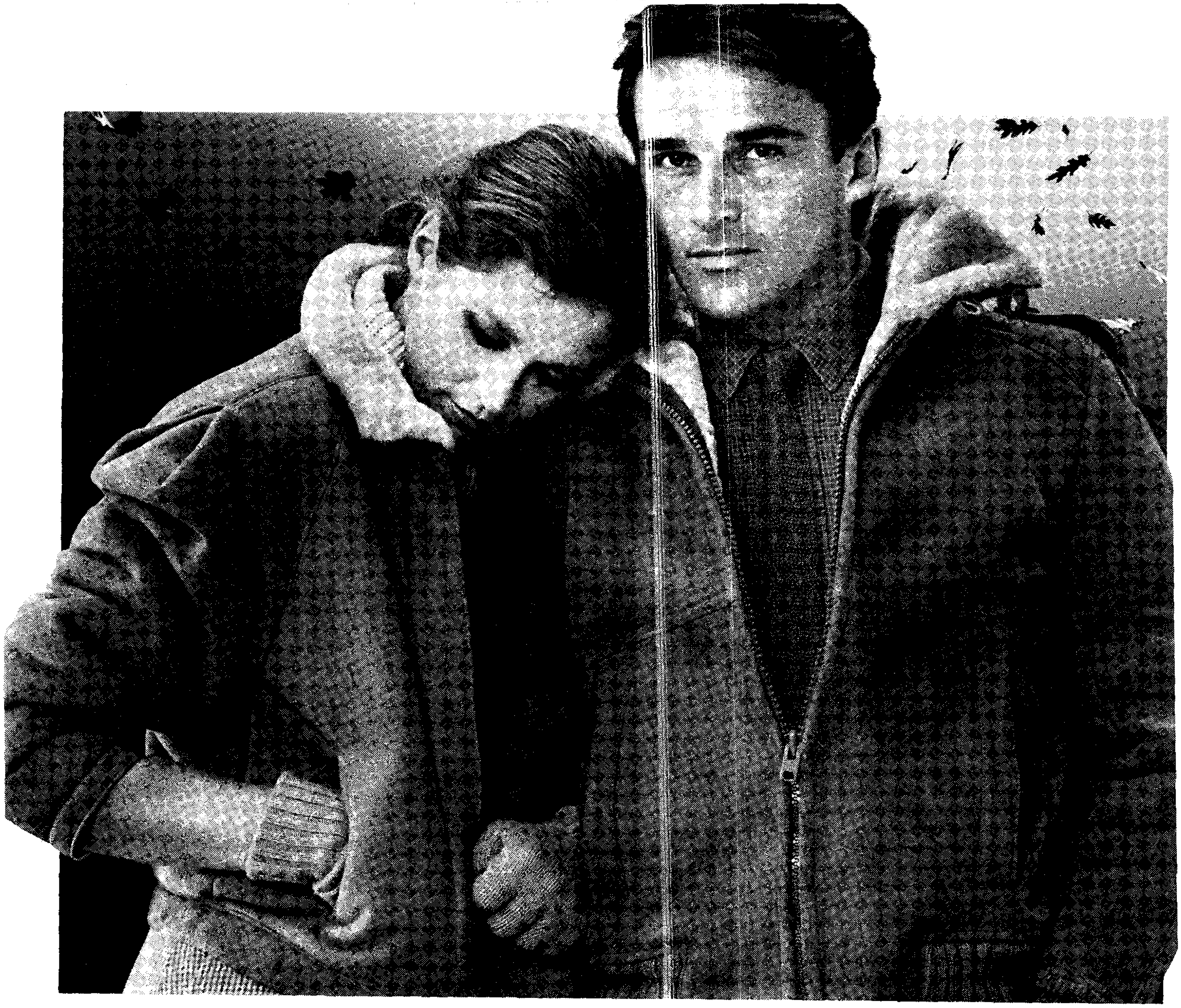

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out the auction that day. Because I don't like the overnight hiatus—the people get nervous, they go home, they can't sleep, get cramps, maybe get to thinking they shouldn't be in this after all. The whole purpose of an auction is to get a momentum, drive it forward, and maintain it, so people don't start falling by the wayside—it's like a real-estate deal. Real-estate lawyers say, 'Close the deal if you stay till four in the morning. Don't let people change their minds.'

"Well, so we had three passes in a row. Then, at five o'clock, one of the major houses—the same one that had given us that trouble in Round One on that disparate bid—now came and said they'd be prepared to make a very substantial bid if we were prepared to deal without the three hundred thousand in bonuses, just deal with straight money. And they would agree to accelerate the payments. Money being what it is, that was very important. At this level and at available interest rates of fourteen, fifteen per cent, if you can manage to get your money a year earlier it's a fortune for you. So at this point we went back to the floor bidder and said we'd like an opportunity to change the rules, and I felt we could change them, because there were now so few players left in the auction. The floor bidder agreed to the change of rules. So we went back to the other players and got everybody's approval of the rule change. So the house that had proposed the straight-money bid without the bonuses but with accelerated payments now made a bid of two million four, with no bonuses but with the accelerated-payment provision. Somewhere about six-thirty, the next-highest house topped that bid, and bid two million five-eighty. We were now well over the world's record price for paperback rights—more than the two and a quarter million dollars that Fawcett paid for 'Linda Goodman's Love Signs,' more than the two million five-fifty that N.A.L. paid for Mario Puzo's 'Fools Die,' which included three hundred thousand dollars for the rights to reprint 'The Godfather.'

"So we went into Round Three. Crown went back to the house that had first bid a million seven-fifty. Their bid had to be two million five-eighty, plus the increment of seven and a half per cent. They passed. So we went to a second bidder and we got a bid of two million seven-seventy-three and five hundred. Then we went back

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to the previous bidder. They were ready to advance beyond the previous bid, but came with a whole different set of conditions as to the payment schedule. And by stretching the payment schedule what they'd be doing was buying the use of money. And that would cost my client Judy Krantz *money*. And I rejected that bid. They said, 'We're not going to go on, then.' And I said, 'I hate to lose you.' Bluffed them out. And at the last second, at about eight-forty-five, they came back and made that same bid but without the stretchout. The bid was for two million nine-eighty-five."

That bid came from Ballantine Books. The earlier two-million-four-hundred-thousand bid had been made by Warner Books. That was just a million dollars more than the sum for which, in December of 1977, Crown had offered Warner Books the rights to "Princess Daisy"—an offer Warner had turned down. Warner's bid at the auction twenty-one months later was probably intended as what is known in these auctions as a knockout bid—one representing a high enough jump over previous bids to discourage the competition from further bidding. But when Warner was outbid in turn, it was the Warner people who became discouraged. And they dropped out after one more bid. With Ballantine now the high bidder, Nat Wartels, at Crown, decided, after consulting with Janklow, that the time had come for Crown to inform the supposedly secret floor bidder waiting in the wings—actually, by that time the floor bidder was known by most of the other parties to be Bantam Books—of the Ballantine bid. Shortly after nine o'clock, Michelle Sidrane telephoned the Bantam people and informed them of the situation, and said that unless they decided to exercise their privilege of topping the Ballantine figure by seven and a half per cent the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" would go to Ballantine.

"Normally, the topping by the floor bidder in an auction is a very quick part of the deal," Janklow told me later. "All the floor bidder usually has to say at that point is yes or no. But that's not how it was at this auction. The worst part of the auction, as far as I was concerned, followed that call. I'd been in my office, and on the phone, since a quarter of nine that morning, and when it looked as though things were close to the end I went home for a shower and a shave. My wife and I had been invited to a

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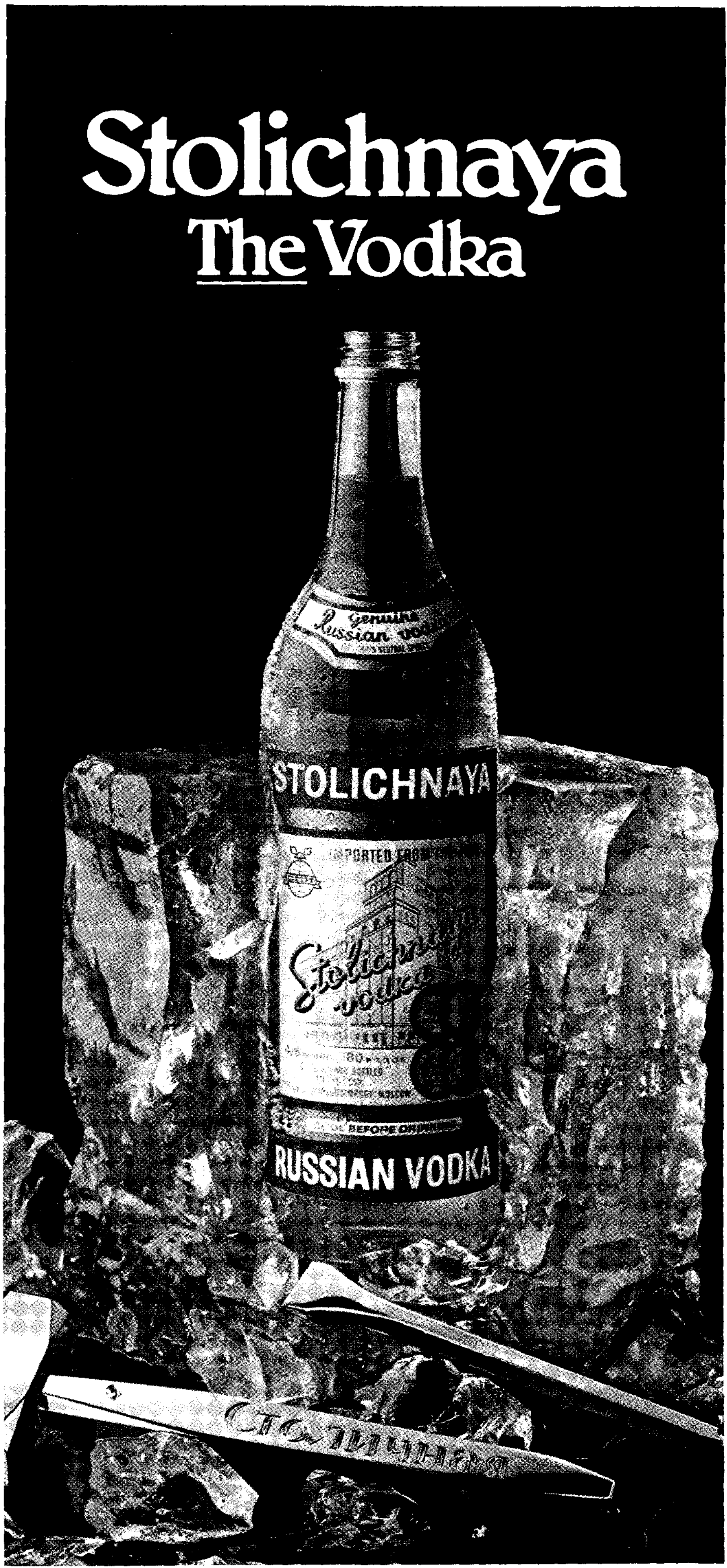
black-tie dinner on the upper East Side, so I left for the party and sat down at dinner. A very lovely party. People from the social world and the diplomatic corps were there. It was given by Alice Mason, who is a real-estate woman. Mayor Koch was there, Barbara Walters was there, lots of diplomats, lots of pals of mine were there, Sally Quinn, of the Washington *Post*, was there. After six or seven minutes and two bites of my dinner, the hostess's daughter came in and said there was a phone call for me. I left the table and took the call in a bedroom, from which I didn't return for three hours. Long-drawn-out negotiations on conference calls with Crown, with Bantam. The people at Bantam said they were going to exercise their topping privilege, but they raised questions about their getting certain rights and options in connection with Judy Krantz's next book, which is not yet written and has been offered to nobody. We discussed all that in call after call, for hour after hour. And I kept Judy, who was in Beverly Hills, informed of the progress, too. This was an orchestration that had begun a long time ago, and it started with a wonderful book. Judy is a very smart woman, and this is her life, her career, and her money, and when I was taking these relatively risky positions, rejecting bids and so on, during the auction, I always checked with her. I must have spoken to her fifteen times that day. You can't do that with every client. But Judy understands the marketing process. She wants to know just what the situation is, and I enjoy having her know. Well, about Bantam, in talking to these people in the conference calls I kept backing them down and backing them down, and about twenty of twelve we all came to an agreement on terms."

And so, in an auction that lasted fourteen and a half hours, and for three million two hundred thousand dollars in round figures ($3,208,875, to be precise), the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" went to Bantam Books—whose former chairman had complained to me only a few months previously that the "frantic bidding" and "outlandish" prices being paid for paperback rights to potential best-sellers were detrimental to the best interests of the book-publishing industry in general and were contributing to a situation in which "books of quality and of superior interest are being shoved off the stands."

News of the outcome of the auction



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made front pages all over the country. The front-page report in the *Times* on September 14th was headlined, "A RECORD $3.2 MILLION IS PLEDGED BY BANTAM FOR NEW KRANTZ NOVEL." Each of the big three national TV and radio networks carried a report on Bantam's acquisition, and stressed the record price paid for the rights. For Bantam, Janklow, and Mrs. Krantz, it was a heartwarming situation, since the news engendered by the giant price paid was probably worth, in the equivalent of paid advertising (and without Crown's having yet spent more than a small part of even the hundred and fifty thousand dollars allocated to promotion of the hardcover edition of the yet to be published book), even more than the three million two hundred thousand dollars actually committed for the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy."

At Farrar, Straus & Giroux, the comment of Roger Straus to me right after the news of Bantam's record purchase was "It's revolting." Of course, Straus hadn't *read* "Princess Daisy." Nor had anyone else, really, except the Crown people, and those at the paperback houses, each of which had then bid at least a million three hundred thousand dollars for it. In all the publicity stirred up over the price of the book, its actual theme and content appeared as a matter of minor interest, though a news release from Crown, headed "New Krantz Novel Sold for Record-Shattering Figure," did quote the Crown editor-in-chief, Carole Baron, as noting, "It is full of fabulous characters, European aristocrats, glamorous women, American television and business personalities and a heroine, Princess Daisy, who appears destined to capture the imagination of the reading and movie-going public. Ms. Krantz has cemented her position as America's most popular novelist."

The day after the auction, Mrs. Krantz told me, by telephone from Beverly Hills, "I'm on top of the world. The phone has been ringing like mad. In my heart of hearts, I know they are right to pay more." Bantam, she meant. "There aren't any good reads out. The new Norman Mailer book, 'The Executioner's Song,' isn't a good read. 'Princess Daisy' is 'the book I wish I had on a weekend.' That's the secret of it. Women feel that way. Plus I have a large male audience. During the auction, my husband said to me, 'You're unnaturally calm.' I sat around and ate turkey wings and ironed the wrin-

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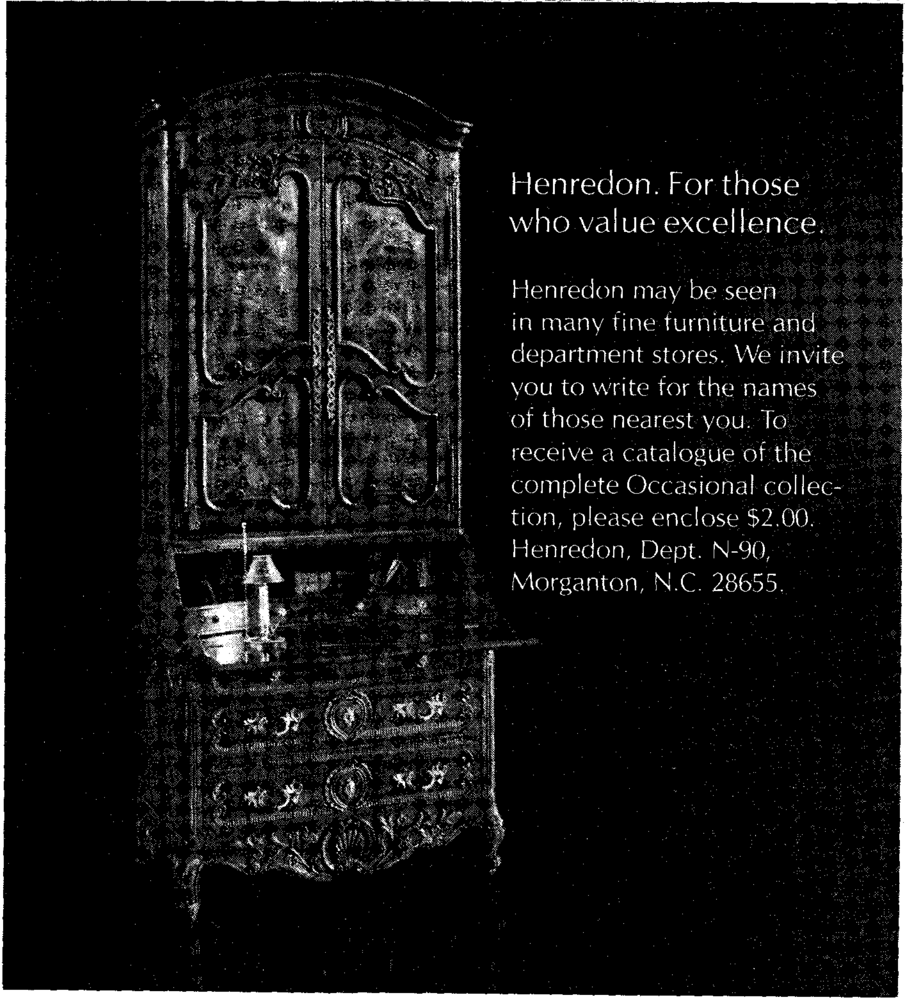

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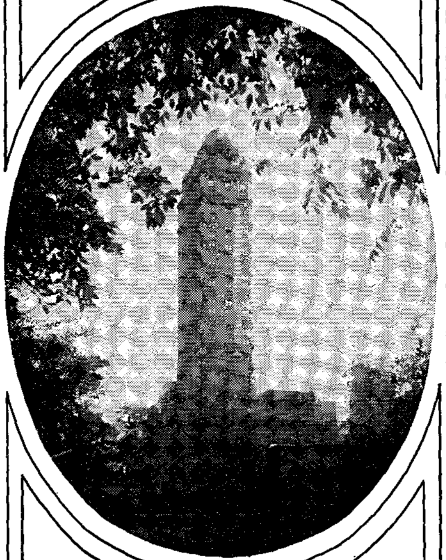

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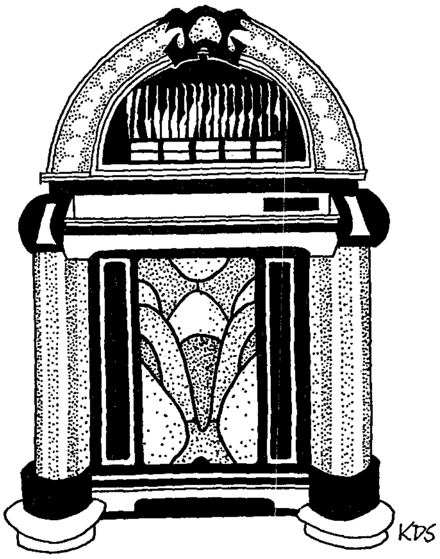
kles out of my clothes; I'd just got back from a vacation in Europe. Morty Janklow was in touch with me constantly, but I never phoned him. Morty did a most brilliant job. He was like a ringmaster. Handled the whole thing like handling tigers, and absolutely firm. Mario Puzo had the record up to now—two million five-fifty. Now 'Princess Daisy' is the world record. I'm the most highly paid first novelist and the most highly paid second novelist in the world. Of course, they'd told me a year ago about Bantam's million-dollar commitment on 'Princess Daisy.' I must say there were mornings at the typewriter during those months when I thought of that floor bid."

Naturally, newspapers all over ran items about the triumphant price obtained for the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy." And *People* ran a big feature story on the subject, with a full-page picture captioned, in the upper-left-hand corner, "The Price Went Up-Up-Up-Sa Daisy to $3.2 Million for the New Novel by the Author of 'Scruples.' " The picture showed Mrs. Krantz, wearing a bath towel and apparently nothing else, sitting cross-legged in a sauna and reading "The Letters of Virginia Woolf." A subcaption at the bottom left of the picture explained, "Krantz takes to the sauna with some highbrow reading."

A bit later on, when I caught up with Mrs. Krantz in New York, she told me of *People's* coverage of her career as a novelist. "When 'Scruples' became Number One, *People* took a million pictures of me at home, a lot of them with my husband and me together. We had to climb into a bed together and read. I had all my clothes on under a bathrobe that they had me wear. These photographers like to set things up. I remember that after 'Scruples' had been Number One for a while *Newsweek* was going to have a cover story on best-selling authors. Sidney Sheldon was supposed to be on the cover, and *Newsweek* sent a photographer around who spent a lot of time taking pictures of me. But the test-tube baby was born and the Pope died, and the cover story became a back-of-the-book story and came out a bit later. It had pictures of Sidney Sheldon and Irving Wallace and his family, and Harold Robbins on the Riviera, and me at home. They'd photographed me sitting in the corner of a sofa and holding a big goblet in my hand. They'd said to me, 'Put something in a glass that looks alcoholic.' Actually, what I put in the glass was iced tea. The way it came out, it looked as though I were drinking my way into oblivion.

"Well, after the 'Princess Daisy' auction, *People* sent over an ex-*Life* photographer to my house. He kept saying things like 'This shot is kind of dull' and 'This is a sort of boring shot' and 'Don't you people do anything interesting?' Steve said, 'Well, I jog.' He said, 'No, we won't want a jogging shot.' Well, we're not skin divers or anything. Most of the time, after all, I'm just sitting at the typewriter. Steve told him, 'We have a stationary bike upstairs.' The photographer wanted to get me in leotards on the bicycle. I said, 'No leotard shots.' Well, we happened to have bought a house with a sauna, which we don't use. The *People* photographer said, 'Put on a big bath towel and bring up a book. We'll shoot you in the sauna, reading.' By that time, after four hours of picture-taking, I was getting to be like a punch-drunk prizefighter. So I did what he asked me. He had me put on a big bath towel over my underwear, and I took a book of Virginia Woolf's letters I'd been reading—I happen to be a Bloomsbury freak—and let him pose me in that sauna. And so I learned something important—that if you ever pose for a magazine in an unlikely position, *that's* the shot they're going to use."

And thereby, in the case of this particular shot and the accompanying story, help strengthen, if ever so modestly, the golden link between the circulation of *People*—copies of which are prominently stacked at the check-out counters of suburban supermarkets,



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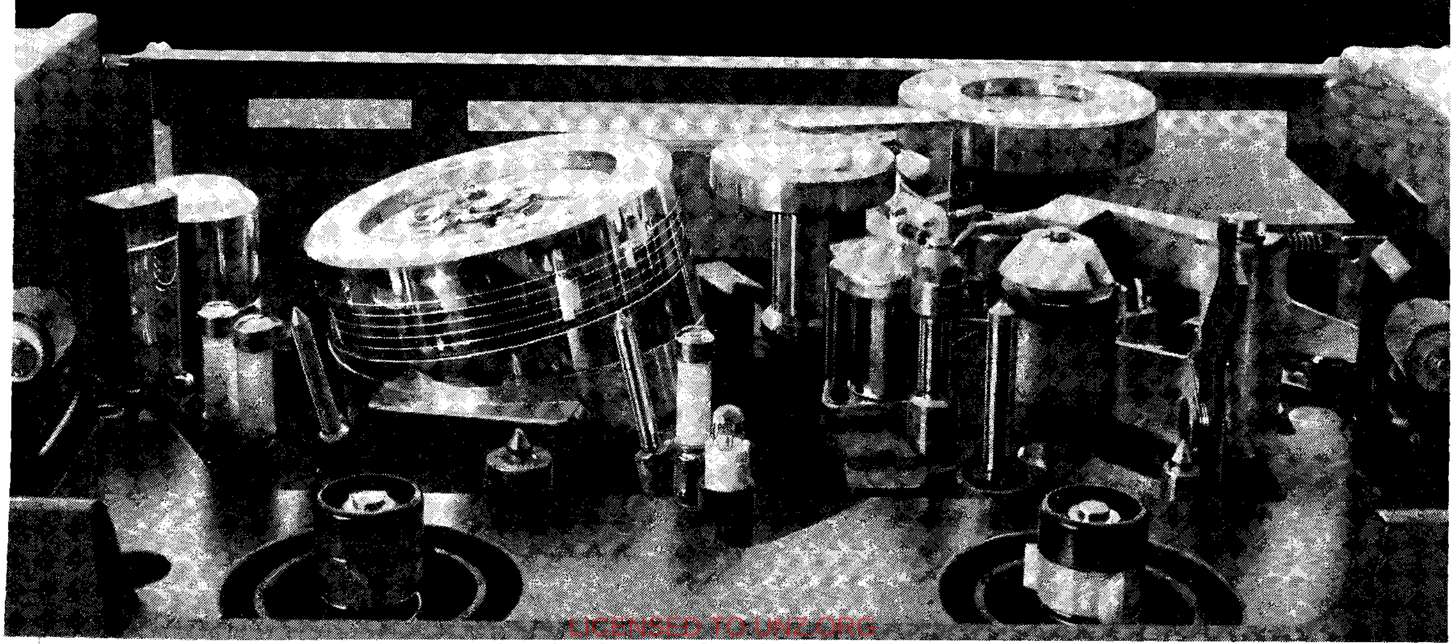

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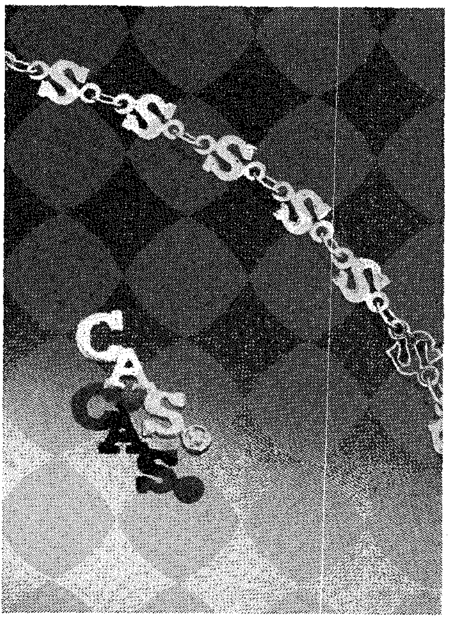
just a few steps away from the local book-chain branch—and the cause of the big book, and so intensify the exploitable American reveries of celebrity, media respect, big money. The issue of *People* containing the article on Judith Krantz and the record price for the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" was the featured subject of a full-page ad that appeared on the back page of the *Times* and other newspapers. The ad reproduced, very prominently, the picture of Mrs. Krantz in her literary-sauna pose, and the picture had a new caption underneath. It now read, "Novelist Judith Krantz may not be Tolstoy but can she boil a plot. Her not-yet-published *Princess Daisy* just fetched $3.2 million for paperback rights—the highest price in history for a mere book. Will life change? Heck no. Husband Steve made millions from flicks. . . . They've been rich for years." The themes of celebrity and big money were also prominent in descriptions within the same ad of other articles featured in that issue of *People.* Alongside a closeup of the clothes designer Bonnie Cashin was a copy block saying, "Bonnie Cashin is still cashin' in on her classic look. She's designed costumes for some 60 films, won five Coty Awards, invented ponchos for women and the layered look, grossed $25 million last year." And alongside a picture of the basketball player Ann Meyers in action on the court the copy said, "All-American Ann Meyers got $50,000 for signing with the Indiana Pacers. But the 140-pounder couldn't hack it with all those male giants." The lower part of the ad described the informational contributions of *People.* "*People's* where you learn what's doing in the world through the people who are doing the doing . . . nobody pins down the movers and shakers and makers like *People,*" it declared, and, in an aside to *Times* readers with Madison Avenue interests, it pointed out, concerning the "so many millions of today's people" who "can't wait to jump into every week's *People,*" that "they're an advertiser's dream . . . active, educated, prospering, with-it women and men" and "they're into the 1980s *now.*" And as for *People* itself, it is "where the 1980s are already happening" and "it is the super-*human* selling environment."

In the meantime, I had been back to see Janklow at his office. He was still in a good mood. "Today, I was down at Crown for two and a half hours discussing the foreign-rights sales to



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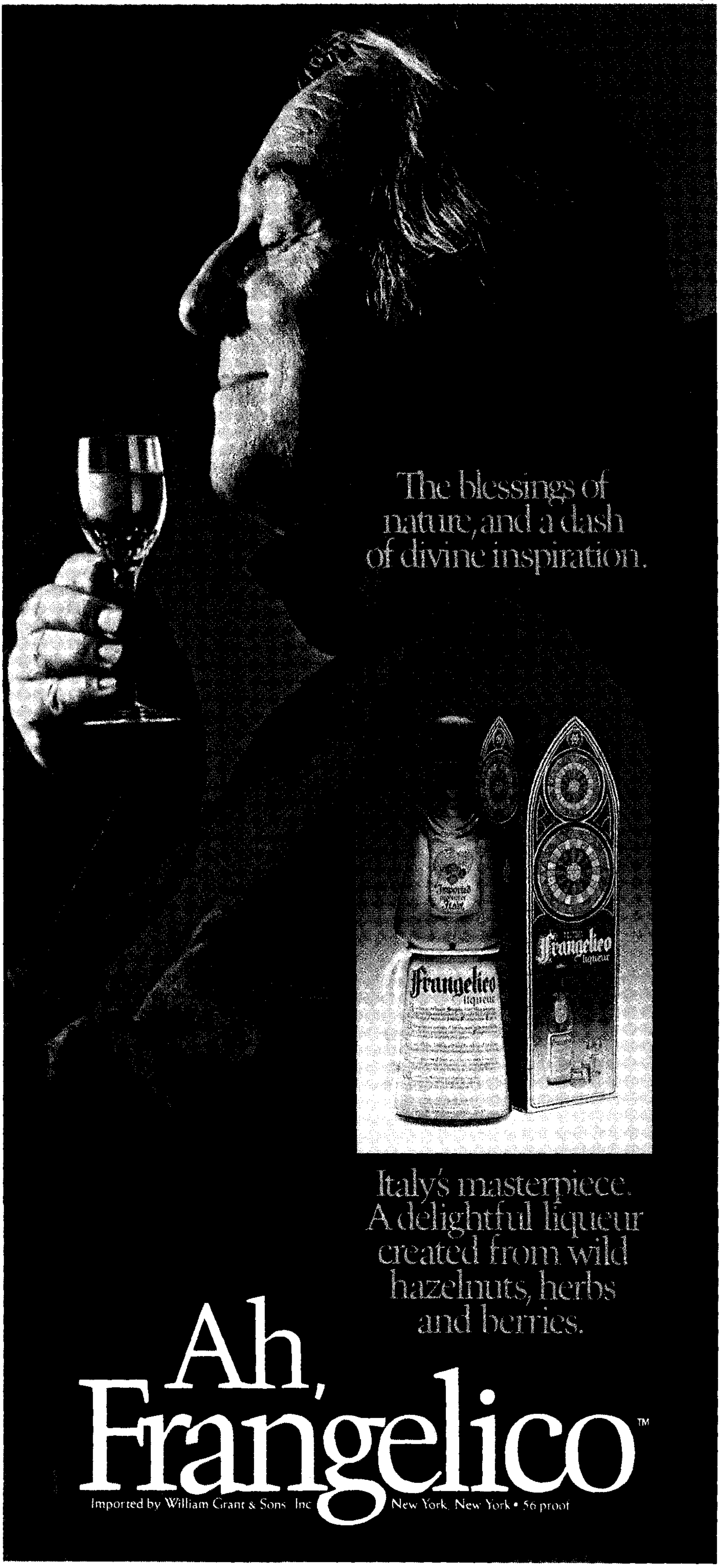
'Princess Daisy,' " he told me. "I've been getting calls from people about the English rights. Crown and I will make an English sale that will be a record sale, and when we come back from the International Book Fair in Frankfurt next month we will have *cleaned up* the foreign market. We'll have German, Spanish, French, Italian, Scandinavian sales that will all be record-breakers." So far, the foreign hardcover and paperback rights to "Princess Daisy" have totalled two million dollars. Naturally, Janklow said, the foreign-rights sales of the book had been spurred enormously by the unprecedented price obtained at the auction for the American paperback rights. "It's an extraordinary tribute to 'Princess Daisy' to have seen so many players participating at that level," he said. "Normally, you'll get only two or three players in the bidding stratosphere."

Only five days after the "Princess Daisy" auction, another book-rights auction had been held, in which Simon & Schuster's Summit Books Division auctioned off the rights to Marilyn French's "The Bleeding Heart" for a million nine hundred and ten thousand dollars. The victorious bidder had been Ballantine Books, the next-to-highest bidder for the "Princess Daisy" rights. I suggested to Janklow a short time later that the high price obtained for "The Bleeding Heart" might have represented in part a kind of momentum from the "Princess Daisy" auction, in that the money that had been allocated by the unsuccessful contestants for the capture of the "Princess Daisy" rights was already on hand for bidding at the next major book auction. Janklow agreed emphatically. "*We made that auction. We made* that one-million-nine price!" he declared. He was referring to the Marilyn French auction. "Right after the 'Princess Daisy' auction, I not only predicted the level at which the Marilyn French book would go—I also predicted who would get it. I said, 'Ballantine is sitting on just about three million dollars that they didn't spend on "Princess Daisy"—they'll be the buyer.' And I believe we made that Marilyn French auction because we'd shown the paperback business that it wasn't in such a soft market after all. I also think that the Judy Krantz book at three million two-oh-eight is a much better buy than the French book at a million nine. With 'Princess Daisy,' we demonstrated that the market is not soft for quality books. The paperback market needs these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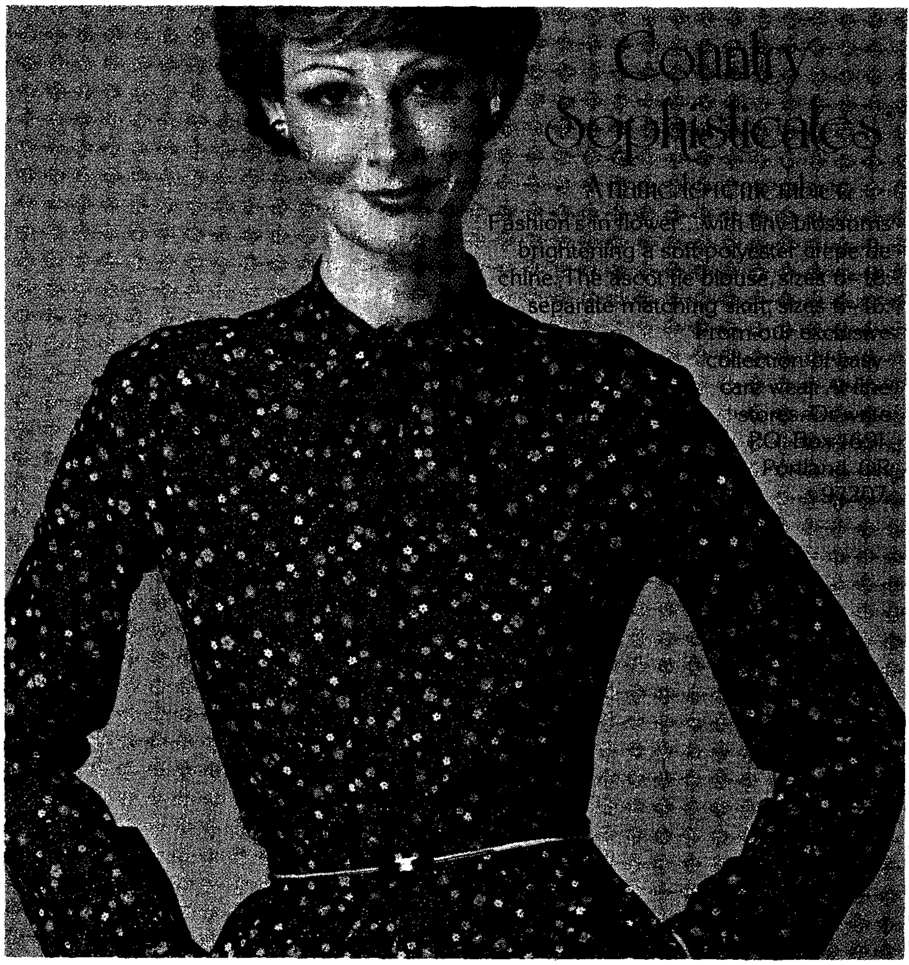
leaders more than ever now. With just so many racks at the retail outlets, these nine houses are in violent competition with each other for space on the shelf. This is a situation requiring the full use of marketing capacity. My opinion is that Procter & Gamble could hire a smart acquisitions editor and go into the paperback business tomorrow. If I owned the Hanes Corporation, which owns L'Eggs panty hose, *I* would buy a paperback house, because the two businesses have essentially the same distribution pattern. The same salesman who carries my panty hose into the drugstores and supermarkets and railroad and bus stations and airport terminals is walking directly up to the rack where the paperbacks are being sold, and I remember noticing at an Eastern Airlines terminal when I was flying to Florida a while back a rack of paperbacks and a rack of panty hose, one on top of the other. Remember that these leaders, like 'Princess Daisy,' not only capture the space on the racks but help the rest of the publisher's line get it. If you walked into a paperback outlet last spring looking for 'Scruples,' you might see a paperback rack with forty-eight slots, and eight of them would contain copies of 'Scruples'—the whole top rack filled with 'Scruples.' That was worth a tremendous amount to Warner and the whole Warner line. And when Bantam goes in, during March of 1981, with 'Princess Daisy,' the effect of this book will be like— Do you remember that political leader in New York years ago who once talked about Franklin Roosevelt, and said, 'He's like the Staten Island Ferry; when he pulls into the slip all the garbage comes in with him'? And when that Bantam salesman walks into that Okefenokee supermarket and the guy's got forty-eight spots on his rack and the salesman has this *giant*, *record* book, that Bantam guy is going to get a lot of shelf space for all kinds of Bantam books."

In anticipation of the day when the Bantam salesman walks in with the giant, record book, Janklow was already preparing the orchestration of further passages in the Judith Krantz literary career. "Movies—we've had inquiries from just about every studio and independent on 'Princess Daisy,'" he told me. "We have not made a decision yet. The only decision made is that Steve Krantz himself is going to produce it. One woman, a Hollywood scriptwriter, called me. She said it left her breathless—the best



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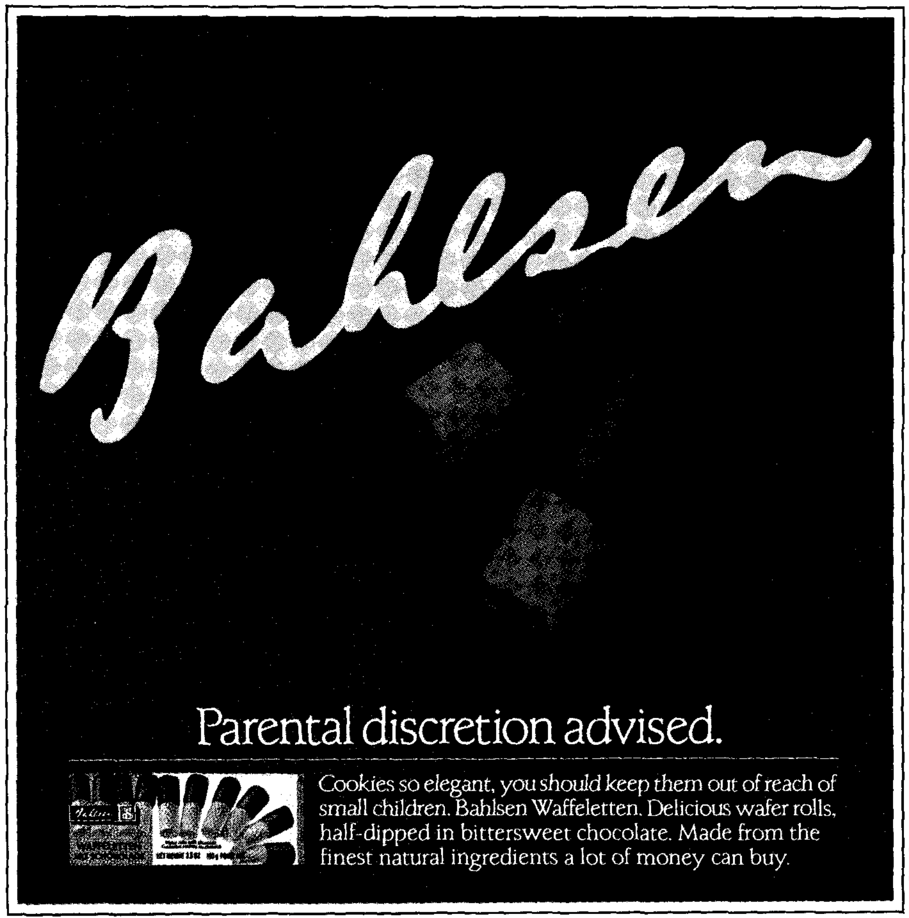

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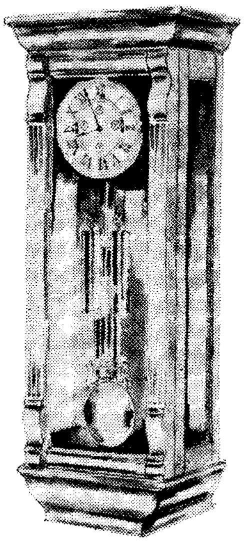
book she'd read since 'The Thorn Birds'—and she said it'll be a fabulous movie. We have Michael Ovitz"—a Hollywood dealmaker—"and his boys working on it. They've just finished reading 'Princess Daisy' over the weekend. They had a staff meeting, which we joined by conference call, about the variety of approaches possible in the dramatic sales. Michael is meeting with the Krantzes. We can sell it with Steve in the package as producer for a big amount of money and a big percentage of the gross. That's my least preferred way. Or we can put elements in it—put a line producer under Steve, put in a writer, a director, maybe a star or two, then package it ourselves, present it to a studio in a completed or semicompleted package, which tends to increase the value a lot. We can go so far, if we choose, as to independently finance it. There's nothing to stop us from going to NBC now and selling for seven or eight million dollars the rights to the as yet unmade movie, and then going to Home Box Office or Viacom and selling them the syndication rights after television, then taking that money and going to a German or Canadian tax-shelter group and getting the rest of the financing, and financing the picture on our own, and making it, and then going to Paramount and saying, 'You can have eighteen per cent to distribute it.' We'll make our decision as to just how to go in in our own good time. We don't have a book"—the hardcover edition of "Princess Daisy"—"till March, and we don't have the paperback publication till March of 1981, so we're eighteen months away from the paperback as we sit here. The timing has to be right. The paperback should have its own run, and then there will be the movie, and that will give the paperback of 'Princess Daisy' its second life. 'Scruples' is going to have a second life in paperback after the hardcover publication of 'Princess Daisy,' because that will send further huge numbers of people to buy 'Scruples.' And 'Scruples' will begin yet *another* life in paperback this coming February, when the six-hour mini-series based on the book goes on television. That's in production now. The most expensive movie per hour on television ever made. When that movie goes on television, we'll sell a further million and a half copies of 'Scruples' in paperback. That timing is all set. In the meantime, I'm getting ready to set the periodical-serial sales for the hard-



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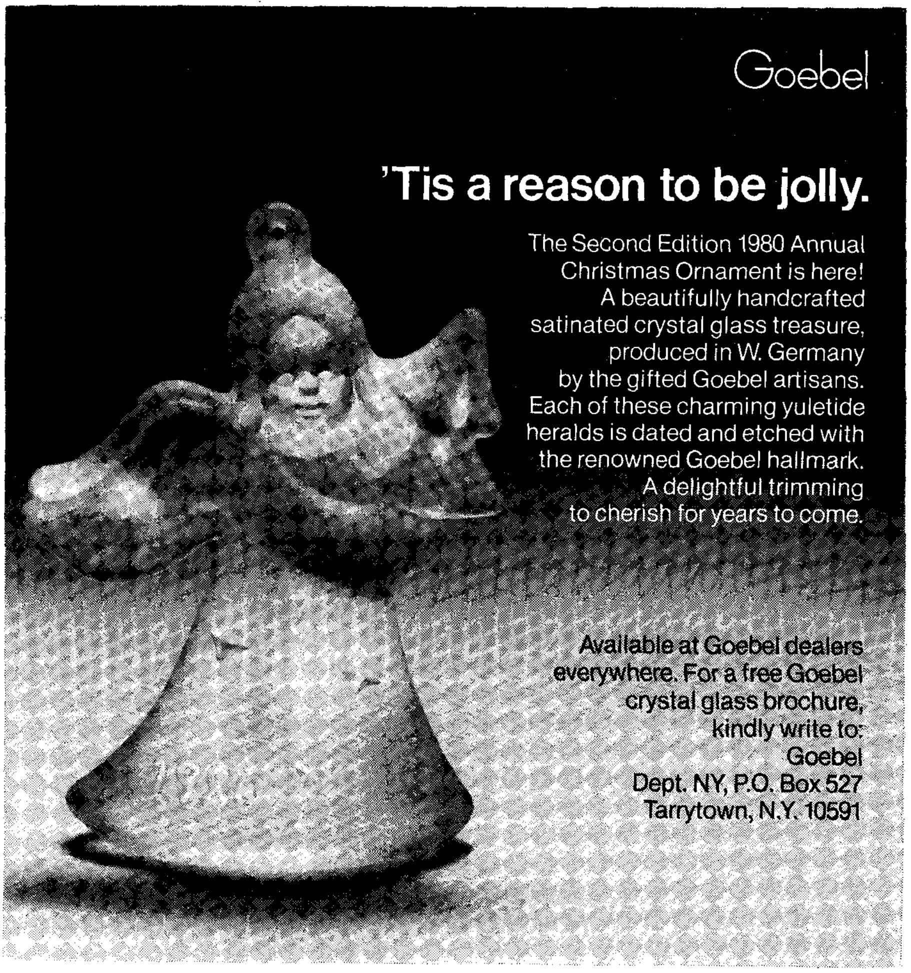

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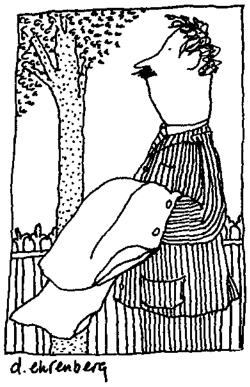
cover of ‘Princess Daisy.’ I have three interested magazines, and I have told them they’re going to have to pay a hundred thousand dollars or more for the serial rights. And they’re begging for a look at the manuscript. I want the cover of *Ladies’ Home Journal*, or whatever, for March, because the issue dated March will go on the stands in February, and while the book itself has a March publication date the books will actually be in the bookstores by the end of January or the first week in February.”



We discussed the economics of the publication and sale of the paperback edition of “Princess Daisy.” Just after the auction of the paperback rights, the Bantam people had estimated that they would have to print between four million and six million copies of “Princess Daisy” in order to recoup the three million two hundred thousand dollars paid out as an advance—the exact number of copies depending on the price at which Bantam decided to sell it. Janklow told me that since “Princess Daisy” would be more than five hundred pages in paperback, he believed that the price Bantam would set would probably be three dollars and fifty cents a copy. Janklow picked up a trade newsletter from his desk and read me an item saying that sales of mass-market paperbacks had risen four and a half per cent in the first six months of 1979. Then he said, “And here they’ve been screaming about a soft market, and all the big prices they have to pay for book rights. It shows you what a nickel-and-dime business this is. The big paperback publishers like to talk poor. Look, suppose they plan to put ‘Princess Daisy’ on sale at three-fifty a copy and then they get a pulp-cost increase—they’ll just add another quarter on the price. What do you think it costs now to print four and a half million copies of ‘Princess Daisy’ in paperback? With the glossy cover? In runs of a million? Thirteen and a half cents a copy! There’s a *gigantic* swing between cost and profit when you get into huge printings, and the fact that the paperback publishers are crying poor is to affect *me* as much as anyone else. Now, there’s a lot of incremental cost involved, sure. Suppose the book is going to sell at just three dollars. Most authors get a royalty of ten per cent; I see that mine get fifteen. (And my author, for ‘Princess Daisy,’ gets to keep seventy per cent of the paperback proceeds—not fifty or sixty, as most authors do.) That’s forty-five cents right off the top from Book One sold. The distributor will get a discount of between forty-seven and fifty-two per cent of the retail price, so Bantam is selling ‘Princess Daisy’ to the distributor for a dollar-fifty. Then the distributor has to give the retailer a discount. Where does the other dollar-fifty go? Bantam has that dollar-fifty, less the author’s royalty. That means that Bantam is left with a dollar and five cents. It’s got promotion, it’s got corporate overhead, it’s got to contend with returns. Do you realize that there are many paperback books that come back to the publisher in the *unopened* cartons in which they’ve been shipped out, and that not only does the paperback house have to credit them but it’s got to pay shipment to and from the retailer? Getting the books onto the shelves, getting them *moving*—that’s what the business is about. And it pays to have some big books to do that. On a lot of paperback titles, the returns can average thirty or thirty-five per cent, and they can go as high as fifty per cent. But I say that there will be *far fewer* returns on ‘Princess Daisy,’ and that’s what’s going to make a big difference. Do you know what happens when the returns go down from fifty per cent to only twenty per cent? The difference all goes to the *bottom line*, because it’s *all profit*—the paper’s been paid for, the transportation’s been paid for. So any time you can show me a business where I can pay thirteen cents for a product, and have a dollar-five or ten or fifteen gross profit before expenses, that’s a good business. And, as to how good a business it is, I’ll give you the whole history of modern book publishing in two sentences. Just four years ago, Charles Bluhdorn, the chief executive of Gulf & Western Industries, *brilliantly* acquired Simon & Schuster, its backlist, Pocket Books, Fireside Books, all its imprints, its furniture, equipment—the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel—for ten and a half million dollars. And four years later I’ve got almost *one-third* of that amount for the paperback reprint rights

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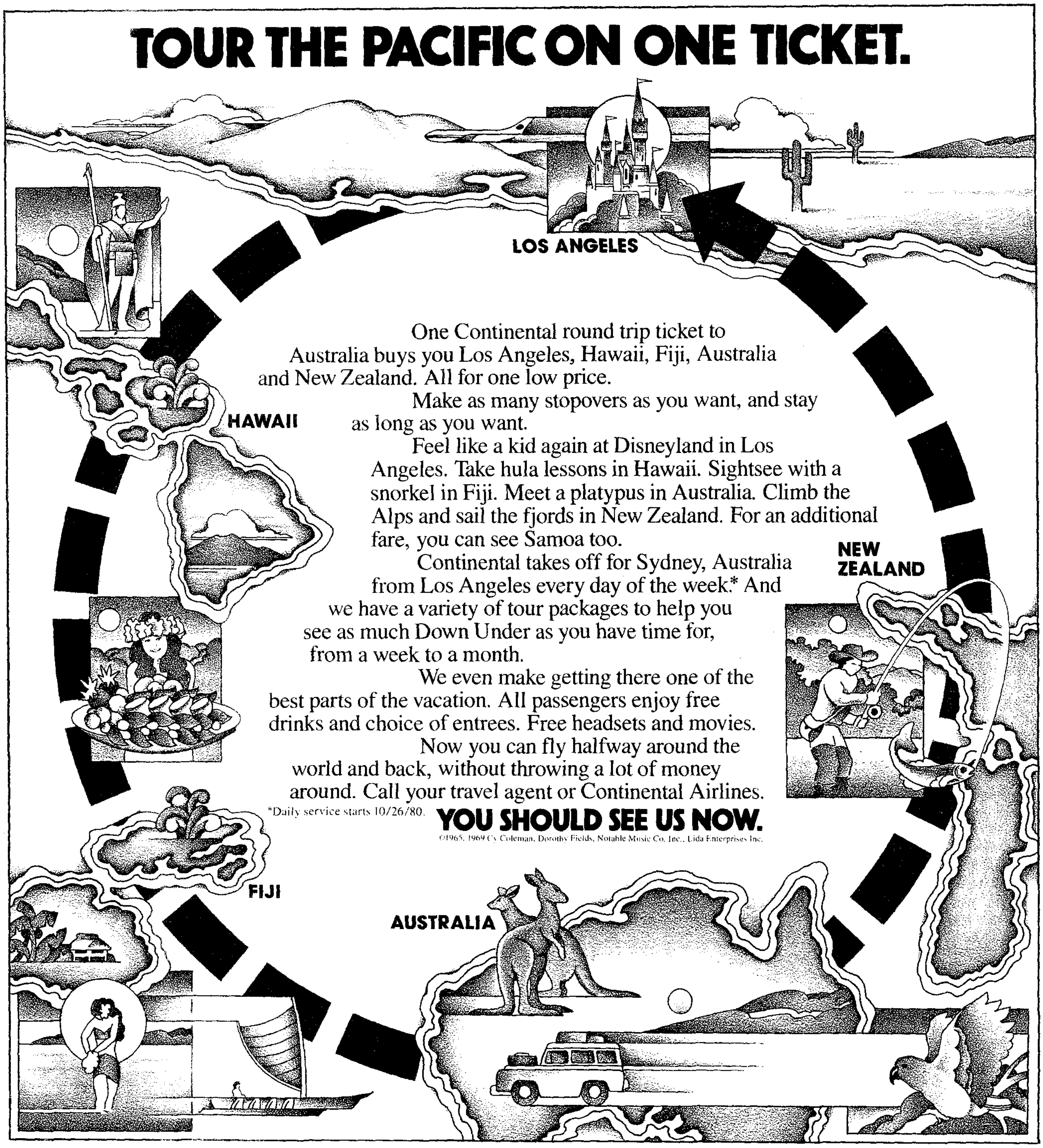

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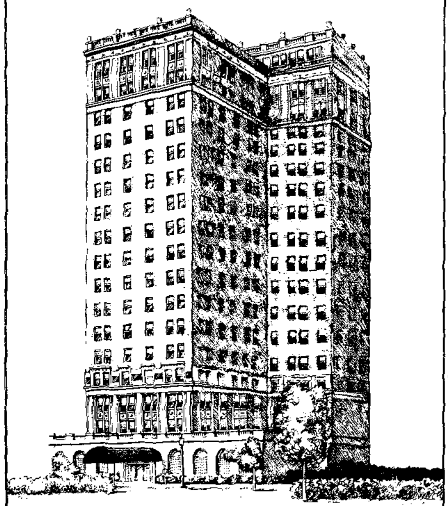

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THE extraordinary transformation of the American book-publishing industry from what was once, for the most part, a diverse group of independently owned concerns into subordinate divisions of corporate conglomerates has undoubtedly had many effects whose nature has not been fully comprehended even by people who make their living in the business, and there does not seem any reason to believe that they might necessarily have been better comprehended by people in, say, government. During the past few years, however, the wave of mergers and the increasing concentration of publishing houses in the hands of a few conglomerates or large communications companies have drawn the attention of various governmental agencies concerned with the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. As a result of one federal investigation, the Justice Department in 1978 brought an anti-trust suit against CBS, charging that CBS (whose share in the paperback-publishing business up to 1977 had consisted of ownership of Popular Library), by acquiring the major mass-market-paperback house Fawcett Publications, had taken an action that might substantially lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly in the mass-market-paperback business. That litigation is at present in a pre-trial stage. Again, for some months the Federal Trade Commission has been investigating the acquisition of the Book-of-the-Month Club by Time, Inc., in 1977, to determine whether or not that may be in violation of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. Further, the F.T.C. is known to be in the preliminary stages of a broad investigation into the book-publishing business as a whole, with special attention to trade practices that might be construed as restricting fair competition in the industry. And, yet further, a subcommittee on anti-trust, monopoly, and business rights of the Senate Judiciary Committee has been holding hearings concerning concentration in the book-publishing and bookselling industries. Just what is likely to come out of all these inquiries is an open question. It could be that some specific regulatory measures will eventually be taken—concerning, for example, the ownership by one conglomerate of competing subsidiaries or segments in book publishing, or concerning book-distribution practices—which will have

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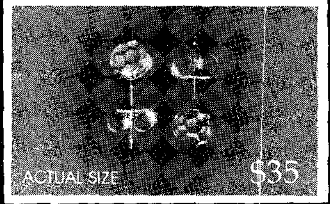

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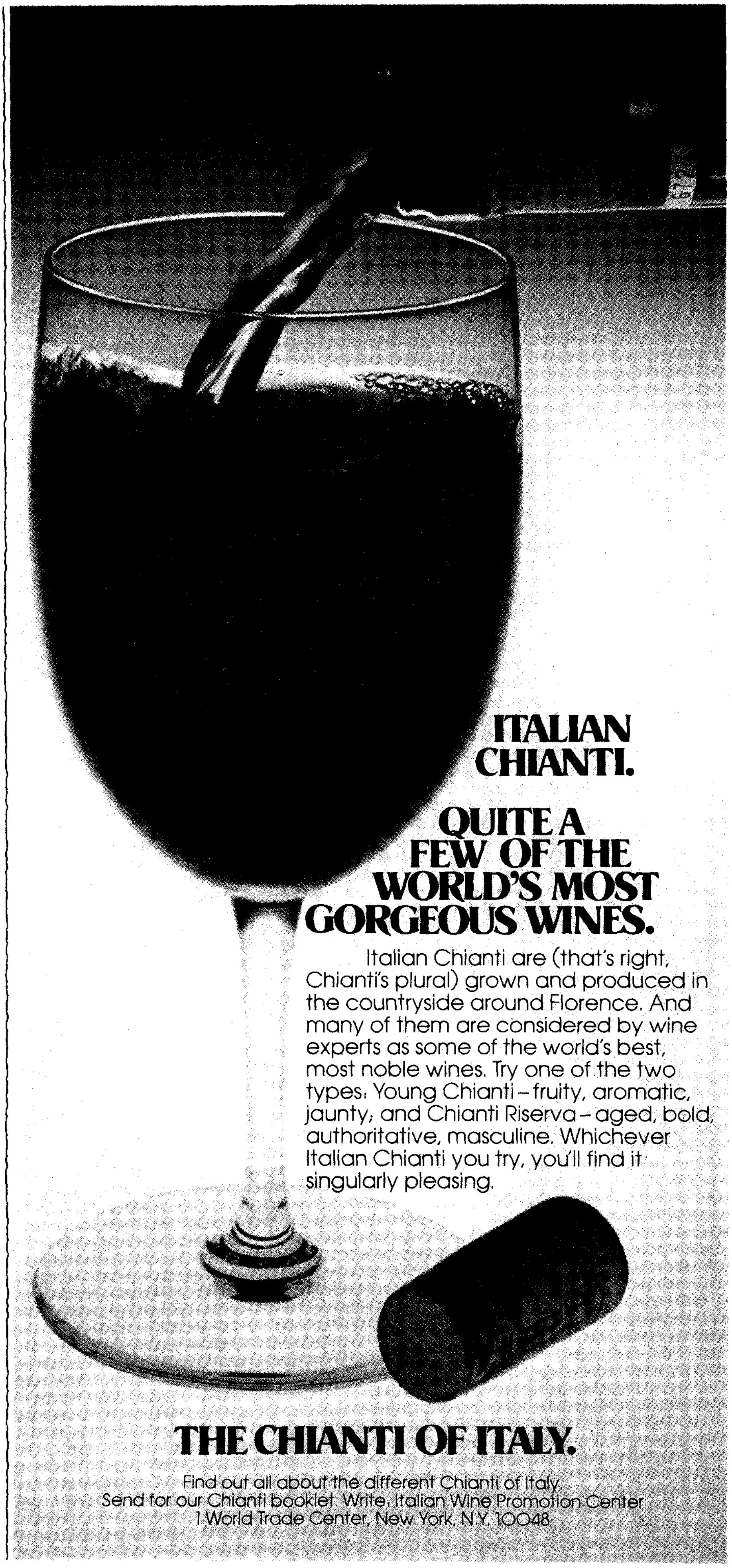
the effect of increasing competition within some areas of the industry, but it seems unlikely that such specific measures will materially affect the prevailing course of increasing concentration in the business as a whole. The rate of mergers and conglomerate acquisitions of publishing houses might slow in relation to the rate during the past decade, but there certainly does not appear to be any foreseeable end to these big-company acquisitions, let alone a reversal of the trend. And it must be noted that the big wave of mergers and sales of independent family-owned book houses took place in large part because the federal estate tax put huge difficulties in the way of planning and carrying out an orderly and rational transition from one generation of publishing-house proprietors to another. Unfortunately, governmental action now hardly seems likely to remedy a situation that government policies helped to bring about in the first instance. Perhaps the best that can be hoped for in this area is that the government can be brought to restrain actions by its own agencies which tend to increase rather than decrease concentration in the publishing industry—for example, the I.R.S. ruling that publishers are not entitled to tax write-downs on books held in inventory, a ruling that will unquestionably have the effect of encouraging publishers to clear out from their inventories books that have less than spectacular sales, and thus of escalating even further the current emphasis on blockbuster books.

The controversy over conglomerate ownership and control in the book industry has often been debated with such passion that a lot of the facts at issue have become somewhat obscured. Not all aspects of the existing panorama are necessarily as dark as they are apt to appear to the more vehement opponents of the conglomerate role in book publishing. For example, there have been widespread fears that conglomerate control of publishing houses will result in some kind of censorship or backstage blacklisting of books critical of or abhorrent to the political or economic outlook of the conglomerates concerned. It is possible that this is occurring, but I have come across no evidence of it. Indeed, in the present period of conglomerate ownership of publishing houses there may actually be less direct censorship or refusal to deal with politically unwelcome ideas than existed in family-owned independent publishing houses, because these were often run in a manner that



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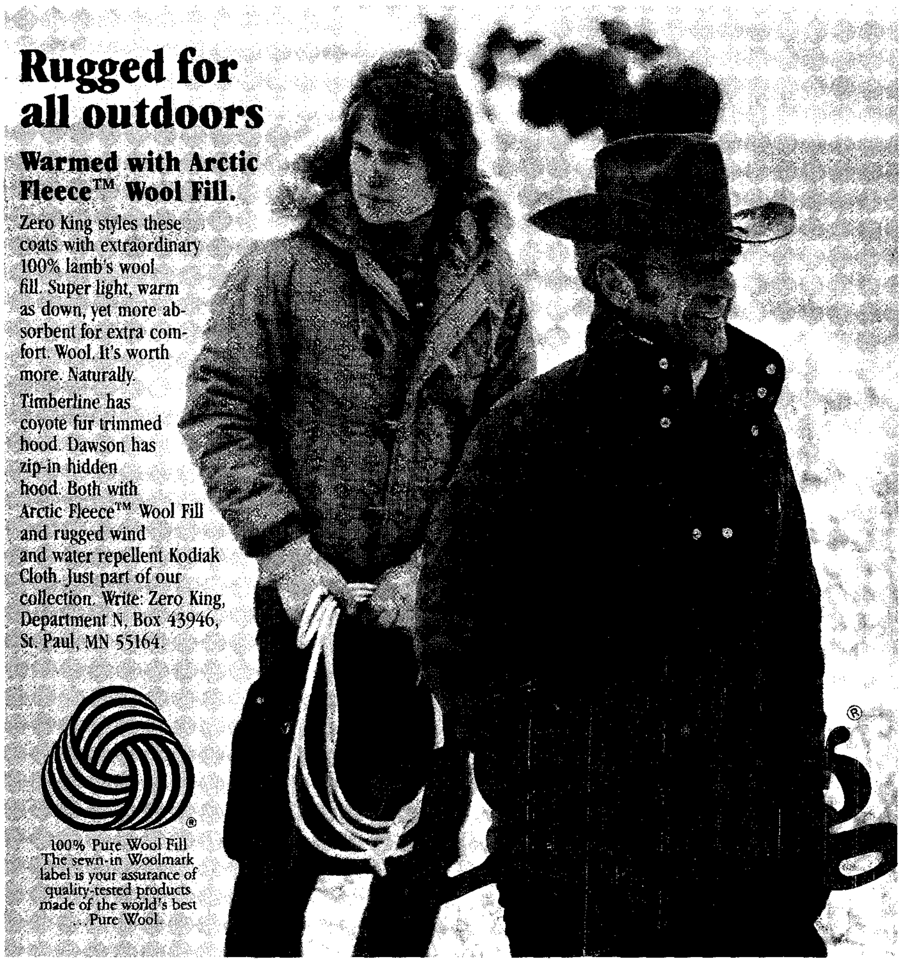
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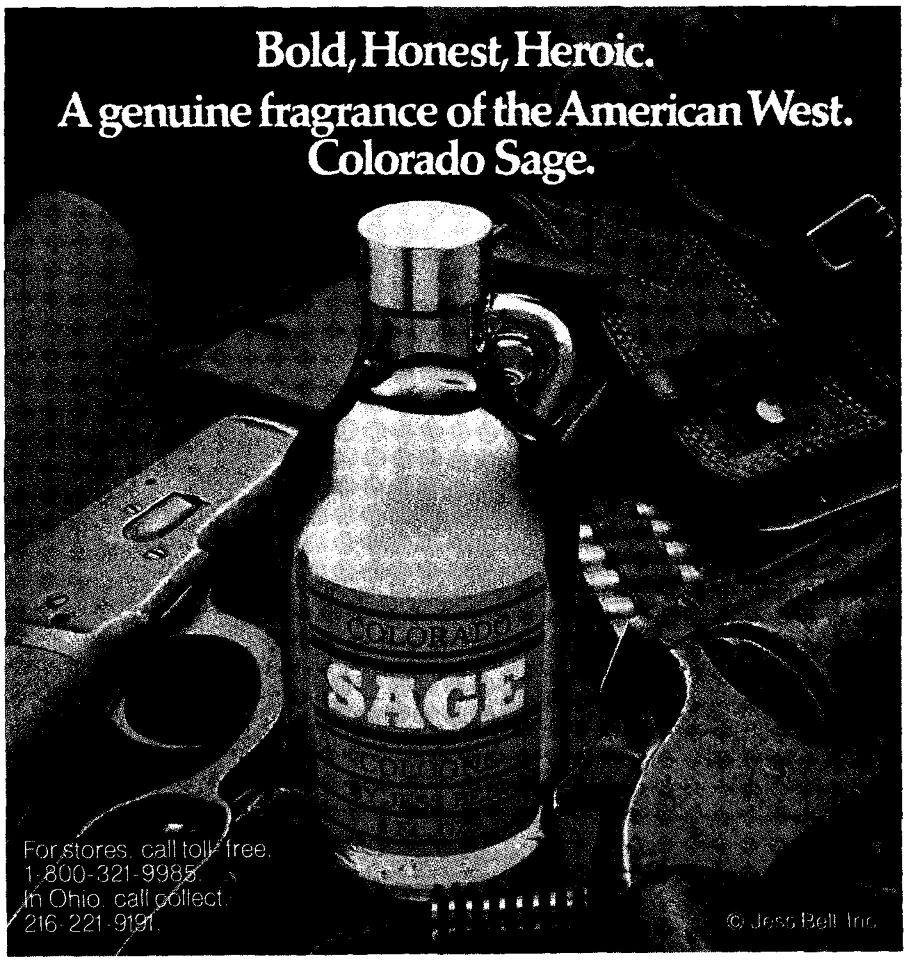
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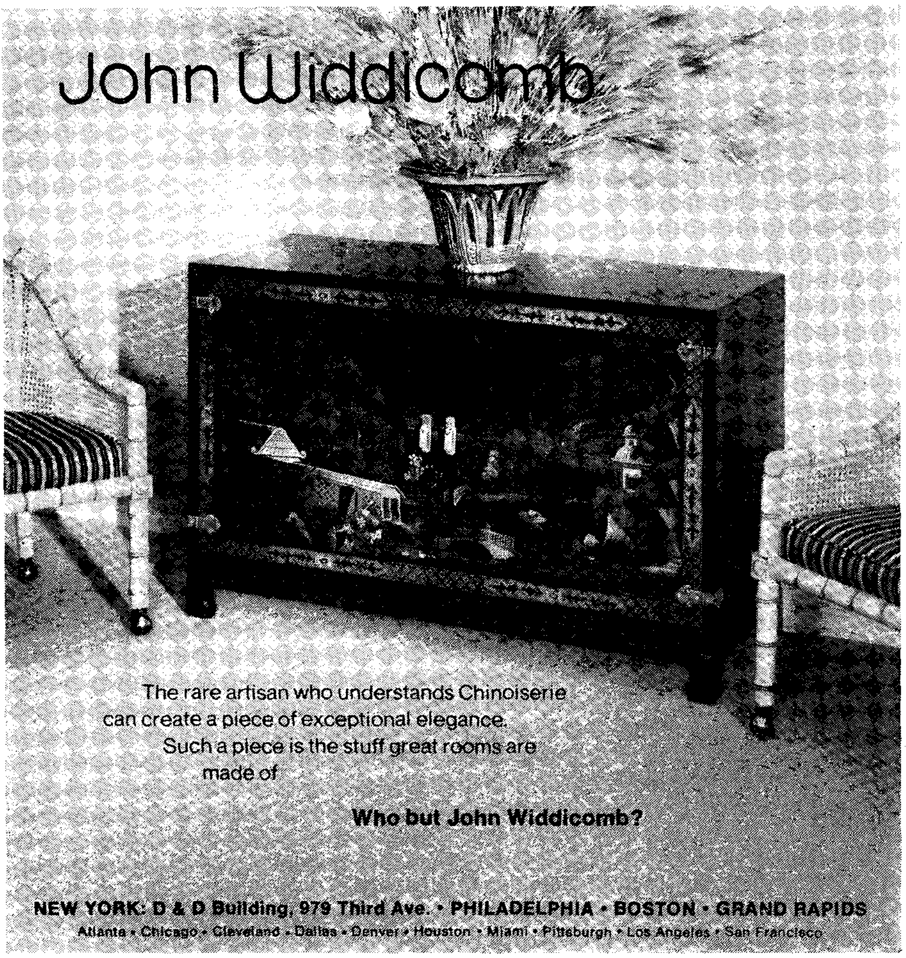
was not only idiosyncratic but peremptory. According to A. Scott Berg's recent biography of Maxwell Perkins, the rumor around Charles Scribner's Sons after Ernest Hemingway submitted the manuscript of "The Sun Also Rises" was that Charles Scribner, the president of the house, had such strenuous objections to the work because of its frank language concerning sexual matters that only a threat of resignation by Perkins induced him to agree to publish it (and that even then many of those references had to be eliminated or toned down by the author before the book was actually published). And it might by worthwhile to recall that George Orwell's masterpiece of political satire "Animal Farm" was turned down by several houses before it was finally accepted for publication in Britain, and also turned down by three publishers in this country before it was accepted by Harcourt, Brace. That refusal to deal with the ideas of a remarkable writer was a result not of big-business pressure but, rather, of the reluctance of people in the independently owned American publishing houses, who were generally very liberal, to take on a book so bitingly critical of the Stalinist regime at a time when the expression of anti-Stalinist sentiments was often regarded as dubiously motivated propaganda likely to interfere with postwar Soviet-American relations.

So far, then, the imputations of incipient conglomerate political censorship appear to be unfounded. But if a manuscript, political or nonpolitical, fiction or nonfiction, comes in to a present-day conglomerate publishing division and is seen as one to which the paperback rights can't be sold off before it ever gets out of manuscript form, that is another matter. The rejection of such a manuscript is never considered to be the result of conglomerate censorship or interference with the free flow of ideas. It is merely a decision by acquisitions editors and subsidiary-rights directors—all of whom are only too well aware of their accountability to the corporate bottom line for their individual "performance"—as to how well the book appears to fit into an over-all big-book marketing plan. And if the negative decision is passed off to the author involved as the result of considered editorial judgment of his or her book's intrinsic artistic merit, the rejection cannot be called censorship, perhaps, but the result for the author is just as unhappy.

Another aspect of conglomerate control of contemporary book publishing which may be incompletely understood has to do with the assumption by many of its critics that conglomerate common ownership of motion-picture companies and record companies as well as book-publishing companies means that various corporate arms of particular conglomerates are going in for a great deal of quiet inside trading with one another—that movie rights, television rights, recording rights, paperback-reprint rights to a particular book are being jointly developed and exploited by the various divisions of a single conglomerate, the effect being to keep the book out of a truly open market. It may very well be that such "basketing" of hardcover, paperback, movie, and other rights within the divisions of conglomerates or big communications companies was envisioned as an important part of the grandiose corporate "synergy" projected in the big conglomerate expansion during the past decade or more. But on the whole things don't seem to have worked out that way. While the people in the paperback division and movie-production division of a conglomerate often do get an inside track on the content and availability of commercially desirable works from the hardcover-book division, and while that often makes for a competitive advantage to the divisions of the conglomerate, it does not assure that the various rights to the works are going to wind up being owned by those divisions. For a division to get advance knowledge of the availability of rights to a work does not necessarily mean that it buys them. While there certainly may be some of this kind of inside trading, I have been unable so far to discern any general pattern of



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favoritism between divisions of conglomerates concerning the sale of subsidiary rights to hardcover books—a pattern indicating, for example, that the movie-production division of a conglomerate is regularly selling movie-tie-in publication rights to the paperback publishing arm of the same conglomerate. However, several hardcover and paperback publishers I have talked to do concede that pressure from the management of conglomerates on their divisions to engage in special deals that have the flavor of inside trading is a possibility they always have to reckon with. Oscar Dystel, of Bantam, said of that possibility, "We're watching the situation very carefully." Certainly it seems that the power grabbing and restraint of free commerce that could arise through this kind of inside dealmaking is something to be taken seriously and monitored closely.

In any event, the fact that this sort of inside trading hasn't developed isn't necessarily ascribable to any inherent shyness on the part of conglomerate managements about giving their divisions inside advantages. Rather, what has inhibited them most seems to be the vastly increased power of at least some authors' agents, whose ability to grasp control of literary and other rights is something that the conglomerates had not reckoned with in expanding their communications empires. And it seems an ironic circumstance that conglomerates in the publishing business should be held back from further exercise of their economic power largely by agents who, by exacting ever higher prices for big-book hardcover and paperback-reprint rights, have themselves helped to escalate the blockbuster wars—wars that have had profoundly distressing effects on authors who may be writers of considerable literary worth but whose works are not considered compatible with big-book publishing practices. A rather slender reed against which to lean the integrity of contemporary American literature, it seems.

On the current book-publishing scene, there still are many small, independent publishers of specialized books in hardcover form. And an entrepreneur needs to have no very large amount of capital on hand to enter this business, because once he has a promising manuscript in his possession he can subcontract the design of the book, choose a printer, and make an arrangement with an existing publishing house to use its sales-and-distribution

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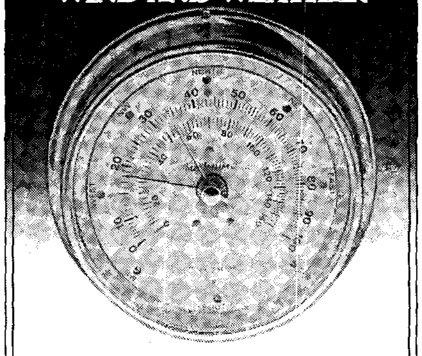

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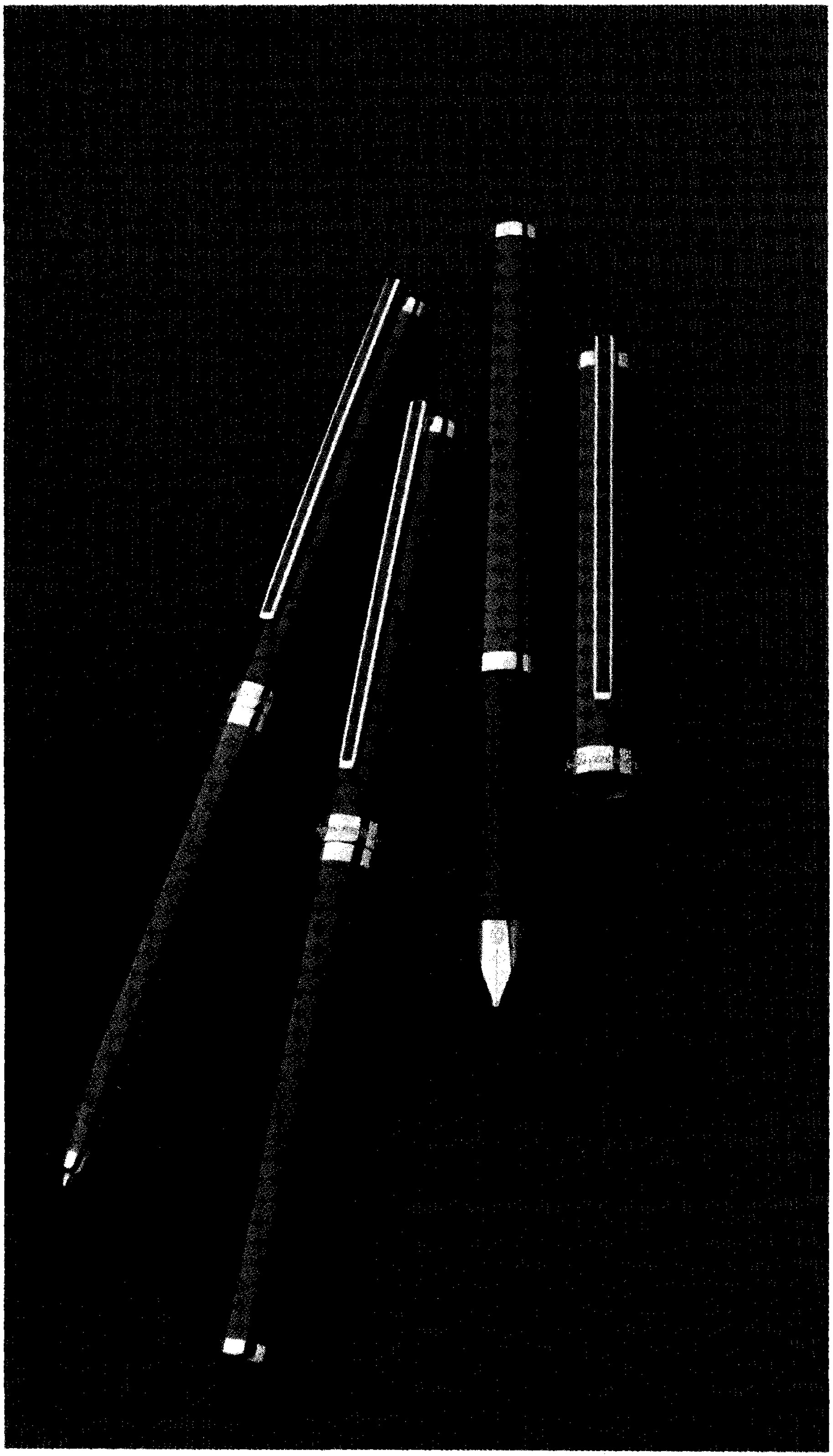
system to get the book sent around to the bookstores. Then, there are editors who, stepping aside from regular staff employment at a publishing house, elect to make special profit-sharing arrangements with that publisher or another—arrangements in which the publisher puts out under the editor's imprint books that the editor has acquired. In a way, the juggernaut advance of big-book publishing may have given special impetus to the more ingenious and spirited of those editors, since comparatively few manuscripts and authors are considered to be in the big-book league; and some of the better university presses have similarly benefitted from the availability of manuscripts of merit that the big conglomerate-owned houses are not interested in touching.

But all these activities considered together are hardly likely to affect the course of big-company, big-deal, big-book publishing. Richard Snyder, the president of Simon & Schuster, predicted some time ago that concentration in the book-publishing industry would probably continue until most of the industry is under the control of a few large corporations, "like the seven sisters of the oil business." If he is right, one can estimate the effectiveness of future governmental regulatory action to slow the trend by what the government has done to control the seven sisters in the oil business. In any event, something else seems to be involved in what has happened to the book business—a force that is fused with and yet extends beyond conglomerate power itself. That combine might be called the siren sisters of hype. By that I mean the ever-increasing power that can be marshalled and focussed in the communications-and-publishing business through the manipulation of all the diverse and highly interactive elements of modern mass-merchandising, advertising, and promotion techniques to attain commercial ends—a force that large organizations, power combinations in themselves, have come to understand and invoke. It is hype that seizes what is exploitable and dismisses what is not. Hype expresses its ideals in the exaltation of large numbers—in numbers of copies peddled, audiences reached, prices demanded and paid, dollar records broken and broken again. Of all the large numbers, the largest, most celebrated in hype is also the smallest: Number One. Number One is the star buildup by the well-plotted campaign to reach the magic threshold where the mass media, having



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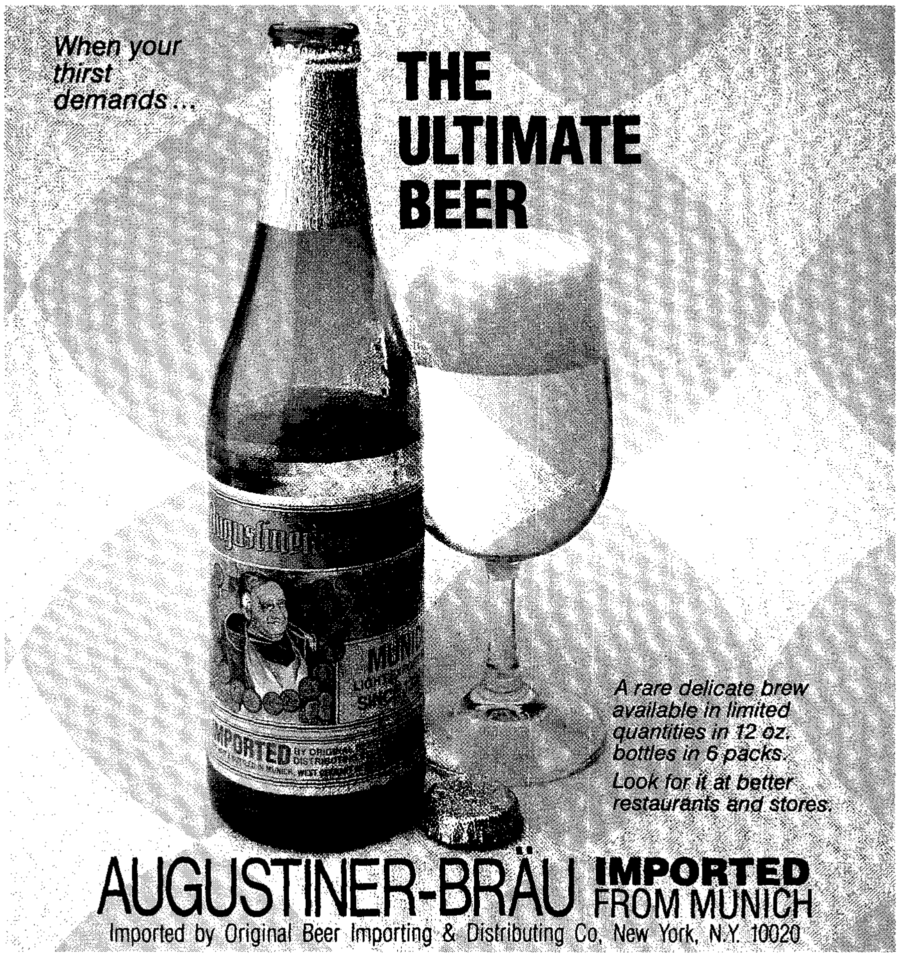
been the target of the hype, accept the newsworthiness of the subject and actually become supplicants for the subject's time and attention.

Given the big-time, big-money, winner-take-all system so evident in the movie industry, the television industry (including the television news industry), the record industry, and so on, it seems logical that the system should spread to the business of the publication and selling of books, under the financial control of vast organizations whose managers know about mass-merchandising techniques. It's not that the managers of conglomerates controlling the publishing divisions practice those techniques themselves but that they tend to *understand* the commercial power that these techniques can produce. The actual day-to-day activities of their acquired publishing houses are at some distance from those conglomerate overseers. The overseers of the diverse businesses merged into their corporate enterprises tend to have little emotional connection with "the product." Their real interest is primarily technical; it is in efficiency, the bottom line, rather than in details of the content of "the product." This remoteness may account in part for the lack of corporate pressures on the publishing houses they own concerning, for example, the political content of the books published. But they are likely to remain equally remote from the commitment to ideas and the nurturing of the best in literature which were the hallmark of the best of the independent book publishers. (One recalls the painful spectacle of the house of Knopf, once merged in good faith with Random House, then bought, along with Random House, by RCA, and then, along with the other divisions of Random House, unsentimentally put on the block by a bottom-line-minded RCA management and left dangling in limbo for about half a year, until the whole publishing complex was picked up at a bargain price by the Newhouse newspaper interests.) The managers of conglomerates controlling publishing houses are there to insure the constant elevation of annual net profits, and they have greater rapport with hard-nosed mass-merchandising techniques than with the muse. All those considerations have their place in supporting the unrestrained reign of hype, with its seemingly irresistible attraction for opportunistic and big-money writers, and its eerie capacity for luring and ensnaring unwary artists and for turning them, often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against their better judgment, into travelling salesmen and TV pitchmen, and even causing some of them to make foolish talk, in television appearances, about their contributions to the free flow of ideas. The kind of emotional remoteness from "the product" which one senses in the conglomerates' central-management people now seems to be communicating itself to the people who are directly in charge of the publishing houses owned by the conglomerates, and more and more it seems that books are being regarded as interchangeable products somehow possessing, because of the manner of their promotion, a strange sort of uniformity. What is particularly striking to me about the frantic mass-merchandising and big-book promotions is the *undifferentiated* quality of what is being hawked once those books not singled out as potentially big money-makers have been, in effect, thrown into the discard. After all, some good books written by talented artists also sell well. But the nature of hype is really to obscure such distinctions. The books that are put out by the existing machine in hardcover and paperback may include works that are brilliant, works that are banal, and works that are miserably written, but they all tend to be inflated to approximately equal pressure, equal dimensions, by the hot air of hype—they all are made to seem strangely alike. Take any one—it could be good, it could be bad, or, as one woman in Hollywood who knows the publishing business put it to me, "it could be a pair of shoes." It's all treated as "product." And that is so because the mass merchandising, the hype, the frenzied pursuit of Number One which the book-publishing industry has turned to as a central and universal tool is in its very essence anti-art, and even anti-thought.

SOMEONE who is standing near the heart of conglomerate involvement in the book industry but is neither a professional writer nor a publisher nor a conglomerate manager might naturally view all these developments in a different light. Felix Rohatyn, a senior partner in the investment-banking concern of Lazard Frères, is such a man. A month or so after the auction of the paperback rights to "Princess Daisy," I called on Rohatyn at the office of Lazard Frères, in Rockefeller Center. Lazard Frères is the force that has been responsible for bringing together the interested parties and mediating or negotiating

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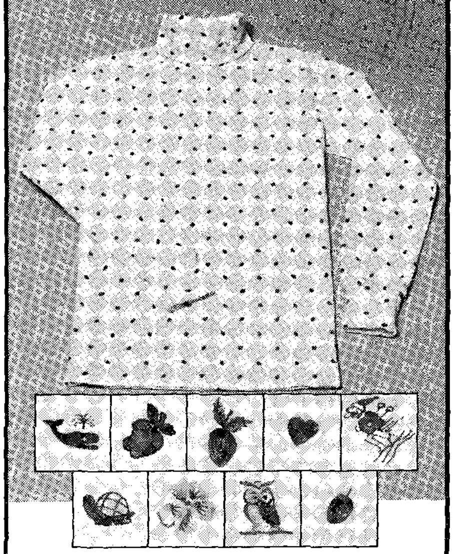

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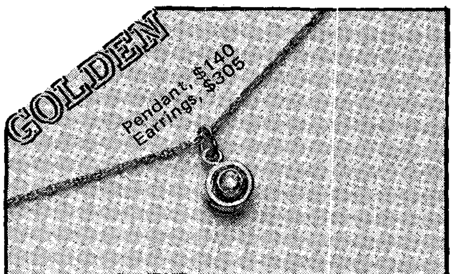
the basic conditions of a number of the biggest mergers of publishing companies into conglomerate or big communications-business organizations over the past twenty years or so—deals such as the acquisition of Random House by RCA (and its recent resale to the Newhouse interests), the Viking-Penguin merger, and the acquisition of the Book-of-the-Month Club by Time, Inc. In many of those big deals, Rohatyn—who, in addition to the position he occupies at Lazard Frères, is a director of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation and the chairman of the New York Municipal Assistance Corporation—has been a central figure, and not necessarily in the role of a mere passive broker. In an age of huge corporate mergers and acquisitions, Rohatyn is recognized in the world of big corporations as someone who knows the workings of Wall Street inside out, who knows where the money and the power lie, and who is in a position to advise the parties to possible deals who can get what, and when and how, to best advantage. In a way, I think of Rohatyn as resembling the Hollywood dealmakers I have encountered—the packaging specialists who talk about "the spontaneous *generation* of a literary property." But while these people are putters-together of scriptwriters and such "elements" as actors, directors, and producers, and do fancy fiddling with TV- and paperback-tie-in rights, the kind of "spontaneous generation" that a Rohatyn engages in concerns "literary properties" representing not mere bits of film, film scripts, and their rights and subrights but, rather, entire publishing entities, including their directors, staffs, and backlists (which are the artistic and intellectual inheritance of the whole course of the publishing houses' existence), and also all the contracts that their current and past authors have ever entered into with them, and what he generates is whole new corporate combinations involving those entities. There's nothing in the least bit immoral about this, of course, from the point of view either of the corporations involved or of the dealmaker himself. It's just part of the dynamics of the corporate market. Rohatyn himself is a man of culture, a reader in several languages on a very wide variety of literary as well as technical and professional subjects.

My interview with Rohatyn began with a discussion of the background of many of the original publishing mergers; namely, the need for the founders



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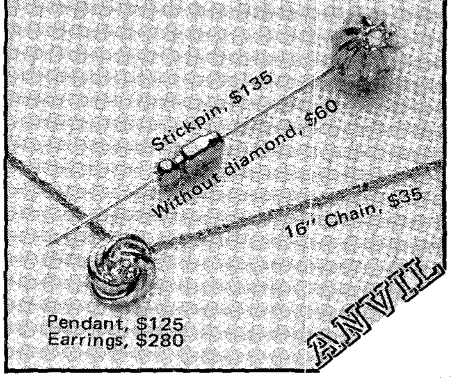

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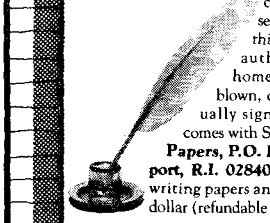

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of family-owned independent publishing houses to exercise foresight in order to keep their companies from being broken up because of estate-settling problems. Then Rohatyn said that a big emerging issue in the publishing industry is "the cost of doing business, and the prices, which have been going out of sight, that have to be paid for literary properties." He continued, "It was one thing for Bantam to pay as much as a hundred thousand dollars for a book, but now it's paying a million, two million, three million, and the gambles now are just so great that the companies involved, unless they're very big companies, can't afford to take them."

When I asked him about the probable future of the merger trend in book publishing, he said, "I don't see this trend abating, necessarily, just because of the costs involved in doing business. Whether the companies themselves get together and form larger publishing conglomerates, on the order of McGraw-Hill, or whether they join up with a company like Time, Inc., the economic forces that make the business costlier and riskier and more heavily financed will go on, and therefore the requirement of size will continue."

I asked Rohatyn, concerning "the requirement of size," whether so-called economies of scale were considered a major factor in this continued concentration.

He said he thought not, since most publishing companies didn't own their own printing facilities. "It's the risk in buying rights that has become the big consideration," he went on. "When you have to plunk down three million dollars to buy the rights to a book of which you've read perhaps five chapters, you're rolling with very big dice." He indicated that the net effect was likely to be "further concentration or at least further agglomeration under one corporate roof."

I observed that the hoped-for cure—that is, further concentration in the publishing industry—seemed to me to be less a remedy than a part of the disease.

Rohatyn replied, "When these publishing companies become parts of larger companies, which can take bigger risks, they pay more for rights, and that brings the level of everything up to a different scale. It's a vicious circle. You talk about the notion of a cure. I don't think there is a cure. There isn't a cure for this situation any more than there is a way to operate a tiny automobile company today. But then I'm

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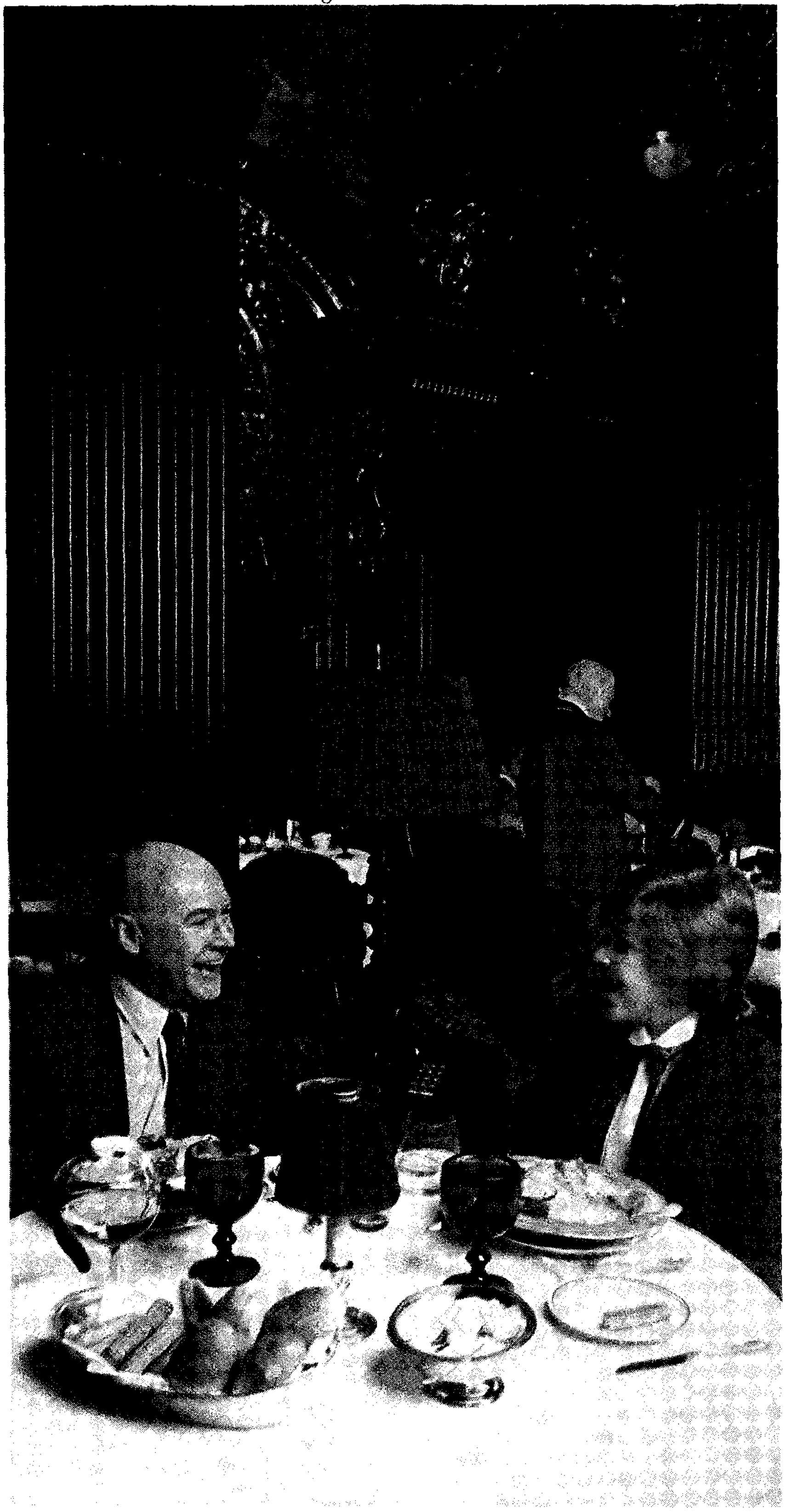

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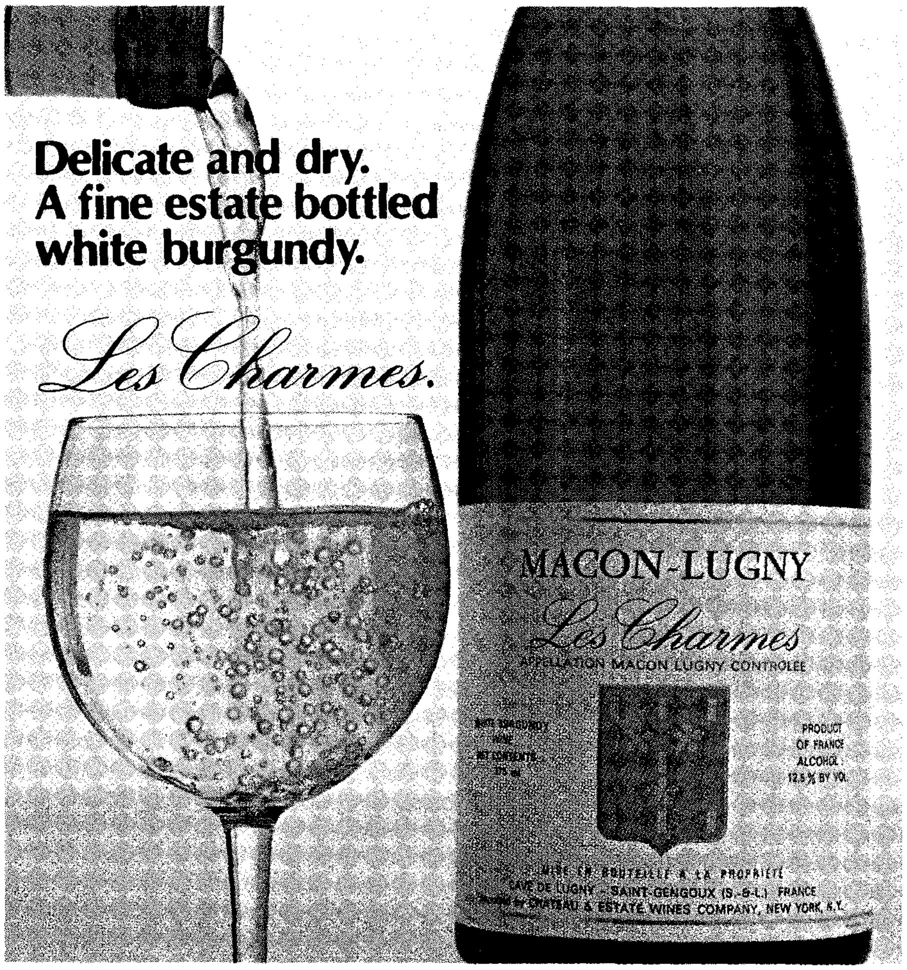
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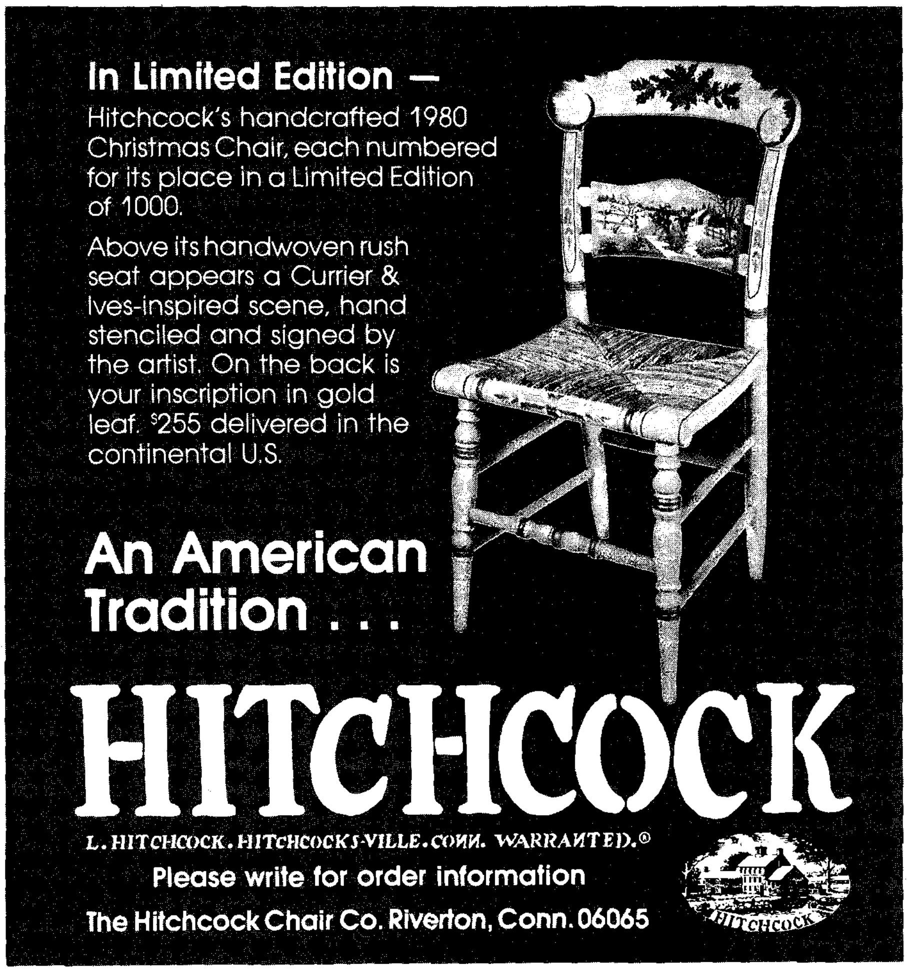
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not sure that you have a disease. You have a situation that has changed."

I referred to the sense I had developed that the "situation that has changed" had caused substantial diversions of time and energy in the publishing industry from concentration on developing works of literary merit to such matters as auctions and the advance peddling of subsidiary rights.

Rohatyn replied, "I don't know the answer to that. It's a very serious question. Because I know how businesses work. And whatever businesses you're in, from the point of view of conglomerate management your attention is demanded by that area of the business where you have most at stake. And the stake is, increasingly, whether you're going to roll the dice for the latest novel by some woman living in Los Angeles who writes a thinly veiled account of scandals in the cosmetics industry; and when you have to decide whether you pay three million bucks for it, and hang all that out there in front of an unsuspecting public, while you may have a budding Faulkner trying to break through—I don't know whether he'll make it. My view is that he'll get the attention of somebody, but I don't know whether it'll be the right person. I think this: There's always a counterreaction. A trend always creates a countertrend. And the race to vulgarity that we've been involved in over the past fifteen or twenty years is going to create its own counterpressures, in the form of demands for quality, and for talent."

Concerning the supposed pressure that acquired publishing companies were subjected to from conglomerate headquarters, Rohatyn said he didn't himself have a sense "that you have a bunch of accountants descending on these people all the time." He went on, "The marketplace is more insidious than management. Look at the hoopla over that Henry Kissinger book when it was published, with television appearances and so forth. It's the dynamics of the marketplace at work. You can't fight that. Either you have to wait for the environment to change or you nurture new organisms that will cater to something different."

Then he said, "Everything in this world has turned into show business. Politics is show business. Running Chrysler is show business—look at Lee Iacocca trying to get the attention of Congress by running full-page ads in the newspapers. When I keep trying to keep New York City out of bankruptcy, there's a lot of show business involved. Sports is show business, and Henry Kissinger is show business, and when they popped two million dollars for his book they had to recoup it by throwing a big number on television, with his world-statesman posture and all the rest. You package all these things. That's the reality of the marketplace. And then you have this appetite for vulgarity, which seems limitless—as witness what the paperback houses are bidding millions of dollars for. Those are the realities of the marketplace. So, as I've said, everything in this world has turned into show business. And if you're not in show business you're *really* off Broadway."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

SEATTLE

Rick Hoff went fishing for his doctoral dissertation and took more than a year to catch a fish, but then he wasn't using your standard hook and line.

Hoff, a graduate student at Washington State University, was fishing with his own home-made replicas of the gear used 2000 years ago by Indians who lived near the mouth of the Hoko River, just west of Sekiu.

He made hooks from Indian plum wood with bone barbs. He made line from kelp, soaking it repeatedly in salt water and trying it to make it tough and pliable. He used squid for bait.

No luck.

He asked Harold Ides, 80, a Makah Indian, to help him locate the halibut grounds off the mouth of the river where Ides remembered fishing in his youth.

Still no luck.

Finally, Hoff got permission to dangle his hooks at the Seattle Aquarium.

Voila!

He watched fish go after the bait and spit out the hook. He realized that the barb was too short. He adjusted his gear, hooked two fish at the aquarium and returned them unharmed to the tank.

Finally, Hoff returned to the Hoko. Again no luck. The tide turned, the fog rolled in and just as he was ready to return to shore a hailstorm struck.

He decided to wait it out and kept fishing. When he felt a slight tug on the line, he refused to let his hopes rise.

•

GET THE HANG OF IT

Wallpapering a room isn't all that difficult. But for your first effort, pick a small room and one without openings, such as doors, windows and cabinets.—*Ottawa Journal.*

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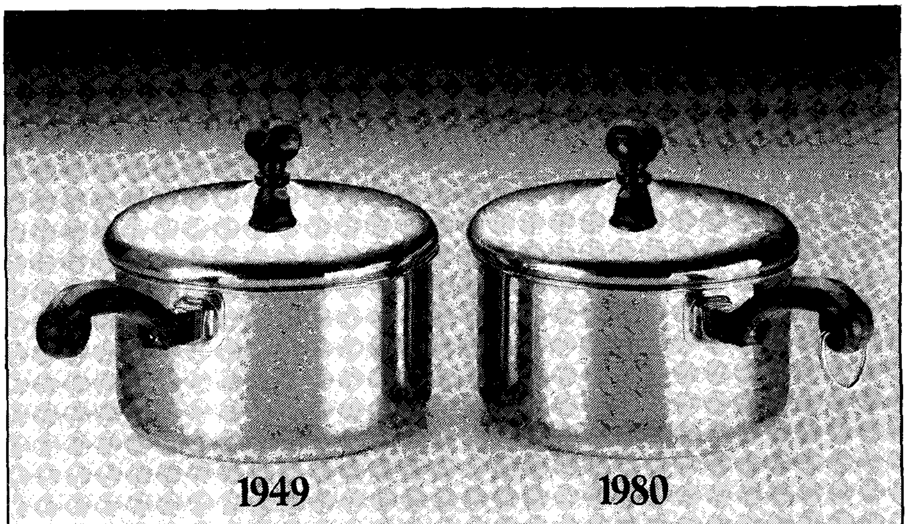

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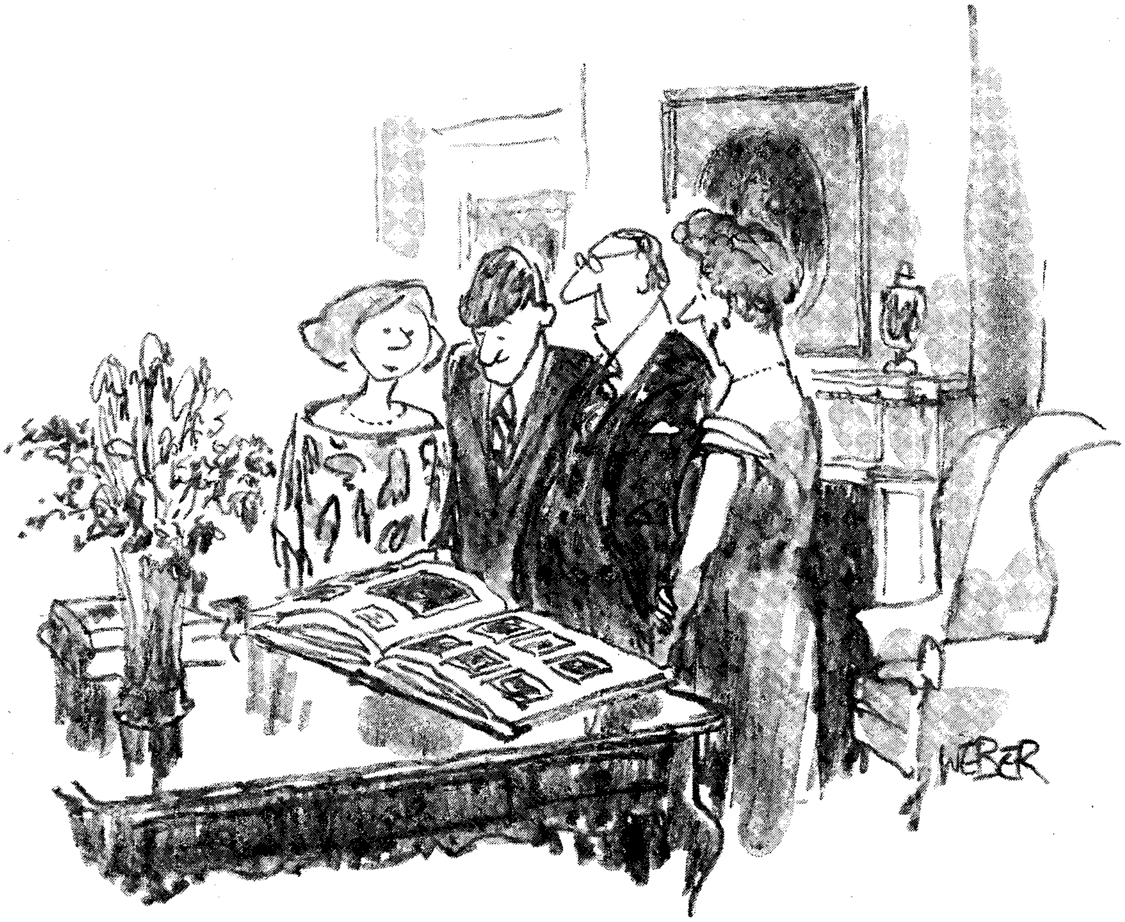
THE THEATRE

Troubled Gods and Mortals

NEWLY arrived at the Circle in the Square is a production of Euripides' "The Bacchae," translated and directed by Michael Cacoyannis and starring Irene Papas and Philip Bosco. It is an ambitious undertaking and, I'm sorry to say, an unsuccessful one. Shakespeare is reputed to have had "little Latin and less Greek," and I am one with the Bard in this respect, if in no other; still, I feel competent to say that, however faithful to the original Mr. Cacoyannis has attempted to be, his translation wavers uneasily between the vernacular and the bombastic and often has an air of careless haste about it, as when, at one point, we hear mention of thunder when lightning is surely the noun called for and, at another point, we are told that a character will "suffer pain insufferable," which comes close to being nonsense. Philip Bosco and Tom Klunis are admirable as the aging Cadmus and his companion, the blind soothsayer Tiresias, but Christopher Rich as Dionysus and John Noah Hertzler as Pentheus are mere lightfoot lads (shades of A. E. Housman instead of Euripides!), lacking weight and force. Dionysus is, after all, a proud and reckless god, son of the great Zeus himself and bent upon making the world recognize him as such; Pentheus has succeeded his grandfather, Cadmus, as ruler of Thebes. When Pentheus is enraged to learn that the women of the city have gone off to the mountains to revel in amorous disarray as priestesses in the cult of Dionysus, his response should be loftier than that of little Lord Fauntleroy throwing a tantrum. Irene Papas, looking more darkly beautiful than ever, has the classical training to play Agave, daughter of Cadmus and mother of Pentheus, but she happens to be a character much talked about and rarely seen, and her few minutes onstage as the play reaches its horrifying climax are scarcely enough to justify the long, dull passages of song and speech that precede them. The moment at which Agave discovers that she has been the unwitting murderer of her son is often cited as one of the most moving episodes in Greek drama; in this production, it leaves us largely unaffected. For one thing, Pentheus has been so tetchy a monarch and so ill-mannered a grandson that we have no greater sympathy for him dead than we had for him alive; for another, Agave carries about her in pride Pentheus' severed head, believing it to be that of a lion, but such is the cleverness of contemporary artisans working in plastic that the head is uncannily realistic: only blind Tiresias would be likely to labor under any misapprehension about whom it had belonged to in life.

The setting and the costumes are by John Conklin, and they are startlingly unsuited to each other. The setting is so modest as to consist of little more than a covered pit in the center of the stage, serving now as a forest, now as a prison, now as a tomb; in the background are a few ladderlike forms, up and down which the chorus and other characters awkwardly clamber. The costumes worn by the chorus are grotesque. Of many colors and of a variety of thick stuffs, they help to conceal the bodies of the Bacchae, which may well be a blessing, but I wonder what the degree of their authenticity can be; they kept putting me unluckily in mind of Gilbert and Sullivan and the blithe ballad "A wand'ring minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches," which is surely as far from Euripides as a conscientious theatregoer is apt to get. The costumes of the palace guards are of black leather, hung with chains; in their case, I felt closer to Greenwich Village than to the fierce sunshine and shadow of Greece in the fifth century before Christ. The lighting



"And that's a snapshot of me when I was in the Navy. Muriel says I was cute, but I leave those judgments to others."

is by Pat Collins, and the intermittent music is by Theodore Antoniou.

THE well-known comedian Shelley Berman, who is often to be seen standing up in night clubs and sitting down in movies and on TV, is appearing at the Bijou in a one-man taradiddle that he calls "Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman." Many of Berman's comic routines have to do with telephone calls; I have laughed at them in the past, and no doubt I will laugh at them again in the future, but I think he has made a mistake in coming to Broadway. On opening night, he seemed morbidly lonesome onstage, and his liveliest moments were when he improvised a few wisecracks about a fly—a real fly, not a plastic one—that had entered the Bijou and was dive-bombing him. Later, a heavy rainstorm started drumming on the roof above us. "There's a plane somewhere in this theatre," Berman said, in a tone of characteristically hard-pressed anxiety. The rain stopped, and Berman went on to describe the love relationship that must exist between a performer and his audience, and I didn't want to listen to a word of it. A comedian is a teller of jokes, and if he has what he thinks of as a "philosophy" about his occupation, he had better keep it to himself. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Pastoral

HUGH LEONARD'S "Summer," at the Hudson Guild, is as humorous and as melancholy as his "Da," yet utterly different in mood. Three couples, plus the son of one couple and the daughter of another, are seen at two picnics, six years apart, on a hill overlooking Dublin. At the opening, the stage lights go off and almost immediately go on again to reveal all the characters sprawled or sitting on the grass in the sunshine. (A good effect, but here is a play that badly needs a curtain.) The day is Sunday, and the year is 1968; somebody's radio is playing the Beatles' record of "When I'm Sixty-four." The couples, who appear to be in their late thirties or early forties, have known one another for years—the husbands, at least, are old friends—and the marriages are growing stale or have become bleak. Yet they all seem to get along in a cheerful way—publicly, that is, for there is an undercurrent of sexual dissatisfaction and an overcurrent of restless-

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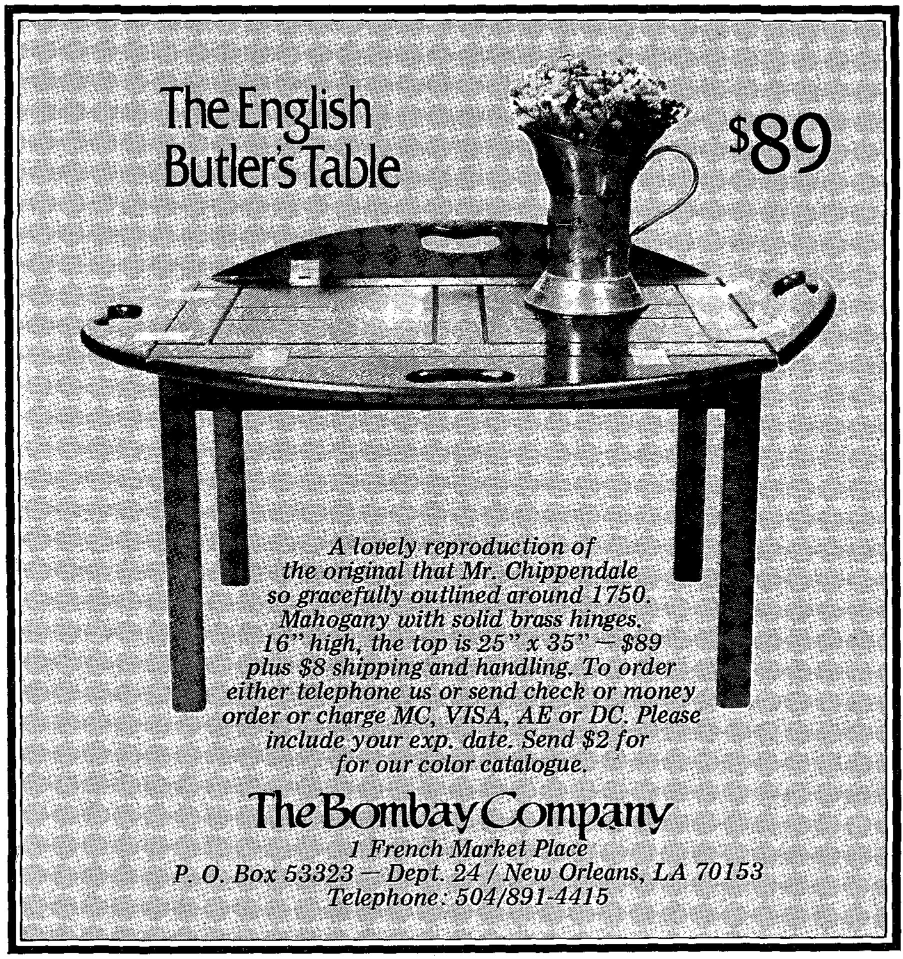

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ness. Quarrels and irritations between husbands and wives—trivial now but with the seeds of future trouble—blow up and blow over. A love affair between a weak and snobbish and philandering bookseller and the wife of a prosperous builder begins shortly before the first picnic and has come to a miserable end shortly before the second.

"Summer" is concerned with the ties of friendship and with adjusting to private tragedies and with any number of other abstractions, but it is, most particularly, a play about these eight people and what happens to them, singly and in combination, over six years. It is also very much a play about Ireland in the modern world and what has happened to it. The love affair, with its miserable ending—the lovers are overheard by a devout and shockable woman, and their affair is exposed—is probably the principal strain that holds the play together, but it is one of several stories. Everything seems to occur so naturally that one tends to forget what a powerful, subtle writer Leonard is, and the performance, under Brian Murray's fluent, unobtrusive, and equally powerful direction, is a perfect match.

Swoosie Kurtz, as the wife of the philandering husband, is seemingly casual and cheerful in her acute unhappiness in the first act; in the second, she has become the successful and chipper proprietress of a dress shop, free and apparently fulfilled. Then she says to him, after his affair with the builder's wife has been brought to light, "I don't care—I haven't for years," and we understand how deeply she has been hurt by her dead marriage. Her acting is a mystery and a miracle; we scarcely know she is around until she wants us to. Thomas Carlin is splendid, too, as the rich cuckold—at once greedy and vulgar, generous and sensitive. His line "It takes years to get used to people. You learn to put up with what you'd have killed a man for" is, in its way, as key a speech as there is in the play. Pauline Flanagan is to the life the exposer, whose innocence and non-stop religiosity both amuse and irritate *her* husband. He, poor soul, father of four in Act I, father of six and slowly going broke in Act II, is very well played by James Greene. Mia Dillon (the Yellow Peril of "Da") is transformed from a lumpy, awkward seventeen-year-old with her mind on foreign travel in Act I to a trim young matron with a husband in Cork and a baby on the way and troubles of her own in

Act II. The others, also good, are David Canary and Charlotte Moore as the lovers and Victor Bevine as another seventeen-year-old who grows up. Admirable setting, costumes, and lighting by Steven Rubin, Jane Greenwood, and Dennis Parichy, respectively.

"ALBUM," which may restore the fortunes of the Cherry Lane after a season or so of hard luck, is a comedy by David Rimmer about being young in the sixties. Long ago and far away. In a series of brief scenes, we follow two high-school girls and two high-school boys from the age of fourteen to eighteen and graduation—or, more precisely, from sexual experiments and dreams to fulfillment. Mr. Rimmer's writing is as delicate and firm as their behavior is fumbling and tentative. Many of his points are made by the rock recordings that underline the scenes, for music is a determining element of the play and surely of the lives of the characters. One of the girls has pasted pictures of the Beach Boys over the photographs of her relatives in the family album, one of the boys seems to identify with Bob Dylan, and a pair of them run away from the graduation dance to listen to the just released "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

I found most of what went on diverting, in a remote kind of way, but I must report that my juniors in the audience responded with joyous recognition to every flick of the action. No question about the production, though. The acting, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver, is as near perfect as makes no matter. Keith Gordon is the dark, stormy Dylan admirer; Jan Leslie Harding, another stormy brunette, is the Beach Boys fan. Jenny Wright (direct, blond, and Doris Dayish) and Kevin Bacon (somewhat square and troubled) complete the foursome. The settings—bedrooms, dormitories, a summer camp, the edge of a quarry, a cheap motel room—designed with rare economy by David Potts and lighted by Jeff Davis, are invariably effective, and so are Susan Denison's costumes. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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[*From the Brunswick (Maine) Times Record*]

Committee Chairman Clint Pennell said, "They've just about torn up White's Island. It was a gravy train over there, but now the cream's all gone. They're making a big joke about it. It's just about time to drop anchor on the whole bit."

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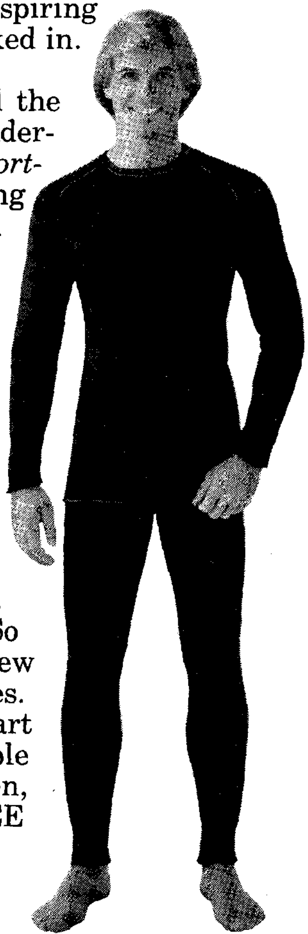

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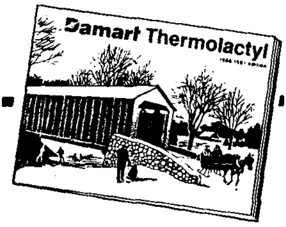

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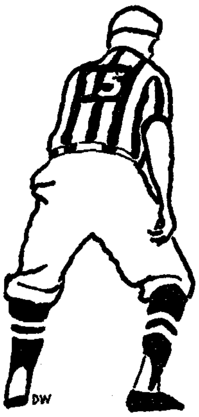
FOOTBALL

Happy Days



THERE are many American ways of life, though never enough to prevent one more from blossoming forth. This is it. On Friday evening, if the weather is in a good mood, people turn up in their campers and settle in for the night. More arrive on Saturday morning, and well before noon in the countryside round about the stadiums the smoke of their campfires—portable grills, naturally, in these nonprimitive times—is ascending to the blue heavens. Most of the stadiums that foster this nomadic existence are in Texas, with built-in fixtures that supply useful ingredients such as water and electricity. Army's Michie Stadium, the handsomest of the lot, is in this respect a no-frills enterprise. Nevertheless, there are camp followers—women, children, an occasional infant—as well as male partisans, and no one is in a hurry to break camp after the event of the day. Last Saturday, the event was the return of Harvard, after an absence of all but thirty years, to the roster of Army guests—a comforting event at a moment when quite a few long-standing relationships are coming to an end, and not always in sorrow. There were none of those penalties for Unnecessary Roughness or Unsportsmanlike Conduct, and at the end of the afternoon—Harvard 15, Army 10—all participants met in midfield for a round-robin handshake. It was more than that: it was a turning back to the days when football was a more recherché, much more compact, and far more honorable pursuit. Only one thing was missing: the football enacted was the football of today, its emphasis lying entirely on the quarterback, who must be in the middle of every fracas until some component wears out. On Saturday, it was eventually Buckley's knee (Harvard) and Bennett's ankle (Army); the immediate future of at least Buckley is right now in doubt. Collectors of curiosa continued to observe the billowy career of Harvard's Cuccia, a brilliant hundred-and-fifty-five-pounder in a world in which men who weigh in at two-twenty, two-thirty, two-forty abound. Cuccia, once a quarterback, then a flanker back, now appears on the listing as split end, but it was noted that he also served as punt returner, as a passer (from a fake-field-goal setup), and as the gadfly whose tackling of an Army man of approximately twice his size removed the last obstacle to a sixty-seven-yard touchdown run by Buckley. Unquestionably, there will be much more to report in the weeks to come of the adventures of this tiny free-lancer.

Army, under Cavanaugh, a last-minute substitution as head coach, is now a much more interesting spectacle. It uses its running quarterbacks, Bennett and Decker, judiciously; it has a brilliant receiver in Fahnestock; it is not afraid to pass deep in its own territory; it loves the bomb on first down; it likes to run instead of punting on fourth down. Under Cavanaugh, Army is—win or lose—enjoying a sort of renaissance, as it did when, some seasons back, Cahill became its almost-last-minute substitute as head coach. Under Restic, whose skull encases a portable computer, Harvard is a team permanently under construction, like the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. It is a case of *ars longa, vita brevis*. On Saturday, it was easy to see how his maneuvers will all work out if his students ever have the time to learn the intricacies thereof. Restic football has not only student trouble but referee trouble. Some of his sets are so unorthodox that, even when he has informed officialdom beforehand of what he plans to do, he gets called for infractions of the rules. It is to be hoped that this give-and-take business between the coach and the law will be resolved in favor of the coach. Surely a solution in his favor will be to the benefit of every close observer of the pastime.

Oh, and about Yale (17–16 over Air Force on Saturday). Once again, luck proved that it is not at all impartial; it is simply fond of squads that make use of the opportunities it offers up. As for Cornell, Dartmouth, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Brown, they each have won but a single match in three tries this autumn, and Princeton has won none. What has happened to that balance of power in the Ivy League?

—J. W. L.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: ANDERSON

NEW YORK, Wednesday, September 24th. John Anderson is holding a press conference at the New York Hilton, in the early afternoon. Anderson's campaign, for all its recent good fortune—his opportunity to appear in the League of Women Voters' debate, his endorsement by the New York State Liberal Party, the certification of his eligibility for federal funding—now has a number of problems. The main one is that Anderson continually has to try to explain the campaign's rationale, since the rationale has changed from the one the campaign began with. When Anderson launched his independent candidacy last spring, he said that the purpose was to offer people an alternative to Carter and Reagan in case both their candidacies collapsed, and he also said that if it appeared that his candidacy would lead to the election of Reagan he would drop out. But gradually—perhaps inevitably—Anderson reached the point where, for both external and internal reasons, he would not, could not, drop out. Yet it is widely agreed that his candidacy could cost Carter the election. And so now, when Anderson is asked about this at press conferences and interviews, he says that he is not "a spoiler," because the two other major candidates are so wanting that "what's to spoil?" He also insists, as he apparently feels his situation requires, that he intends to win, and his speeches and other statements are dotted with "as President I will"s. But few people around Anderson expect him to win—they have other agendas—and it seems clear that Anderson does not really expect it himself. Some of Anderson's key advisers are beginning to say, though not for attribution, that he cannot win, and—also perhaps inevitably—they are suggesting that the candidate is at fault. (This is a phenomenon common to losing campaigns.) Anderson's second major problem—and it is connected with the first—is that he has not been as successful as he had hoped to be in conducting a "campaign of ideas." His advisers attribute this in part to what they say is the addiction of the press to the "Who's ahead?" aspect of political campaigns, and in part they are correct. But it is a fact that Anderson has somehow not been able to take command of the situation and the opportunities that his campaign has presented. And he has slipped into doing what he said last spring he would not do: he is spending a good bit of the time attacking Reagan and Carter. There are indications that he has decided that this is the way to get attention.

"*Just because you hate sparkling repartee.*"

Now, at the press conference, Anderson repeats a charge he made earlier today—that Carter was engaging in "self-serving demagoguery" by saying, as he did on Monday in California, that the November election would decide "whether we have peace or war." (This was a variation on a theme that Carter has been using since his acceptance speech at the Convention, in August.)

A reporter points out that Anderson once described Carter and Reagan as behaving "like two tarantulas in a bottle," and asks Anderson if he has not "joined them in the bottle."

Anderson replies, "I feel a little bit like the little kid on the block who's being ignored while the two bullies go at each other. It seems to me as I read the press and as I watch television that all of the attention right now is being devoted to the charges and countercharges between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. Maybe I just better remind people that there is a third man in the race."

He is asked whether he thinks that Carter is deliberately making such

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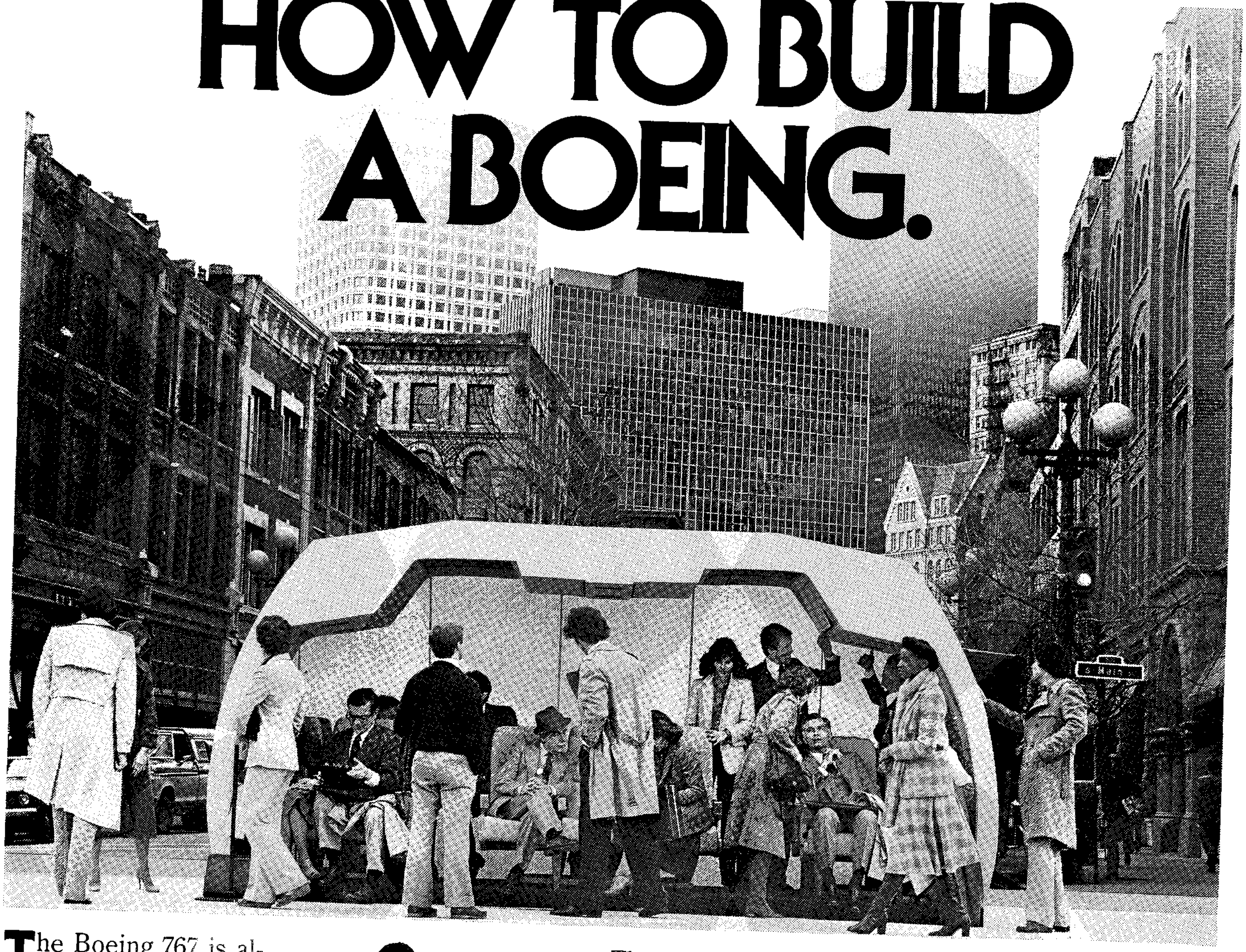

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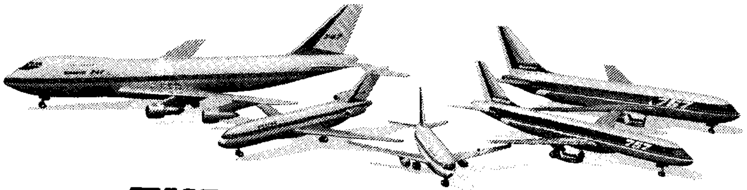

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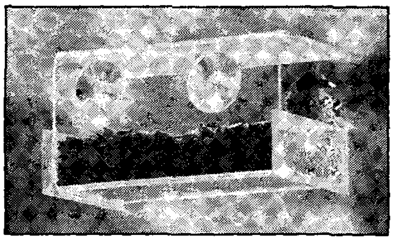

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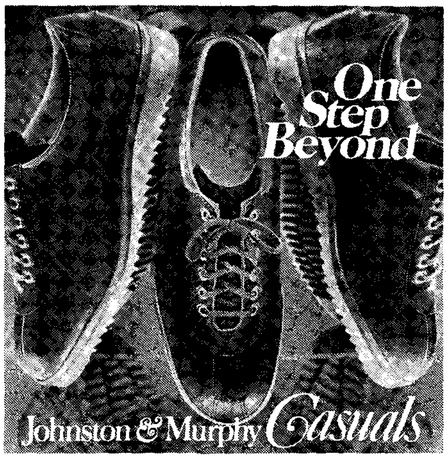

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charges against Reagan in order to divert attention from him, and he replies, "Oh, there isn't any question but that he and his campaign manager, Mr. Strauss, from the beginning set out as a very deliberate, conscious, continued, contrived campaign strategy to ignore the fact that two million people have signed petitions to put me on the ballots in all the states, that we had raised millions of dollars and were conducting a campaign in all parts of the country, and were a legitimate candidate." And he says that what Robert Strauss wants to do is repeat the idea that Anderson is a spoiler "over and over and over again, until it becomes part of the political vernacular of this campaign." He concludes, "But I just hope that in time the people will realize that this is just a slogan."

That Anderson is in a position to determine the outcome of the 1980 Presidential election whether or not he wins a single state is little disputed, and that he might end up in such a position was why some of his friends urged him not to take the independent route—which led to his assertions that he would not allow such a thing to happen. Anderson said at the outset that he was beginning a process that he could stop at any time, but, for reasons ranging from the practicalities of running at all to human nature's resistance to stopping, he has ended up in a process that has become increasingly difficult to stop. Anderson's friends believe that his campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination began *as a sort of* what-the-hell exercise—he had decided to retire from the House of Representatives and wanted to go out with some notice. In 1978, he was nearly defeated in the Republican primary in his congressional district by a conservative challenger, and some of his friends believe he started on the Presidential campaign wishing to strike a blow against the Republican Party's right wing, represented for him by Reagan. At the outset, Anderson captured attention by coming across as different from the others—and he was, to some extent—but there also seemed to be a certain self-consciousness in the way he set himself apart. (In Iowa, he supported the President's embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union, and in New Hampshire he supported gun control.)

Among those who thought they saw Anderson's possibilities early this year was Tom Mathews, a partner in a di-

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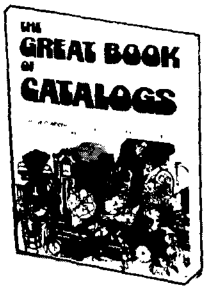

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rect-mail consulting firm with such clients as the American Civil Liberties Union, the Sierra Club, Planned Parenthood, Common Cause, and organizations supporting abortion rights and handgun control. (The firm also works for a number of liberal politicians.) Mathews estimates that his major clients, numbering about a dozen, have a total of about a million and a half members, who donate some forty million dollars a year to various causes; he says that his firm has available to it about four million names, on mailing lists that it acquires from "list brokers"—people who rent out lists of names that come from such sources as rosters of subscribers to certain magazines and members of and contributors to certain organizations and causes. This is about the same number of names Richard Viguerie has; Viguerie, who maintains his own lists, deals in right-wing causes. The role of the list entrepreneur is a new phenomenon in American politics; he is a new member of the cast of characters. And the list entrepreneurs don't simply raise money for candidates and causes; they can build political movements. At the end of January, Mathews, with Anderson's approval, financed and sent out a mailing to raise funds for Anderson, the theme of which was "The politicians and press don't think you count. . . . I do believe you count." This was very much along the line of the "Everybody's organized but the people" mailings that Mathews used to send out for Common Cause. In fact, in 1973 Mathews tried to persuade John Gardner, then the chairman of Common Cause, to run for President, but Gardner declined. Since then, Mathews has held to the theory that there is out there a great center, disgusted with both parties and ready to be organized politically. Perhaps, he thought, it could be organized around Anderson. The response to the Anderson mailing was uncommonly high. ("We knew we'd struck oil," Mathews says.) So, shortly before the Massachusetts primary, in early March, Mathews went to Boston to see Anderson and told him that he was sitting on top of a political phenomenon—that he could have the financial support of tens of thousands of people in the political middle, that millions of dollars could be raised—but that he could not remain a Republican if the phenomenon was to occur. Anderson was apparently fascinated and shaken by the idea—"That's a shattering concept," he said—and he

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and Mathews agreed to meet again. Anderson went on as a Republican, lost the Massachusetts and Vermont primaries but did well enough to get attention, and then, in mid-March, lost in Illinois, his home state. In March, a few days before the Wisconsin primary, on April 1st, there was a meeting, at the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee, of Anderson; Mathews; David Garth, the political-media expert; some members of Anderson's campaign staff; and Norman Lear, the television producer, who had become interested in Anderson. Anderson had gone to see Garth the previous fall but had found him too expensive at the time. Mathews and Garth made the case that Anderson's only chance to have an impact on the election was as an independent. Garth has said to me, "I didn't like Carter, I didn't like Reagan. John Anderson interested me. And the kind of challenge he was mounting had to come from the right of the spectrum. If there is to be a third, independent force, it can't come from the left—the two parties would gang up on it. But they can't gang up on a moderate, centrist campaign. In that sense, Anderson was ideally profiled for the role." Following that meeting, Mathews went to see Garth in New York, to find out whether he was interested in working on an independent campaign (he was), and talked to some lawyers in Washington about helping with the legal complexities of getting Anderson on the various state ballots. At a meeting in Malibu in April, Mathews spelled out to Anderson how an independent campaign could be launched, and Anderson replied, "When do we button this thing up?"

Then, after Anderson launched his campaign, everything changed. The focus of what campaign existed was on getting Anderson on the ballots, and Anderson himself virtually dropped from view. One reason was that so many resources were going into the ballot effort that there was no money for ads, and another was that—as Garth had predicted—the Party Conventions took up so much of the oxygen. When Anderson did make an interesting speech, it was barely covered. "We were out of sight," Garth says. "I couldn't find *me*." But there was still another reason: Anderson had become largely indistinguishable from any other politician seeking the Presidency, and what had become known as "the Anderson difference" was gone. Moreover, by the end of the

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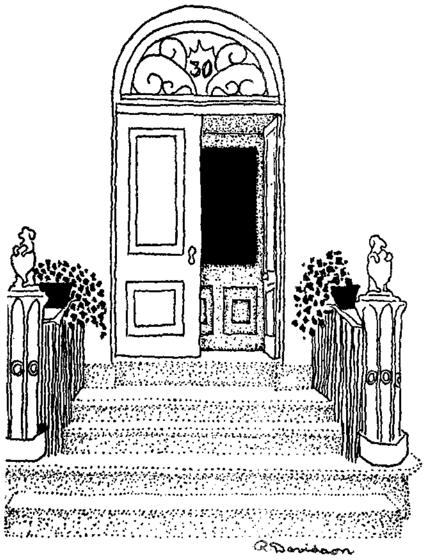
ummer the campaign was about a
illion dollars in debt. At the end of
ugust came a "crisis" meeting in
ashington; it was decided that Garth
ould take over the campaign full
ime, and that Mathews would travel
ith Anderson, to try to make some
ense of the scheduling, and to handle
ome political problems and the press.
Anderson's campaign staff is com-
osed of a number of people who are
ore earnest than experienced; press
elations had not been very good, and
nderson tended to get cranky with
he press.) It was decided that some-
ow Anderson had to find the voice
hat had captured imaginations at the
utset, and that he had to recognize
e paradox of his campaign: the only
ay he had a chance of winning the
residency was by *not* focussing on
inning the Presidency; like the Zen
rcher, he had to let the arrow shoot
self. "The campaign had nearly ex-
ired," says Mathews. Then came
me breaks: Anderson's success, after
me efforts in various directions, at
ming up with a running mate—Pat-
ck Lucey, the former Democratic
overnor of Wisconsin and an ally
f Edward Kennedy's; the League of
omen Voters' announcement that
nderson would be included in the
residential debates if he stood at
out fifteen per cent in the polls (this
cussed attention on how Anderson
ood in the polls and led to the fuss
er whether Carter would participate
the debate, which focussed more at-
ntion on Anderson); the decision of
e Liberal Party in New York to list
nderson on its Presidential line; and
e Federal Election Commission's
rtification that Anderson's campaign
ould be eligible for federal funding
he received as much as five per cent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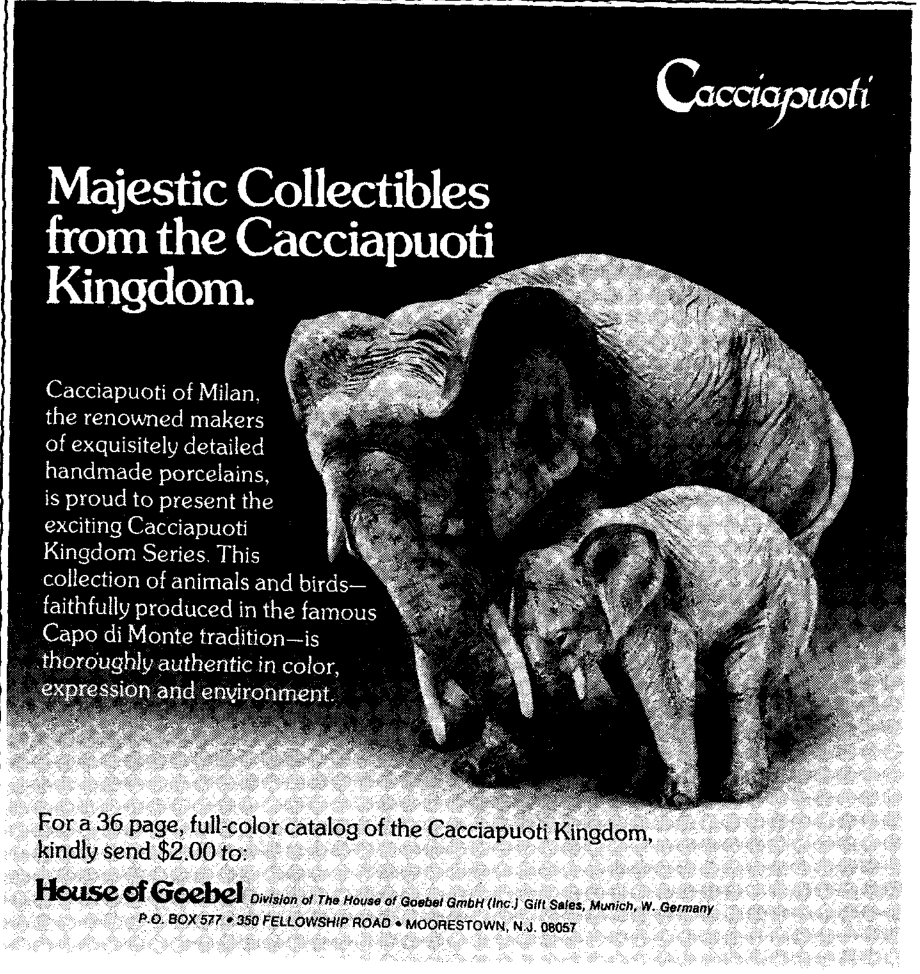
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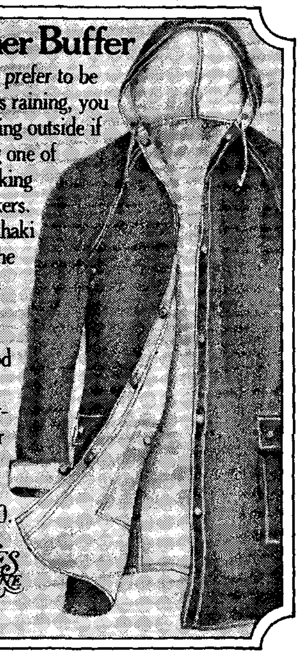

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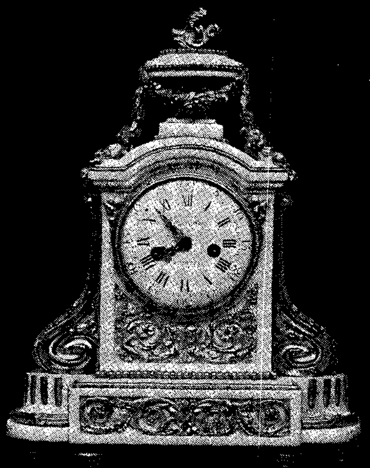
of the vote on November 4th. The F.E.C.'s ruling meant that Anderson could borrow against that assurance—and, consequently, would have to stay in the race in order to pay off his debts.

In working up a platform, the Anderson people tried to put together something that would appear to contain ideas without appearing to have tried too hard to contain ideas. Ideologically, the platform goes down the aisle between the two parties. It calls for tax incentives to labor and management for wage and price restraint (an idea that Carter once proposed and then gave up on); for a reindustrialization program that would provide tax incentives and bonuses to rehabilitate troubled industries and increase productivity; for an Urban Reinvestment Trust Fund (the funds to come from federal excise taxes on alcohol and tobacco), to encourage the rebuilding of cities; for a Community Transportation Trust Fund (also from federal excise taxes), for mass transit; and, of course, for the fifty-cents-a-gallon tax on gasoline which Anderson has been espousing. The platform stresses energy conservation, defends foreign aid, and offers specific proposals for dealing with the pending deficits in Social Security finances. Anderson's staff prepared a number of speeches based on the platform, but Anderson largely ignored them. Anderson's loner quality has made him difficult for his would-be managers to manage, and while that may be just as well, it frustrates them considerably. Candidates do need advice. It is difficult to tell when advice becomes manipulation, and apparently Anderson thinks it does very soon. "He's exasperatingly, maddeningly self-directed," says one of his would-be advisers. Another describes him as "impenetrable." Independence from manipulation by image-makers is a healthy thing, but Anderson's general approach raises the question of how he would do at such a collegial enterprise as trying to run the government. Anderson's speaking style has been uneven, often leaving his audiences flat—and not just because he was saying that they would have to do hard things, face difficult realities. Anderson is a very well-informed man, and he can come across as a clear thinker, impressive, and even charming; he is not humorless when he is at ease. But he can also come across as didactic, humorless, preachy, and not the sort of fellow you would like to have around



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all the time. To a lot of people, that was how he came across in the League of Women Voters debate. When he does do something that sets him apart—such as telling aerospace workers at TRW that he opposes the MX missile (TRW has a research contract for the new missile), or stressing that, unlike Carter and Reagan, he is not proposing cuts in individual income taxes—he seems self-conscious. He sometimes seems to be saying things for the purpose of setting himself apart. When the politics of "differentness" is forced, it is simply another form of politics. Anderson seems compelled to keep telling us that he is different. He recently told an audience in California, "I simply will not cater to popular opinion at the expense of any of the things I have stood for."

The political problem of his campaign, which some of the people around him recognize, is that Anderson has not succeeded in reaching beyond the relatively educated, affluent voters who (along with some college students) form the core of his constituency—beyond the people on Mathews' lists—to the great mass of voters. Some of his associates say he has not had time to do this; it may also be, some say, that he does not have the personality to do it—that the same qualities that cause him to be a loner show up in his campaign persona and tend to be off-putting. Some politicians can reach from the intelligentsia to the factory worker; in fact, a politician must be able to do this, not only to win but also to govern this country. Anderson, however, does not seem to be able to. This raises the question of what the Anderson campaign is about.

AT some point in the last couple of weeks, as a result less of any specific incident than of the roiling of the campaign, Anderson stopped thinking that it made any difference whether Carter or Reagan won. The mixture of conviction, self-justification, anger, and bruises that leads to such a reaction is difficult to sort out. But it is clear that Anderson and the top people in his campaign now do not care who gets elected. They now define the campaign as at least a vehicle for "shaking up the system." Garth has said to me, "The shock to the American system from this campaign could be very important. He's trying to talk reality and give people as close to the unvarnished truth as I've ever seen given. People are cynical about the sys-

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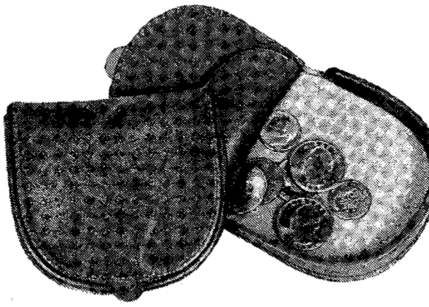

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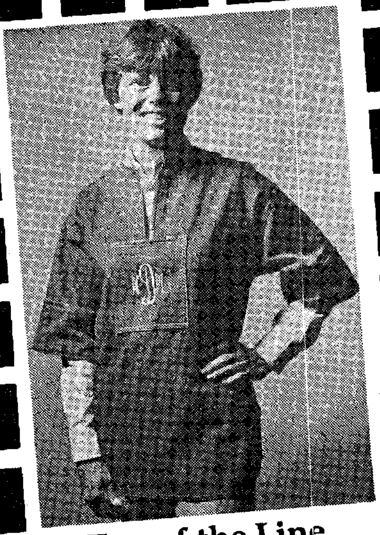
tem, because they see too many politicians acting out of cynicism. People say we're destroying the political system. What system are people defending? No one gives a damn about it. His campaign serves as a real warning to the system: that either you do better than Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan or you can't bask in the security of the two-party system—that when fifty per cent of the people in this country don't give a damn about politics, you are on the very edge of instability." Mathews says, "If he even slightly takes some of the fatuousness out of our political system it's important. Maybe he's a pioneer and he's breaking ground."

But there are other thoughts about what the Anderson candidacy might lead to. There is a possibility that what has been begun with Anderson will go on with or without him, and probably without him—a very strong possibility that an effort will be made to take the constituency that has been built around his candidacy and either turn it into a new party or use it to try to take over one of the existing parties. In other respects, too, the implications of the Anderson campaign go well beyond Anderson. The tension between keeping some flexibility in the system by providing the wherewithal for independent movements and risking the disruption that such movements could cause is just beginning to be considered. Chastising the two major parties is a different matter from breaking up the two-party system. An effort to take over one of the existing parties is one thing: the major parties have, at some points in history, changed their definitions and their bases. But starting additional ones or launching independent candidacies has other implications. For one thing, anybody can do it. The techniques are becoming more sophisticated. And the next person who makes such an effort may not be as benign a figure as Anderson. Moreover, it risks further fractioning, even paralysis, of the political system. "We are lurching toward fragmentation," says Robert Teeter, the Republican pollster and analyst. "And all the things we are doing in the name of people's right to run independent candidacies lead us to it." And then, it raises the question of how someone elected without an established political base can govern. The ability to command "the media" is at once an insufficient and a potentially dangerous basis for governing. It is beginning to



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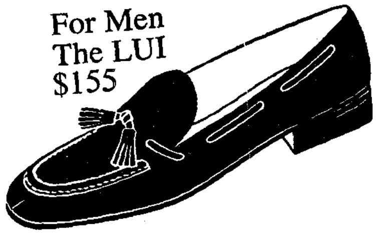

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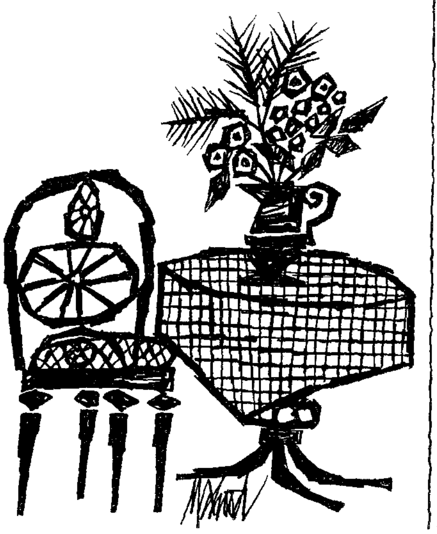
occur even to some people to whom independent movements once seemed appealing that the noble, issue-oriented, well-meaning independent voters who disdain the parties and fear that in trying to shore up the role of the major parties we might "go back to the bosses" have not faced the fact that the alternative might be to go forward toward Italy. "Except," says one man in Washington who has been involved in political reform, "that if we built a multiparty system we would do it infinitely more skillfully and destructively than Italy. It would be Special Interest, Inc." A politician who is tied to a large party structure, whatever its failings, and whatever his willingness to ignore it, has at least some protection from the cross-pressures; a politician without such ties has no instrument to rally behind him.

FOLLOWING the press conference, Anderson makes a stop at a center for the elderly at the northern tip of Manhattan, adjacent to the Bronx. The press bus gets lost, and we arrive just as Anderson is leaving. There have been a number of logistical mishaps in this campaign. After Anderson returns to the Statler, where he and his entourage are staying, I have a talk with him in his suite, on the seventeenth floor. He is hoarse from campaigning, and, a slight man, looks thinner than usual. I ask him how he thinks he's doing, compared with how he felt when he started on this venture last spring.

He replies, "I honestly think that we have gone much farther than I ever believed possible then. I was never under any illusions about the difficulty of my quest—bereft of party organization and funds. But I continue to be reinforced and assuaged by the



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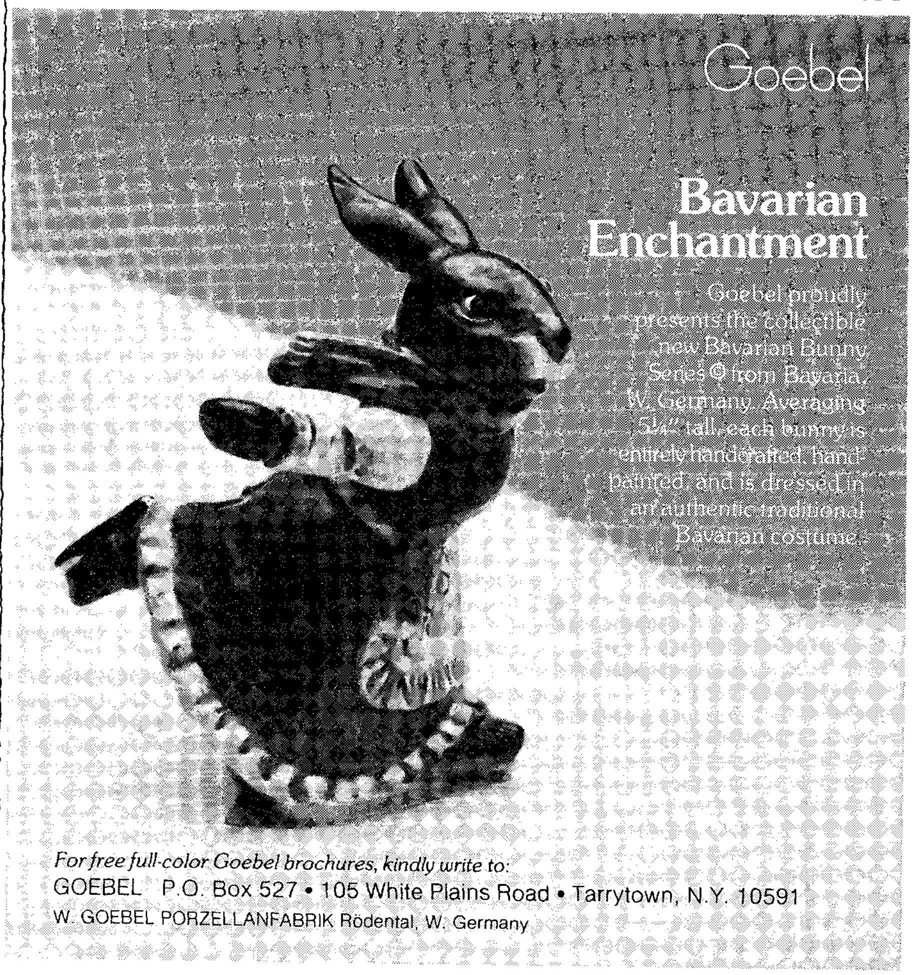

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knowledge that I am serving a very useful purpose: giving people hope. Those feelings will be dismissed by the cynical as delusions, but I'm not given to delusions."

I ask Anderson how, if his quest is futile, he gives people hope.

He replies, "I think the people who support me—I guess the young excepted, who tend to be more idealistic and unwilling to concede the insurmountable heights we're supposed to be assaulting—believe it is helpful to have an independent candidacy, to challenge the two-party system. And the longer the candidacy goes on, the more unworthy the two other candidates seem. I don't want to sound querulous, but Reagan lacks balance: he's for giving everything to the oil companies; the Russians are behind everything. And Carter stands for a failed Presidency, and his campaign is nothing but a desperate attempt to cling to office. I had given him credit for being steady and cool; now I think the fear of defeat has caused him to lose his cool. The statement he made the other day about war and peace reveals an instability of his character that could affect his Presidency. He has gone far beyond normal political hyperbole. I don't think it's a very pretty picture."

I ask Anderson when he crossed the line into not caring whether Carter or Reagan is elected.

"I don't know, but increasingly, as I went around the country, it wasn't just the siren call and the admiring throngs," he replies. "I felt it was really selling people short to say that John Anderson would decide by his participation or non-participation who the next President should be. There's nothing wrong for there to be three candidates. For me to calibrate that I take more from this fellow than the other fellow, and this fellow is worse than the other fellow—it was a pretentious thought to begin with that I might drop out of the race and decide which candidacy should succeed. For me to decide that my candidacy is going to affect things one way or the other is pretentious." In effect, Anderson has turned his original formulation upside down. "And, what the heck, if I dropped out, a lot of these people wouldn't vote at all. I guess, as a result of my personal experiences, I have given the American people more credit for their ability to make their own decisions, and have come to believe that it's not up to one single man to decide who's going to be elected. This is what I tell myself—and I could be wrong: I tell myself that my candidacy will give millions of people a candidate whom they believe and whom they trust—particularly young people, to whom I feel a particular responsibility. It's very important that they not feel turned off by the system. I think history will prove what I've been saying—that not since at least 1968, with the McCarthy movement, have they been so excited about a campaign. I think that's an important thing I can do for the political system—give those people a chance to participate."

I ask Anderson if it worries him that his candidacy could cause the election not to be settled on November 4th, and require it to be decided in the House of Representatives next January. (This could happen if the electoral votes were very closely divided between Carter and Reagan and if Anderson carried a single state.)

Anderson pauses. Then he says, "Not really. No. The Constitution did make provision for this. I've said before that Gerald Ford served as an unelected President for almost two and a half years and no one challenged his mantle of leadership. Whatever the opportunities for mischief in having the House elect the President, you can't challenge the legitimacy of the process. The Constitution provides for it. No, I'm not struck dumb with terror by that prospect. I think the system would survive."

—Elizabeth Drew

•

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Clings to it, rippling
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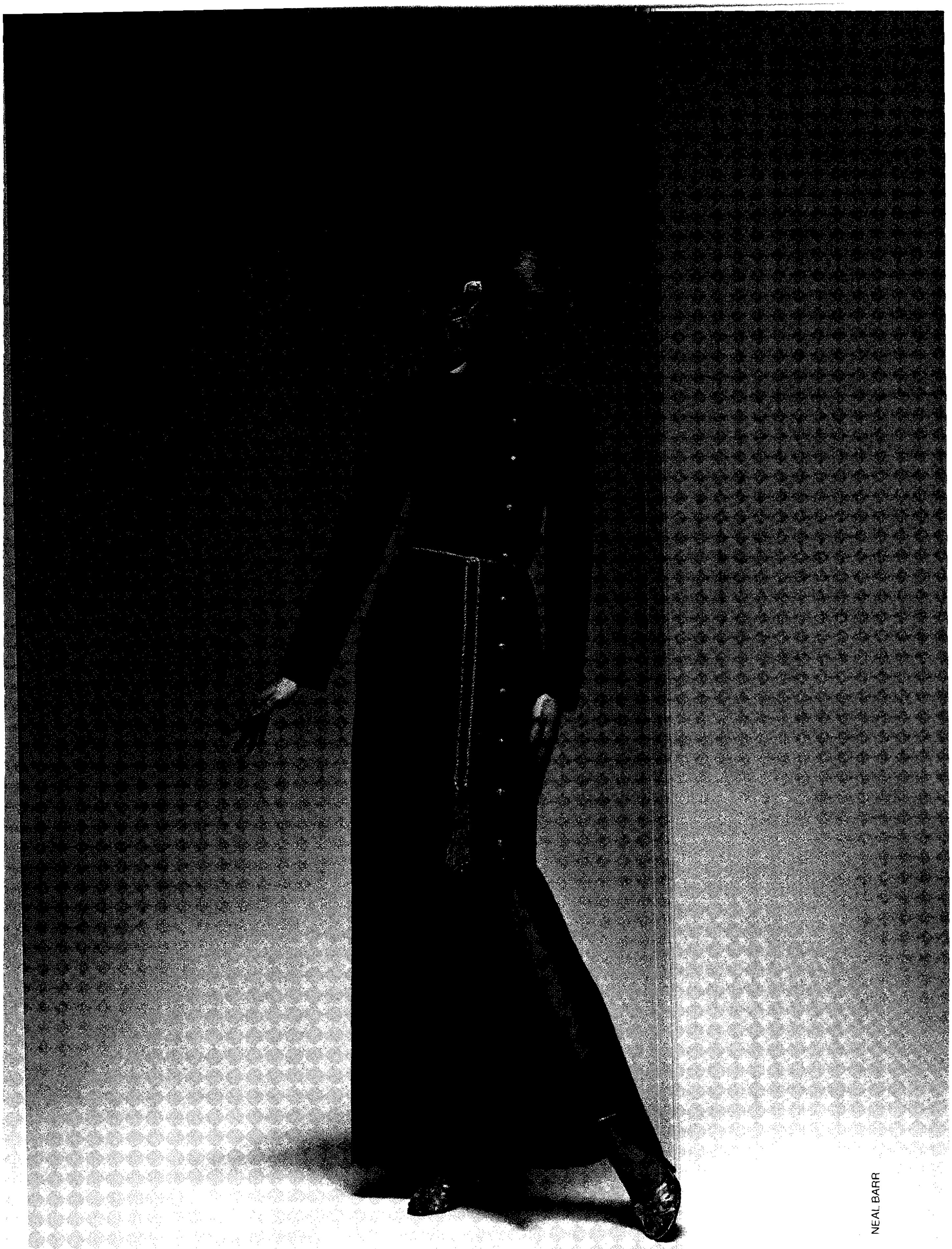

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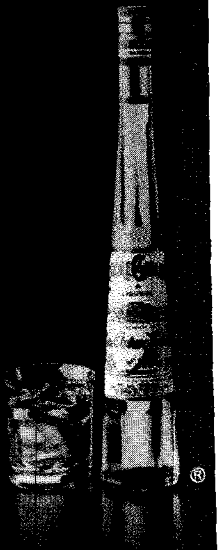

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MUSICAL EVENTS

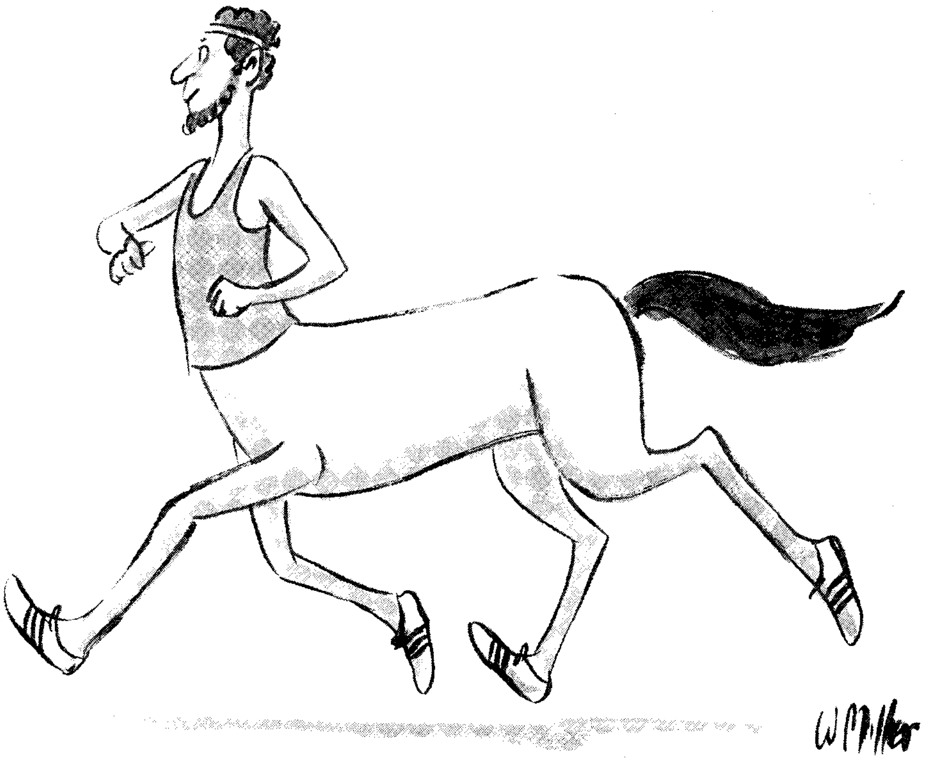
Grand Opera

UNTIL this season, the San Francisco Symphony and the San Francisco Opera shared the splendors of the War Memorial Opera House, built in 1932. Splendors for the audience, that is. In an essay in the inaugural program book of the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall, which opened last month, Robert Commanday, the critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* recalled that in 1965 there appeared "vivid descriptions of the Opera House with the 'Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back,' leaking 'like a sieve from roof to basement,' jammed with debris and dirt, imposing trying, costly, often dangerous work conditions on the Opera, Symphony, Ballet, and guest artists." And the Symphony, which played under a shell built into the stage house on concert nights, was not happy with the sound. Things became better for the Opera when in 1970 the pit was enlarged, so that Karl Böhm could conduct "Die Frau ohne Schatten" with Strauss's full orchestra (though when I heard "Götterdämmerung" there in 1972 it was still done with reduced orchestration); better still last year, when a large extension was added to the back of the house. Now that the Symphony has moved across the street to its new home in Davies Hall, both it and the Opera are giving longer, overlapping seasons, and the latter has recruited its own, independent orchestra.

Eight years ago, I declared in these pages that "internationally, the San Francisco Opera has the reputation of being America's first: the big company that most successfully combines excellent casts, enterprise in the choice of repertory, and a serious approach to dramatic presentation." That impression had been formed before I came to America, by reading *Spielpläne,* cast lists, and reviews. It was confirmed on my first, opera-hopping tour of this country, in 1964. Subsequent visits to San Francisco have not shaken it. Let me stress—before St. Louisans and others write indignant letters—that I am talking about international grand opera. The San Francisco season is short—only three months this year—and so Kurt Herbert Adler, the Intendant, does not have James Levine's annual task of trying to keep a long season going while many of the good singers and conductors are busy elsewhere. In San Francisco, I have heard things less than first-rate but have never—even at the worst performances—been bored by an under-rehearsed or routine performance, slung on because the schedule required it. There is a festival feel to the productions, yet it is not pure "*stagione*"—a term that implies pick-up casts assembled for a few specific shows. The big houses today strive for a balance between *stagione* and "repertory"—a term that implies the continuity of a resident, developing company and many different productions in active use. Covent Garden has moved toward *stagione;* it offers high-level casting but limited fare. (For the second half of October, only "Lucia" and a single "Figaro" are on the Royal Opera bills; in November, only "Figaro," "Otello," and "Tosca." December is devoted to four "Hoffmann"s.) Maestro Adler has found a way to combine advantages of both systems. The productions of his junior troupes—Western Spring Opera, Western Opera Theatre, Brown Bag Opera, the Merola Opera Program, and the American Opera Project (which puts on new American works)—provide year-round continuity, enrich the repertory, and open to young singers a path that has led some of them, by way of secondary roles in the grand fall season, to international stardom.

The War Memorial Opera House is very large. It seats thirty-two hundred and fifty-two people—about a thousand more than La Scala or Covent Garden. There are some bad seats in it. I once had one, way back in the orchestra under the overhang of the balcony. After an act, I managed to sneak forward—and then a performance that had sounded dull and distant came to life. Otherwise, I've been fortunate and have regularly enjoyed big-house acoustics that put the place in the Teatro Colón and Scala class: rich, full, and warm, not daunting to young voices, and easily set ringing.

THE 1980 season began with Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," an opera that refuses to die, despite sniping at its oratorial rig and academic manners: Mendelssohn, Gounod, and neoclassicism went into its making; the bacchanale brings to mind Sir Despard's remark, in "Ruddigore," "We only cut respectable capers." I've seen "Samson" in Paris, Britain, and Italy but most often in America. When the Met revived it in 1971, the *Times* asked "Is there any justification for giving Saint-Saëns' 'Samson et Dalila' today?" and, despite an admirable performance, answered no. The au-



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thors of "The Record Guide" opine that "as a drama it hardly exists, but a number of charming airs and ensembles ensures its survival." The charming airs are Delilah's "Printemps qui commence," "Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse," and "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" (to which Samson adds some important phrases). To hear Germaine Cernay sing the first and last, on old Columbia records, is to be captivated. Mezzo-sopranos, whose only other repertory chance as prima donna of a serious opera has been in "Carmen" (well, until "Werther" recently became fashionable), welcome the opera. But only one Delilah I have heard—Rita Gorr in her Paris début season (1952) and at the Met twelve years later—has fully commanded the range, the style, timbre both voluptuous and delicate, and perfect French. When Shirley Verrett sang Delilah at La Scala in 1970, she looked stunning and acted electrically but lacked the deep notes of the role. Ten years later, in San Francisco, she still looks stunning and acts with intensity, but the voice—which in the interim has been screwed up at times for Norma, Tosca, and Amelia in "Ballo," then dropped again for Orpheus and Azucena—has taken a beating. Delilah's low notes were now forced out in exaggerated chest, the middle was often unsupported, and only an occasional high note shone with something like the old lustre.

Martinelli recorded Samson's "Arretez, ô mes frères," and Caruso recorded "Vois ma misère," but they are not tunes one remembers; "Samson et Dalila" belongs to the mezzo. Nevertheless, big tenors have not disdained the other title role—Mario Del Monaco, Jon Vickers, and now in San Francisco Placido Domingo. Domingo was in admirable voice, big and free, but on the night I heard him (it was the fourth performance) he sang full out *all* the time, as he sometimes does, and was therefore unmoving—all voice and no character. Wolfgang Brendel, as the High Priest, had the sharpest declamation—and the worst French. In minor roles, the grave, beautiful bass of Kevin Langan (a graduate of the Merola Opera Program), as the Old Hebrew, was outstanding. Scenically, things were flimsy. Douglas Schmidt's sets and Carrie Robbins' costumes, which took their inspiration from Alma-Tadema, were decorative. Nicolas Joël's stage direction was light and mannered rather than fervent. The temple col-

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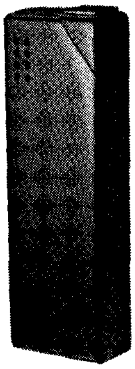

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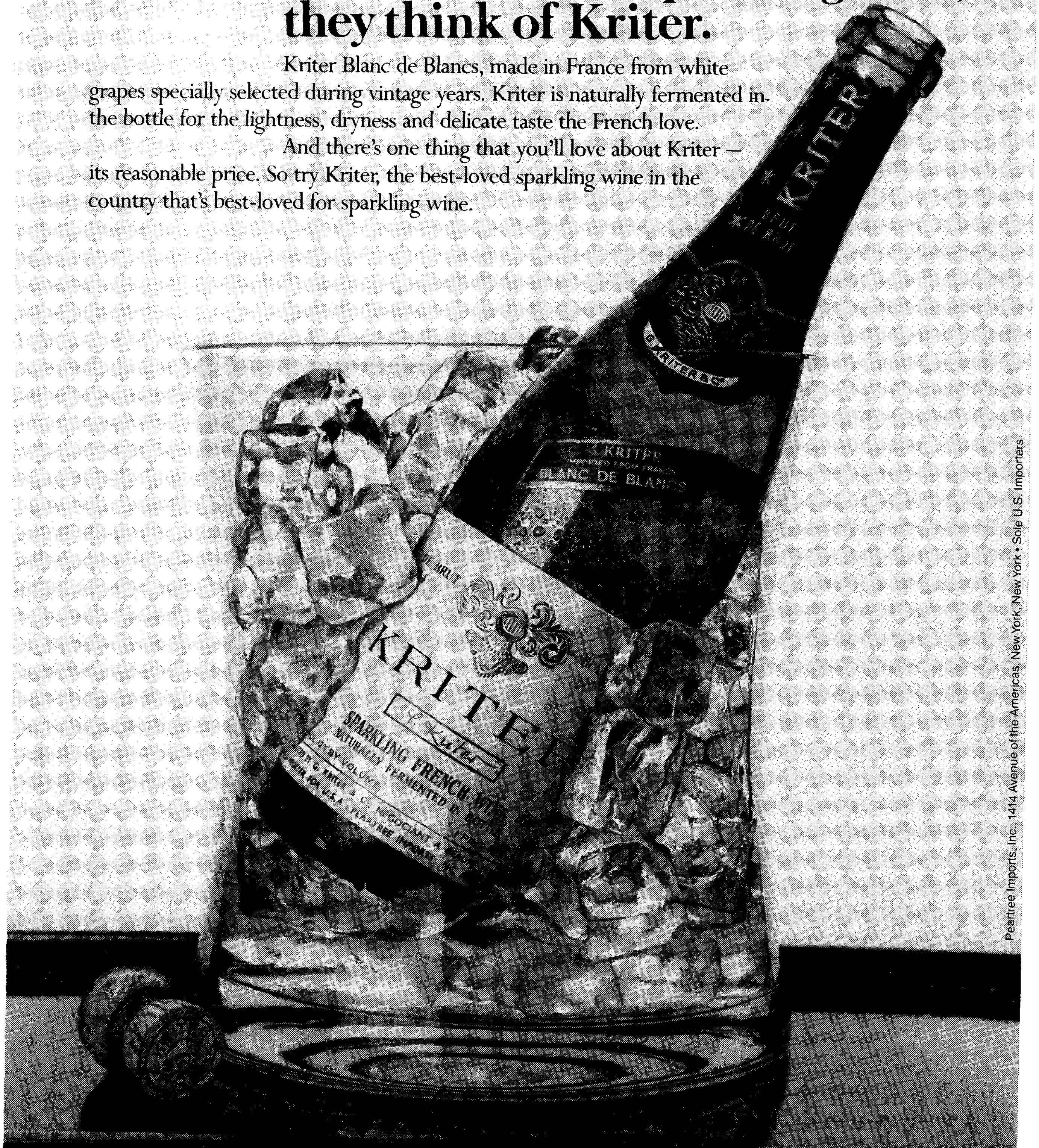
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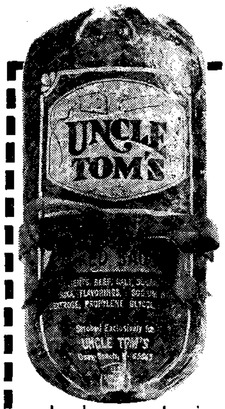

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"ESCAPE from the ordinary"

lapse was a feeble affair. In general, a more respectful attention to the stage directions and to the Bible was called for. Julius Rudel usually conducts French opera—"Pelléas," "Werther"—sensitively, but his account of "Samson" was hardly more than neat, efficient, and perhaps a trifle flashy.

San Francisco gave the American première of "Die Frau ohne Schatten," in 1959. Four years ago, it mounted a second production—a version of the staging directed by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, designed by Jörg Zimmermann, which has been seen in several European houses. For two acts, it is a delicate, picturesque production in what—despite the quashing of some symbolic actions—is perhaps the finest "Frau" décor since Emil Preetorius's. The traditional stage plans are pretty well retained; the magic scenes are airy and fantastic, the earthy scenes substantial. Things go wrong in Act III, where a back-to-front presentation of the temple—the petrified Emperor squats near the prompter's box—upsets the dynamics of the action. There was a seasoned cast in the principal roles. For more than a quarter century, Leonie Rysanek has been the reigning Empress. She is still radiant. In her performance, the sensuous beauty, the sentiment, and the spiritual content of this complicated and ambitious opera find their embodiment. (But her delivery of the crucial "Ich—will—nicht," shouted out in a histrionic manner, was new to me and not pleasing.) The Dyer's Wife is a fairly new role in Birgit Nilsson's repertory. (She did it first in Stockholm five years ago, in the Lehnhoff-Zimmermann production.) She sang it strongly; her interpretation was vulgar and obvious. Ruth Hesse's Nurse was as ill-voiced and approximate as ever, and James King's Emperor as stolidly reliable. Gerd Feldhoff's Barak was firmly voiced; the role needs greater warmth and breadth of tone and of character. Berislav Klobučar conducted with a good sense of colors and of general pacing; there was too little fine, bewitching detail. The sound picture was often marred by having offstage voices—and some that should be onstage—piped in over loudspeakers. Among the young singers, Rebecca Cook, a bright Falcon; Mr. Langan and Thomas Woodman (the baritone who impressed me so much in Central City last year), as two of the Watchmen; and James Hoback, as an astonishing Apparition of rippled gold-

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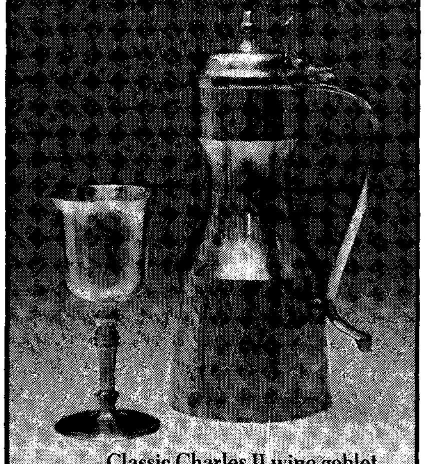

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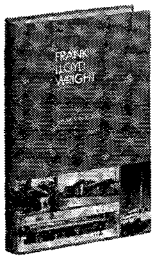

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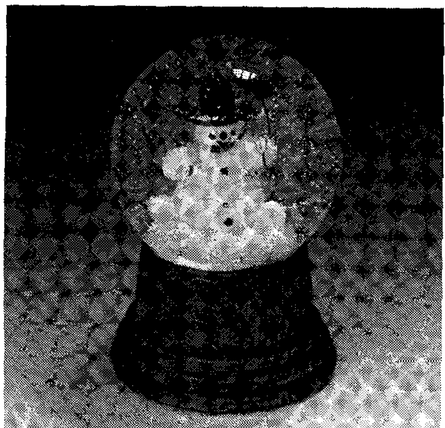

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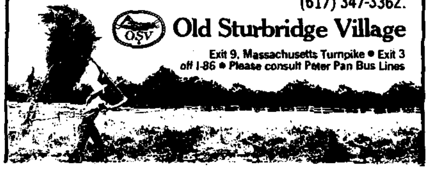

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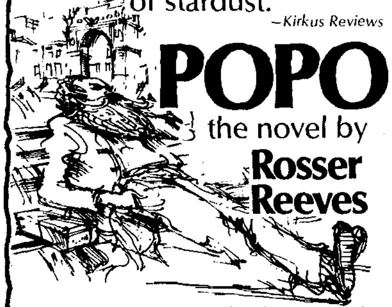

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en nudity materializing to tempt Miss Nilsson, deserve mention.

"SIMON BOCCANEGRA" was revived in the décor by Pier Luigi Pizzi first seen in Chicago in 1974—décor not unhandsome in itself but inept for, destructive of, Verdi's musical drama, in ways that I related at the time. That Chicago "Boccanegra" gave impetus to the founding of the American Institute for Verdi Studies, one of whose aims is to offer performers a clearer idea of what Verdi's operas are about. Sonja Frisell, who directed the San Francisco revival, cannot be blamed for everything that was wrong about the staging; the décor imposes its limitations. But surely it would not have been hard to refashion Act II into some semblance of a private room (it seemed mere chance that Simone was the first to drink from a public pitcher; he fell asleep not at his desk but, awkwardly, perched on a public bench), and in Act III to follow the stage directions, tied in detail to the music, for Simone's death. The most elaborate of the Verdi production books are those for "Simon Boccanegra" and "Otello," and while there are various reasons that can justify a director's departure from or adjustment of their prescriptions, there is no excuse for changes that render the result dramatically or musically less effective. If, for example, the offstage chorus of the Act II finale, which "must begin very far off" and then at the reprise of "Le guelfe spade cingano" surge forward, four or six choristers abreast, until the last eight measures are cried loudly from the left wings, is sung from a station, as it was in San Francisco, an effect Verdi intended is lost.

The production book is not a straitjacket, any more than the score is. Its authors (Giulio Ricordi compiled it, but Verdi's and Boito's hands can be discerned in what it says) remark that the stage plans for the Act II finale, worked out for Scala acoustics, may need modification in other theatres. After a very close account of the Council scene, they continue, "But it is not the dry description of a gesture, of a step backward or forward, that can make this dramatic development, this succession of episodes and terrible passions, effective on the stage. The production merely indicates in a material fashion and in its chief points the various positions that for musical or dramatic reasons the soloists and the chorus must adopt." When those have

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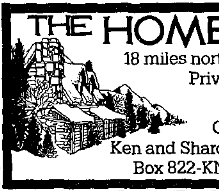

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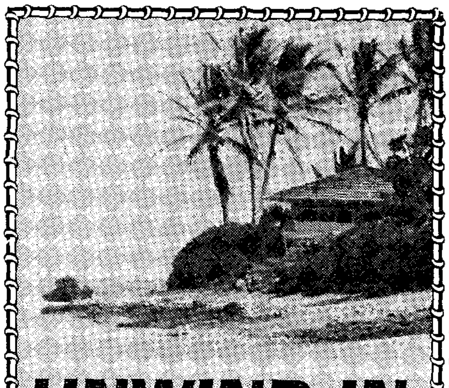

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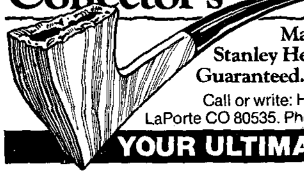

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been mastered, interpretation can begin. Then it is up to "*supremely intelligent actors*"—with (shall we add today?) a director to inspire them—"to dig to the depths of the musical conception and the dramatic conception, both at once, and thus achieve the aim of gripping and stirring the audience." Miss Frisell chose to end the tremendous scene not in Verdi's way but with Demon King contortions from the Doge, fancy lighting effects, and a flat contradiction of the specific statement that no one suspects Paolo to be the object of the Doge's curse.

Renato Bruson took the title role. He has a very beautiful voice, beautifully deployed, but is just a shade dull in the part. Margaret Price was Amelia. She is perhaps the only big-league soprano around able to sound all the music amply, accurately, and securely. She may not be a particularly compelling or vivid actress, but, unlike Mr. Bruson, she does inflect phrases in a way that creates character. (Did she, I wonder, try the direction to start Amelia's aria looking out to sea and to turn to the public only at "Ma gli astri e la marina," but then find it ineffective in the San Francisco theatre?) Cesare Siepi was still a noble, moving Fiesco. Giorgio Lamberti's Gabriele was bright in sound but unpolished in style. In the smaller roles, it was not, for once, the Paolo, Frederick Burchinal, who caught the ear (he seemed concerned more with sound than with sense) but the Pietro—once again Mr. Langan. Lamberto Gardelli's conducting was masterly, though there were passages where more give, a greater readiness to stretch the phrases, would have been welcome.

—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Celebration

Brahms' Violin Concerto formed the second half of a Pension Fund Benefit Concert that marked the Philharmonic's first appearance in New York after a European tour. In its orchestral introduction, there was sturdy, cohesive, expressive, and powerful playing; at last, it seemed, New York had a world-class orchestra. That would have been enough to make the evening a cause for celebration, but the purpose of the occasion was to honor Isaac Stern, who turned sixty in July. Mr. Stern worked so hard in the course of the long evening—and is making such a number of demanding appearances around the country in the next couple

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of months—as to make one fear that the concert might be an occasion for self-advertisement. But Mr. Stern chose to put his art at the service of three of the masterpieces of Western music—the Brahms Concerto, Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, and Bach's D-Minor Concerto for Two Violins—and while none of the performances was revelatory, each was strong and serious. Mr. Stern was partnered in the Mozart by Pinchas Zukerman, who gave a sunny, forthright account of the viola part: his playing had little depth, but the color of the eerie scale passages in the Andante and the matching of articulation and phrasing with Mr. Stern in each of the cadenzas were exemplary. In the Bach, Itzhak Perlman joined Mr. Stern, and, in the inward concentration of his playing, had something to teach his master. The performance was heavy and vigorous—perhaps the only possible approach for these players in this hall. The slow movement, with its languorous swoops and slides, emerged a little sentimental. How hard the notion of the great romantic soloist dies! In the finale, at what is by any analysis the work's climax, Stern and Perlman made a sudden pianissimo, just because they were not playing the melody. The tune bounds through the strings in unison, while the soloists contribute a chordal accompaniment—a thrilling effect.

I returned to the Philharmonic later in the week for the first subscription program of the season. I had hoped that the qualities of the orchestra's performance in the Brahms Concerto would reappear in that of his Second Symphony. The playing was indeed technically praiseworthy (the work was featured on many of the European-tour programs), but Zubin Mehta's interpretation, such as it was, sounded complacent. The first movement plodded, with no feeling of an airy, flowing single pulse to the bar. In the second movement, ensemble slipped and some chording was only approximate. The third movement was good; the fourth—at a nice, controlled tempo—rose to a striking climax but was never exciting. By comparison, the 1979 recording of the piece by Mehta and the Philharmonic, for Columbia Masterworks, is almost unbearable, with scrawny string sound and uncontrolled vulgarity at the climaxes. The orchestra's newest recording, of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, has a much more mellow texture; the digital recording process, which is supposed

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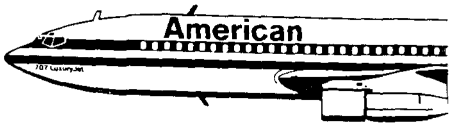

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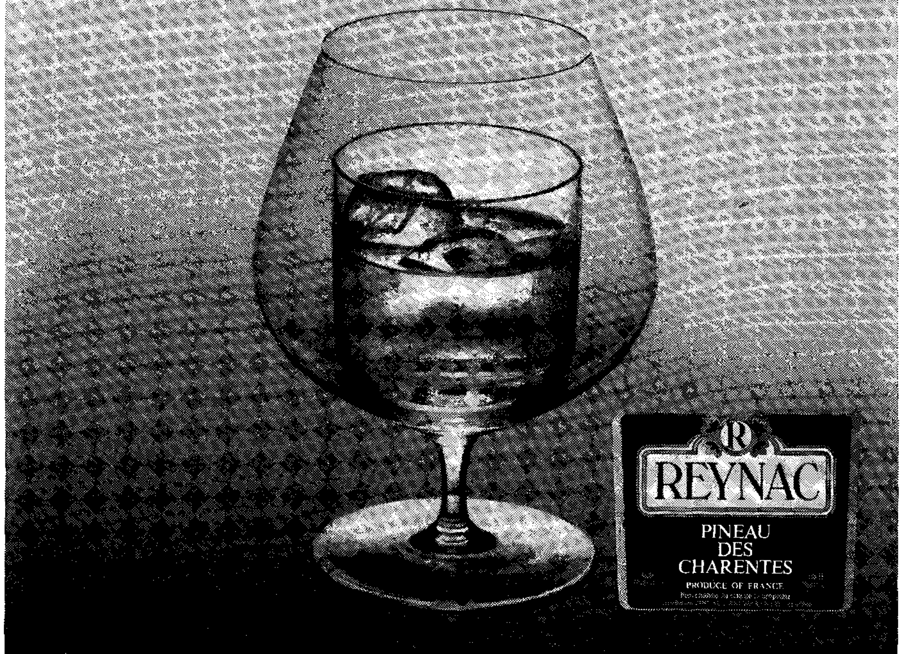

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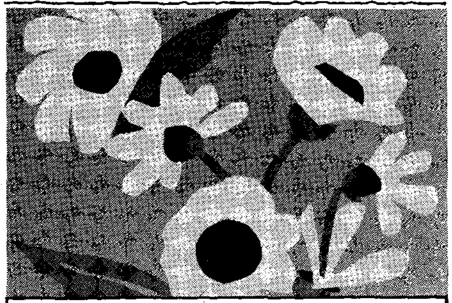

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to increase immediacy, here gives the performance a distant, slightly misty quality. It is evident that the string sound of the Philharmonic has improved. Glenn Dicterow, the new concertmaster, has recently been joined by a new associate, Charles Rex. Can something now be done about the orchestra's sense of ensemble? On the new Beethoven recording, it is less than perfect. In the Bartók Concerto for Orchestra, which was included in the first subscription program (and which *had not been played on the tour*), there were many moments of roughness; a professional orchestra should be able to play together the chords that accompany the first violins' thrusting theme in the first movement, but on this occasion the Philharmonic did not; there was even a fluff in the brass chorale. The playing of the woodwind principals was, by contrast, distinguished; and, in the Pension Fund concert, Joseph Robinson's oboe solo in the slow movement of the Brahms Concerto was piercingly intense.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, opening Carnegie Hall's ninetieth-birthday season, at the end of September, did not provide a wholly convincing alternative to the Philharmonic with its account of Brahms' First Symphony, under Eugene Ormandy. The performance unfolded comfortably, nobly, and without obvious emotion. It was always good to listen to—one could bask in the warmth of the sound and admire the impeccable movement of the ensemble—but one missed the essential drama of the work. The orchestra was re-creating the first program it gave at Carnegie, in 1902; it chose to forgo the interesting, bitty selections that filled out that program, but it did include the overture "In Spring," by Carl Goldmark—a delightfully insignificant piece that trilled happily with idealized nature noises.

TWO of New York's liveliest smaller ensembles recently began their fall seasons. At the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, on Hudson Street, the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble gave an all-Bach program to a full house; it included the cantata "Ich habe genug" and two Brandenburg Concertos, and began—like the Isaac Stern gala—with Bach's Concerto for Two Violins. The performance was deeply impressive; it burst with energy and overflowed with emotion. Yet I thought it a pity that the fine soloists, Naoko Tanaka and Eriko Sato, should

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Residence for Chronic Psychiatric Patients

A new residential program for long-term psychiatric patients began in Philadelphia this summer. Situated in a handsome fieldstone home, this specialized program promoting each resident's independence and skills is under the guidance of Friends Hospital, America's first private nonprofit psychiatric hospital, founded by Quakers in 1813. Thirteen resident limit. $80 per diem. For more details, write Diane Attenborough, R.N., Greystone House, Friends Hospital, 4651 E. Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (Phone 215-831-4600)

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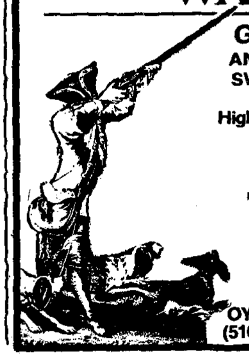

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feel it necessary to play in the virtuoso mold. This performance—in a small building, with the audience crowded around on four sides, and with the soloists accompanied only by a chamber group playing one to a part—was an ideal opportunity to try something lighter and more flexible. Sustained heaviness can work in the outer movements, but in the slow movement it brings diminishing returns. And to ignore Bach's precise markings here—the jarring imitation of slurred notes in one part, staccato notes in the other, an articulation that Bach uses with clearly symbolic intent in the "Et in unum Dominum" of the B-Minor Mass—is to reduce the meaning of the music. Modern instruments were used. This was not a problem in the concerto, but it was in the Sixth Brandenburg, where even the alert and lively viola duetting of Louise Schulman and Sarah Clarke could not disguise the fact that the music was not written for those instruments, or for the cellos that accompanied them. I derived more pleasure from hearing again the sound of St. Luke's Casavant organ, played by William Entriken in a generous pre-concert presentation of two Handel concertos and Bach's A-Minor Prelude and Fugue. The opening of the Bach was unusually quiet, weaving its way inexorably toward the pedal solo; the Fugue was bubbling and attractive.

The Music Project is giving a ten-concert season in Abraham Goodman House; all the programs will be recorded for broadcast on WNYC. The poise and polish of the playing were immediately evident in the Mozart A-Major Flute Quartet, which opened the first concert. Poulenc's witty Trio for Piano, Oboe, and Bassoon was more pungently done. But I missed a sense of fun. In the Schubert Octet, only the cellist grinned, and his playing was rather stiff; Paul Kantor, who led, played jerkily; and though wind playing, ensemble, and balance were nearly ideal, the performance just failed to take off.

—Nicholas Kenyon

•

According to the minutes of the May 7, 1980 meeting of the hospital's Department of Pediatrics, "It was unanimously agreed that the Nurse Midwifery Protocol would not be accepted or approved, nor would it be reviewed by the Pediatric Department until a newborn physician is recruited as a sole back-up for the Nurse Midwifery Practice."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

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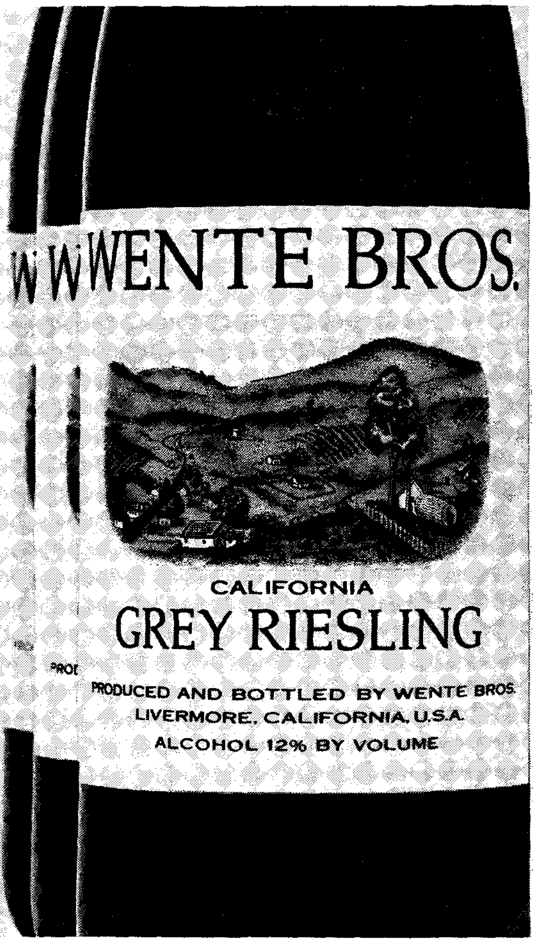
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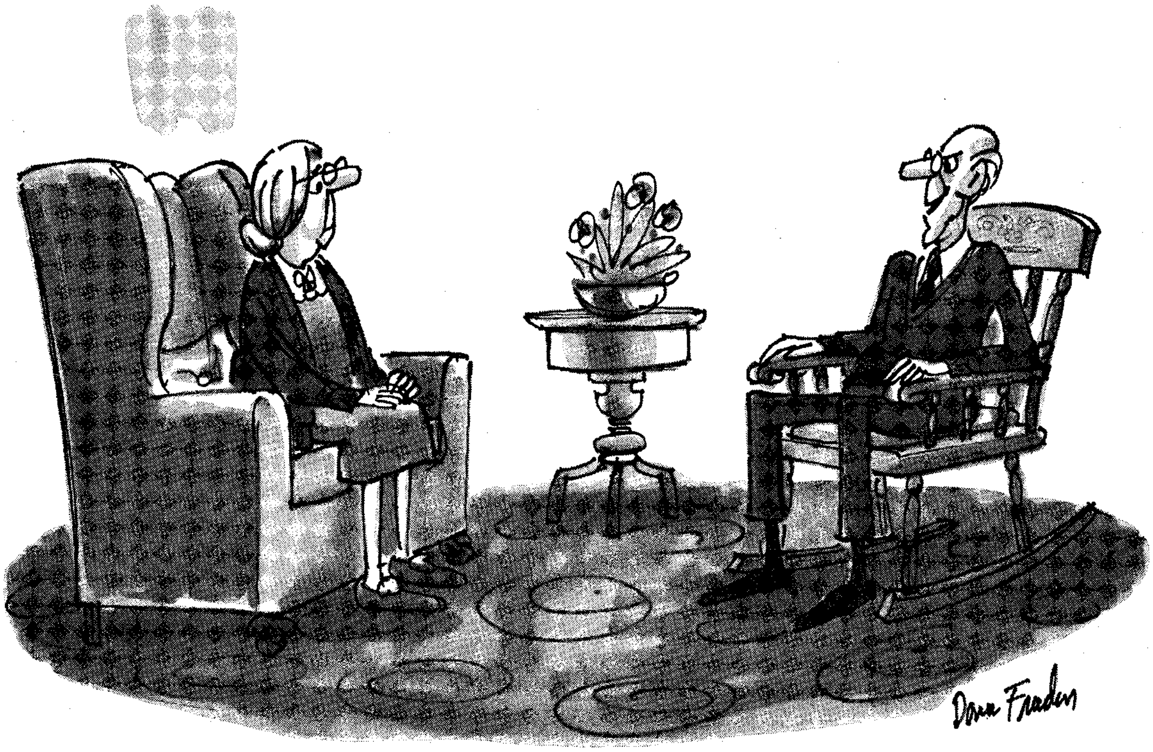
The Man Who Made Howard Hughes Sing and The Iron-Butterfly Mom

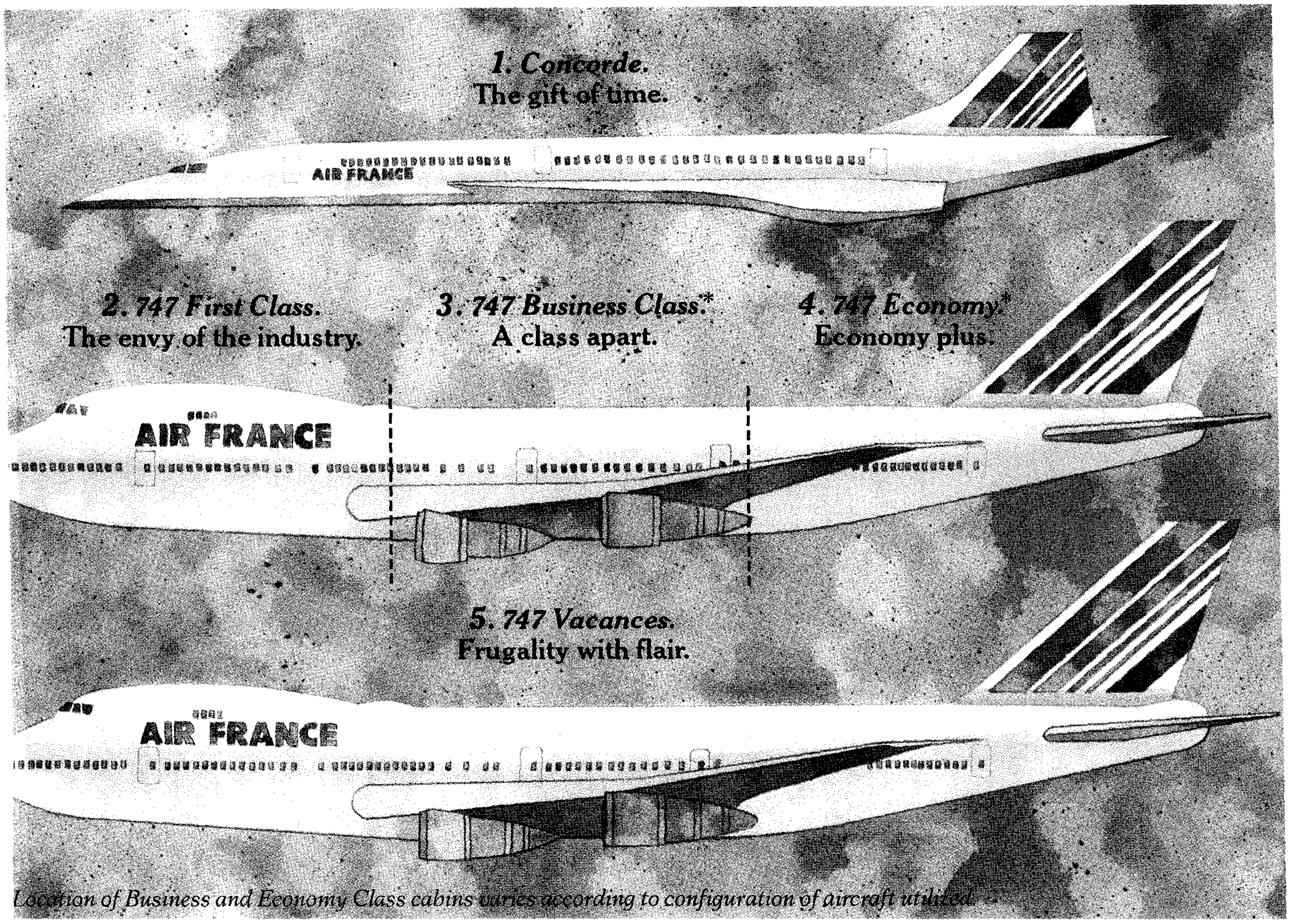
JEAN RENOIR instinctively understood what he had in common with characters very different from himself, and when his people are at their most ludicrous—when they are self-pitying or infuriatingly contentious—he puts us inside their skins, so we're laughing at ourselves. Asked to explain how it was that he didn't separate his characters into the good ones and the bad ones, Renoir's answer was always "Because everyone has his reasons," and in his best films we don't need those reasons explained—we intuit them. The young American director Jonathan Demme has some of this same gift, and his lyrical comedy "Melvin and Howard," which opened the New York Film Festival on September 26th, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and the writer Bo Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom and brought us close enough to see that the people on the screen are us. Demme and Goldman have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows and for their heroine his wife, who when she's off on her own and needs to work turns go-go dancer. And they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched these lives, nobody could believe it.

The lawyers and judges and jurors who were involved in the 1976-78 legal proceedings over the Howard Hughes will known as the Mormon will looked at Melvin Dummar, raked over his life, and couldn't believe that Hughes (who died in April, 1976) would have included Dummar among his beneficiaries. If you've seen Melvin Dummar on television, you may have observed that he's very touching—he looks like a more fair-haired Andy Kaufman as Latka Gravas in the TV series "Taxi," and he has that square, engaging naïveté that is so thoroughgoing it seems like a put-on. Dummar does, in fact, have links to TV: he is the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. He won a prize on "Truth or Consequences" but was unsuccessful on "The Dating Game;" he once appeared on "Let's Make a Deal" wearing a string of oranges around his neck and a hat shaped like an orange, and another time in the same hat but with a duck on top with a sign that said "Quacking up for a deal." Actually, Dummar was on "Let's Make a Deal" four times within a period of five years (which is probably a record); in the hearings on the will, an attorney said that this was a violation of federal law, and it was used against him to indicate that since "theatrics and lying" were a way of life for him, he could have faked the will and invented the story that he gave to account for the bequest—the story of how one night around Christmas of 1967 or early January of 1968 he had found Hughes in the desert and given him a ride. Even Dummar's dreams were turned against him: an attorney grilling his second wife in order to discredit him asked, "Mrs. Dummar, didn't your husband once write a song which he entitled 'A Dream Becomes Reality,' with this as one of the lines—'A beggar becomes a king'?" And, of course, the attorney had a point: the Hughes bequest did seem just like another one of Dummar's dreams, though it probably wasn't. The new nonfiction detective story "High Stakes," by Harold Rhoden, makes a very spiky and convincing argument for the authenticity of the Mormon will, which the whole country laughed at because of the inclusion of Melvin Dummar, who seemed like a pudgy hick. (Johnny Carson got a lot of mileage out of Melvin Dummar jokes; for a while he was the national chump.) Even the many eminent institutions that were also named as beneficiaries didn't put up much of a fight for the will. Maybe their officers couldn't believe that Melvin Dummar belonged among the hallowed names. More likely, these officers knowing that the scary powerful Summa Corporation, which controlled Hughes wealth, would no relinquish this fortune without a costly battle in the courts which Summa, with the Hughes resources could prolong into infinity, decided that i was wiser simply to string along with the general attitude in the



"Sure you were my sunshine, but you weren't my only sunshine!"

La Différence.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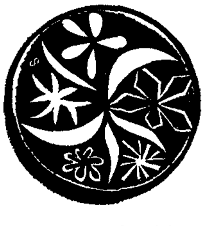
media that a will in which Melvin Dummar was a beneficiary had to be a forgery. (The will, dated March, 1968, which would have effectively dissolved the Summa Corporation, left one-quarter of Hughes' estate to medical research, one-eighth to four universities, and the remainder to be divided into sixteen parcels, among beneficiaries such as the Mormon Church, the Boy Scouts, orphans, Hughes' ex-wife, relatives, business associates, and Dummar, whose one-sixteenth would have amounted to over a hundred and fifty million dollars.)

But what if the meeting between Melvin Dummar and Howard Hughes took place just as Dummar said it did? What might have caused Hughes to remember Melvin a few months later and put him in his will? That's what "Melvin and Howard" tells us. By their own imaginative leap, Demme and Goldman make us understand what Howard Hughes might have seen in Melvin Dummar that the lawyers and reporters didn't see. Paul Le Mat (he was the disarming, spacy young hero in Demme's "Citizens Band") is such an easygoing, non-egocentric actor that he disappears inside the role of big, beefy Melvin—a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Driving along the California-Nevada interstate at night in his pickup truck, Melvin has a bovine boyishness about him. He keeps himself in good cheer in the desert by singing "Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh;" the lyrics are his own, set to a tune he bought by mail order for seventy dollars, and when he sings—ostentatiously keeping time—you feel there's not a thing in that noggin but the words of the song. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who hits a snag while racing his motorcycle in the desert and is flung into the air. He is lying in the freezing darkness when Melvin spots him—a bony old man in beat-out clothes, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. When Melvin helps him into the front seat of the truck, next to him, he's doubled over in pain, and even as Melvin is wrapping him up to warm him there's a malevolent, paranoid gleam in his eyes. Melvin, who takes him for an old wino—a desert rat—is bothered by his mean expression, and in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company) he insists that the old geezer sing his song with him, or get out and walk.

Jason Robards certainly wasn't a beacon to his profession in last year's "Hurricane" or in the recent classic of nincompoopery "Raise the Titanic," and it may be true that, as he says, he works in movies "to make it possible to work on the stage." But I doubt if he has ever been greater than he is here. This Hughes is so sure that people are only after his money that he distrusts everyone; he has bribed and corrupted so many high officers in business and government that he believes in nothing but the power of bribery. His thinking processes are gnarled, twisted; he begrudges the world the smallest civility and lives incommunicado from everyone. And here he is singing "Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh" while sneering at its cornball idiocy and looking over disgustedly, in disbelief, at the pleasure that this dumb bunny next to him takes in hearing his song. In recent years, Robards' Yankee suavity has occasionally been reminiscent of Walter Huston: his Ben Bradlee in "All the President's Men" recalled Huston in "Dodsworth," and here, when his Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," he's as memorable as the famous record of Huston singing "September Song." His eyes are an old man's eyes—faded into the past, shiny and glazed by recollections—yet intense. You feel that his grungy anger has melted away, that he has been healed. He and Melvin talk about how the desert, after rain, smells of greasewood and sage, and at dawn, just as they approach the lights of Las Vegas, where Hughes gets out, they smile at each other with a fraternal understanding that's a cockeyed, spooky miracle.



In an interview in the *Times* last year, Jason Robards pointed out that Robards was Hughes' middle name and that both of them had Loomises among their relatives. "They couldn't have cast anyone else as Howard Hughes," he said. "I figured I didn't have to do any preparation for the part. It's all built in genetically." What's built in genetically may be the way Jason Robards responds to an acting challenge: the son of an actor father and an actor all his life, he goes for broke in a way that never suggests recklessness. He just casually trans-

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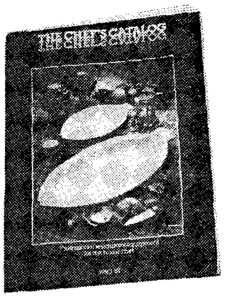

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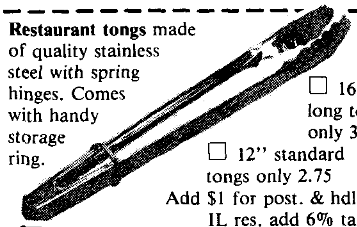

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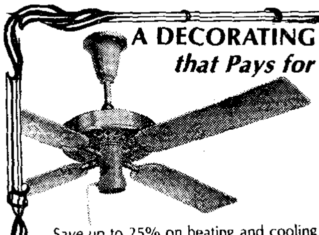

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ports himself to new dimensions (that maybe nobody else has ever been in), as if he had been breathing that air all his life. Robards isn't on the screen for long, but Hughes suffuses the movie. You know he's there without your even thinking about him; he might almost be looking down on Melvin, watching what's happening to him. And this is what the picture is about. The moviemakers have understood the position that Howard Hughes has arrived at in American mythology, and they have used the encounter in the desert to confer a moment of glory on Melvin Dummar. Eight years later, when Melvin finds himself named in the will and realizes that the old coot who said he was Howard Hughes *was* Howard Hughes, he is awed—it's like being touched by God. When reporters, neighbors, and the curious and the crazy gather at his gas station, he hides in a tree and peers out at the crowd in terror.

Most of the movie is about Melvin's life during those eight years—the life that will look so makeshift and shoddy when it's examined in a courtroom. Later in the morning after the encounter in the desert, Melvin's truck is repossessed, and his wife, Lynda (Mary Steenburgen), packs her things and takes their little daughter and goes off to live with another man, pausing only to murmur a regretful goodbye to the sleeping Melvin. They get a divorce, then remarry when she's hugely pregnant, but this marriage doesn't last long. Lynda can't stand Melvin's buying things that they never get to keep, and he can't stop kidding himself that his expensive, installment-plan purchases are somehow practical—that they're investments. So they never have anything—finally not even each other.

Mary Steenburgen was oddly tremulous in "Goin' South," and though in "Time After Time" she was very sweet in an out-of-it way—a stoned cupcake—she didn't have the quickness or the pearly aura that she has here. Her Lynda Dummar has a soft mouth and a tantalizing slender wiggliness, and she talks directly to whomever she's talking to—she addresses them with her eyes and her mouth, and when they speak she listens, watching their faces. When she listens, she's the kind of woman a man wants to tell more to. Mary Steenburgen makes Lynda the go-go dancer so appealing that you realize she's the dream Melvin attained and then couldn't hang on to. Melvin is a hard

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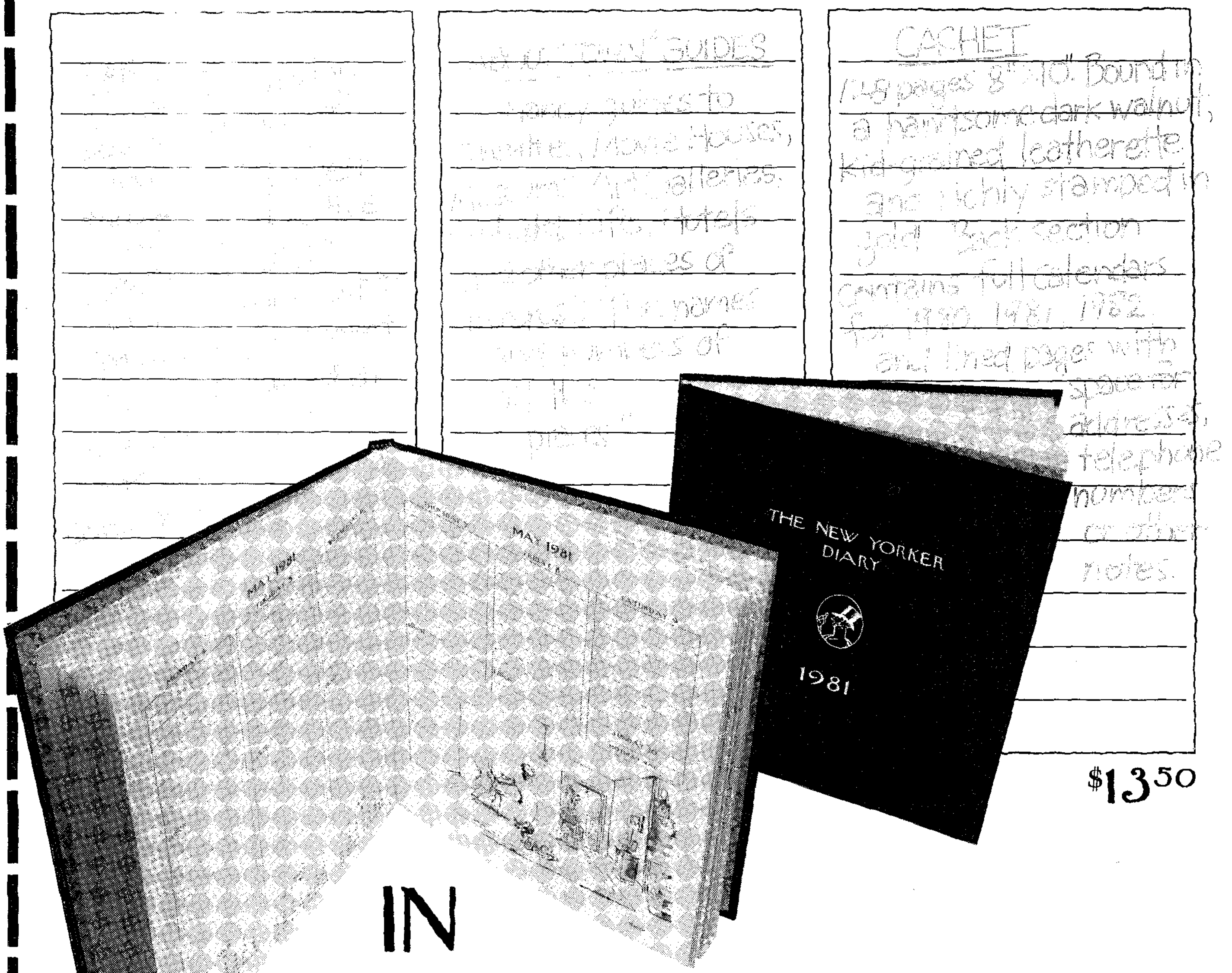

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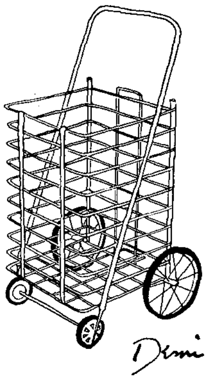
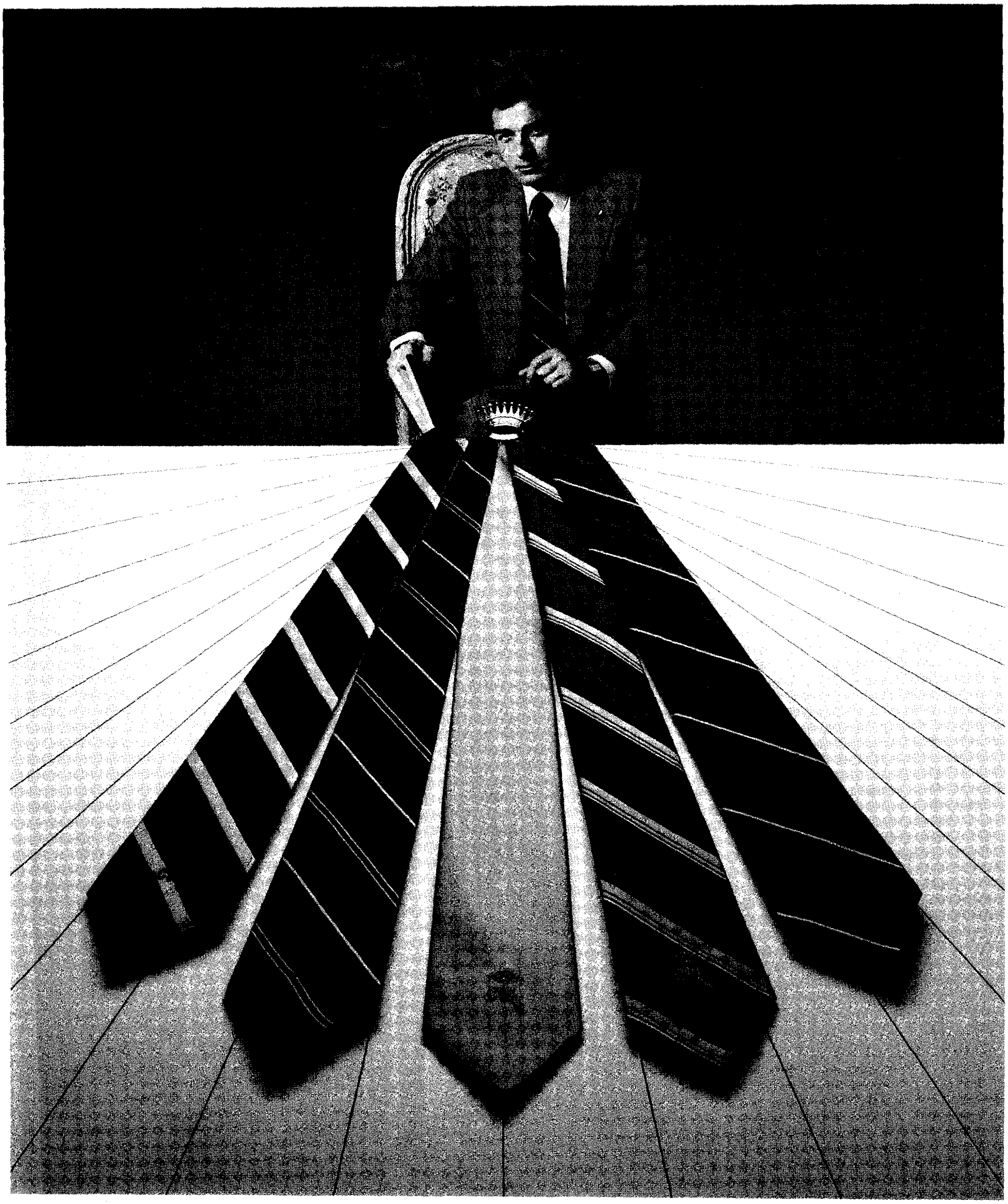
worker, though, and he believes in family life. When Lynda leaves him, he's appalled by her exhibiting herself in strip joints; he keeps charging in and making scenes. Lynda is hurt by his attitude; she loves to dance, and she doesn't think there's anything lewd about what she's doing. In a way, she's right: Lynda could shimmy and shake forever and she still wouldn't be a hardened pro. Her movements are sexy but with a tipsy charm and purity. When her boss bawls her out because of a commotion that Melvin has just caused, she quits on the spot, whips off the flimsy costume that belongs to the boss, throws it in his face, and walks through the place naked, and she does it without making an event of it—it's her body. Melvin's second wife, Bonnie (Pamela Reed, who was Belle Starr in "The Long Riders"), isn't a romantic dream, like Lynda. She's a down-to-earth woman with a couple of kids who propositions him with a solid offer—marriage and her cousin's gas station in Utah, in a package deal. She makes the offer almost hungrily. Promising him a good marriage and a good business, she's like a sexual entrepreneur who feels she can use his untapped abilities and turn him into a success.

This is a comedy without a speck of sitcom aggression: the characters are slightly loony the way we all are sometimes (and it seldom involves coming up with cappers or with straight lines that somebody else can cap). When the people on the screen do unexpected things, they're not weirdos; their eccentricity is just an offshoot of the normal, and Demme suggests that maybe these people who grew up in motor homes and trailers in Nevada and California and Utah seem eccentric because they didn't learn the "normal," accepted ways of doing things. When Lynda is broke and takes her daughter, Darcy (the lovely, serious-faced Elizabeth Cheshire), to the bus station in Reno to send her to Melvin, she's frantic. Her misery about sending the child away is all mixed up with her anxiety about the child's having something to eat on the trip, and she's in a rush to put a sandwich together. She has bought French bread and bologna, and she takes over a table and borrows a knife from the man at the lunch counter so she can cut the bread; she salvages lettuce and tomatoes from the leftovers on someone's plate, and sends Darcy back to the counter to get some mustard and then back again to get some ketchup. The unperturbed counterman (played by the real Melvin Dummar) finds nothing unusual in this, and asks, "Is everything all right?" There's no sarcasm in his tone; he seems to understand what she's going through, and he wants to be helpful. She says, "Everything's just fine, thank you very much." She has dominated everyone's attention—she has practically taken over the station—yet the goofiness isn't forced; it's almost like found humor. It's a little like a throwaway moment in a Michael Ritchie film or a slapstick fracas out of Preston Sturges, but there are more unspoken crosscurrents—and richer ones—in Demme's scenes. While you're responding to the dithering confusion Lynda is causing in the bus depot, you're absorbing the emotions between mother and child. Darcy is often very grownup around her mother, as if she knew that Lynda is a bit of a moonbeam and needs looking after. But at the depot Darcy herself is so excited she becomes part of the confusion. Later, during Melvin and Lynda's remarriage ceremony in a Las Vegas "wedding chapel," Darcy is so impressed and elated that her whole face sparkles; she's like an imp Madonna. Throughout the movie, the children—Lynda's or Bonnie's, and sometimes all of them together—are part of an ongoing subtext: they're never commented on, and they never do anything cute or make a move that doesn't seem "true."



When Jonathan Demme does a thriller like "Last Embrace," he seems an empty-headed director with a little hand-me-down craft, but in "Melvin and Howard" he shows perhaps a finer understanding of lower-middle-class life than any other American director. This picture suggests what it might have been like if Jean Renoir had directed a Preston Sturges comedy. Demme's style is so expressive that he draws you into the lives of the characters, and you're hardly aware of the technical means by which he accomplishes this—the prodigious crane and tracking shots that he has worked out with his cinematographer, Tak Fujimoto, and the fluid, mellow colors that probably owe a lot to Toby Rafelson's



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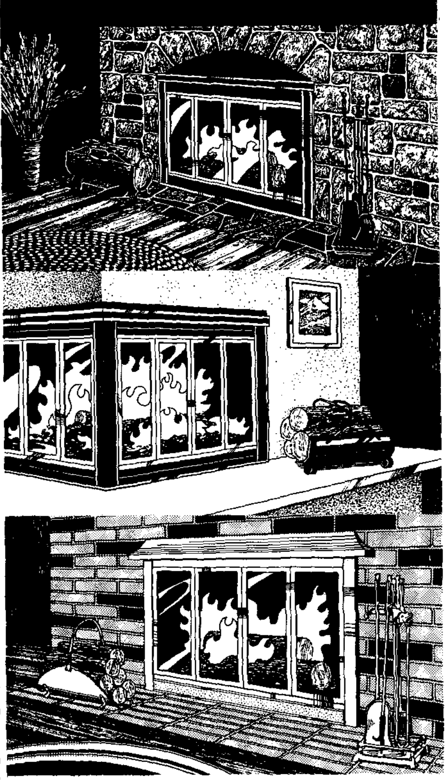
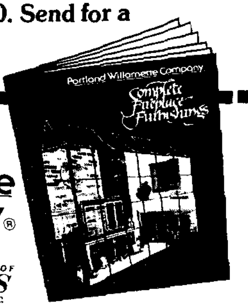
production design. The comedy doesn't stick out; it's part of the fluidity. And if you respond to this movie as I did, you'll hardly be aware (until you think it over afterward) that it has no plot, in the ordinary sense. (This could handicap it, though, in movie markets; the pitfall that a picture like this presents is that there's not a hard-sell scene in it. It's a soft shimmer of a movie, and the very people whom it's about and who might love it if they gave it a chance may not be tempted to see it.) There are a couple of flaws: the sequence of Melvin taking the will to the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City is so fast and cryptic it seems almost like shorthand, and if you've forgotten the stories that filled the papers a few years ago you may not understand what's going on; and the following sequence, of Melvin hiding from the crowd, doesn't have quite the clarity or the dramatic fullness that it needs. And there is a small lapse of taste: a shot too many of the blond Mrs. Worth (Charlene Holt), one of Melvin's milk-route customers—she lifts her head heavenward and mugs silly ecstasy at the prospect of his returning the next day, for another carnal visit. The dialogue is as near perfection as script dialogue gets—it's always funny, without any cackling. Bo Goldman, who is in his late forties, shared writing credits on "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "The Rose," but this is his only unshared credit. (After spending a day with the real Melvin Dummar, Goldman decided he wanted to write the script; then he stayed with Dummar for a month and "got to love him," and came to know the two wives and Dummar's friends and relatives and neighbors.) The people in the movie—the large cast includes Charles Napier, John Glover, Gloria Grahame, Dabney Coleman, Michael J. Pollard, Martine Beswick, Susan Peretz, Naida Reynolds, Herbie Faye, and Robert Wentz—all seem scrubby and rumpled and believable; you feel that if you hung around Anaheim or L.A. or Reno you'd run into them. Maybe if you had been at the Sex Kat Klub at the right time, you'd have seen the dancer next to Lynda who was strutting her stuff with a broken arm in a big plaster cast.

"Melvin and Howard" has the same beautiful, dippy warmth as its characters. Paul Le Mat's Melvin, who barely opens his mouth when he talks, opens it wide when he sings. His proudest moment is probably the hit he makes at the dairy's Christmas party when he grins confidently as he sings a ballad about the gripes of a milkman. (The words, like the words of "Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh," are by the real Melvin Dummar.) Le Mat's Melvin often has a childlike look of bewilderment that he seems to be covering up by his beaming optimism. He's very gentle; he threatens physical violence only once—when he thinks that the assistant manager of the dairy (Jack Kehoe) is trying to rook him out of the big color TV set he has won as Milkman of the Month. Watching a game show, "Easy Street," on that set, he's like an armchair quarterback, telling the contestants which doors to choose to win the prizes. When Darcy is bored by it, he tries to justify his obsession by explaining how educational these shows are, but she isn't conned—she goes out to play.

Demme stages a segment of "Easy Street" (modelled on "Let's Make a Deal") which opens up the theme of the movie by giving us a view of game shows that transcends satire. Lynda, who has been selected as a contestant, appears in an aquamarine dress with tassels and an old-fashioned bellhop's hat, and when she does a tap dance that's as slow as a clog dance the audience starts to laugh. But she keeps going, and though she has more movement in her waving arms than in her tapping feet, she's irresistible. It's the triumph of adorable pluckiness (and the uninhibited use of her beautiful figure) over technique. The host of "Easy Street" (Robert Ridgely) combines malicious charity with provocative encouragement, and the enthusiastic applause confirms the notion that every TV audience loves someone who tries sincerely. In Ritchie's "Smile," it was plain that the teen-age beauty contestants were not nearly as vacuous as they were made to appear (and made themselves appear), and here it's evident that Lynda the winner, jumping up and down like a darling frisky puppy, is putting on the excitement that is wanted of her. She's just like the pretty women you've seen on TV making fools of themselves, except that you know her; you know the desperation that went into choosing that tawdry dress and that's behind the eagerness to play the game—to squeal





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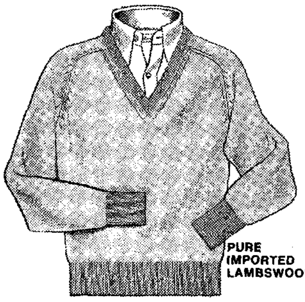
and act gaga and kiss everybody. The host personifies the game show, as if he were personally giving all the prizes. He's a pygmy metaphor for Howard Hughes. The game show is the illusion that sustains Melvin: that if you pick the right door, what's behind it is happiness.

Shortly after the probate trial on the Mormon will, the judge who had presided died of cancer; at his funeral service one of the speakers said that on his deathbed the judge told him that he hoped to meet Howard Hughes in the next world—that he had a question he wanted to ask him. The movie shows us a triumphant Melvin Dummar: he knows the answer. He also knows he'll never see the money. (Maybe Howard Hughes was the naïve one, if he thought that he could smash the monster corporation he had created.) Melvin Dummar was touched by a legend. Howard Hughes came to respect him, and so do we.

YOU know you're in for it when you see the solemn white titles against a black background—and in silence. Is it going to be Robert Bresson cauterizing your funny bone? When the discreet classical music starts—a piano, first just one hand and then the other, on Pachelbel's Canon in D—you know it's going to reek of quality, and that it's going to be an attempt at the austere manner of "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "Scenes from a Marriage." Movie stars who become directors sometimes seem to choose their material as a penance for the frivolous good times they've given us. Paul Newman made "Rachel, Rachel," and now Robert Redford has made "Ordinary People," which is full of autumn leaves and wintry emotions. It's an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts, a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in Lake Forest, a wealthy suburb of Chicago. Conrad (Timothy Hutton), a high-school student, has the shakes, and dark circles around his eyes, because he can't sleep, and we soon learn that he has only recently emerged from a psychiatric hospital, where he spent four months and had electric-shock treatment, following a suicide attempt. His mild, ineffectual father, Calvin (Donald Sutherland), who is a successful tax lawyer, is worried about him but can make only inane, formal attempts to reach him, and his control-freak mother, Beth



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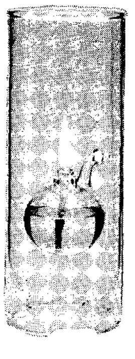

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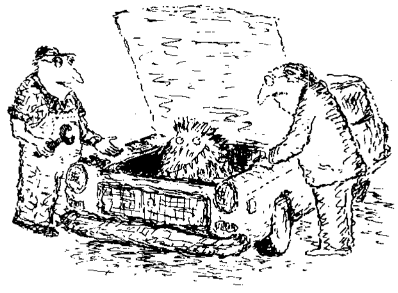

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(Mary Tyler Moore), whose chief interest is golf, expresses little feeling for him beyond polite aversion. It boils down to Strother Martin's sick joke in "Cool Hand Luke": "What we've got here is a failure to communicate." There is so little communication in this family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room; it's a suburban variant of American Gothic. From time to time, Calvin, with a nervous tic of a dimpling smile—it seems to get stuck somewhere in his cheek muscles—tries to make contact with his son, and urges him to see the psychiatrist recommended by the hospital.

Conrad begins to have sessions with this psychiatrist, Dr. Berger (Judd Hirsch), whose office is pleasantly grubby, cluttered, and warmly inviting. Dr. Berger is not a monosyllabic Freudian who waits for the patient to bring up what's bugging him (or the movie would last *many* lifetimes). He's a free-method activist who grapples with the problems; he talks to Conrad, he prods and yells and emotes. And he's the model of what this uptight Protestant kid would be if he were cured: Jewish. (But then why do so many Jews go to shrinks? Ah, that's a different story.) With Dr. Berger shouting "Feel!" at him, Conrad soon begins to have breakthroughs: he learns what you knew as soon as you heard that he had an older brother who was accidentally drowned when they were out sailing together on Lake Michigan—his mother, who loved the brother, blames Conrad, and he feels guilty because he survived. (You knew because it's the standard TV-style explanation; you're consistently ahead of the storytelling, the way you almost always are when you watch a prestigious TV movie—which this really is.) Moving along on the road to recovery, Conrad starts speaking up and expressing his feelings at home, becomes more outgoing, and begins to date a pretty girl (Elizabeth McGovern) who has a deep, purring voice and a funny, understanding manner. But the loosening of his emotional tensions opens up a can of worms in the family. His seeing a psychiatrist makes Beth rigid with disapproval, and when Calvin, talking to a friend at a party, mentions that the boy is going to a doctor, Beth's face twists with anger. (This is the kind of movie in which the mother keeps the dead boy's room intact—a shrine that probably has its own cleaning lady.) Cal-

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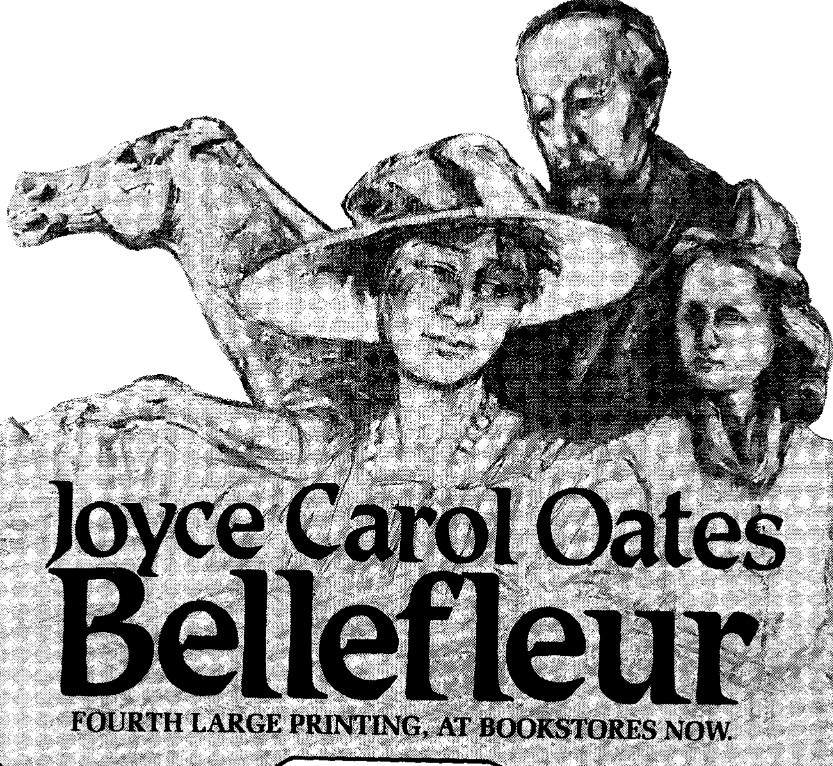

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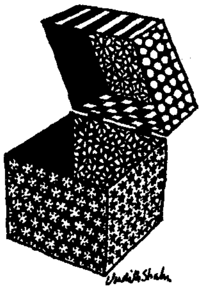
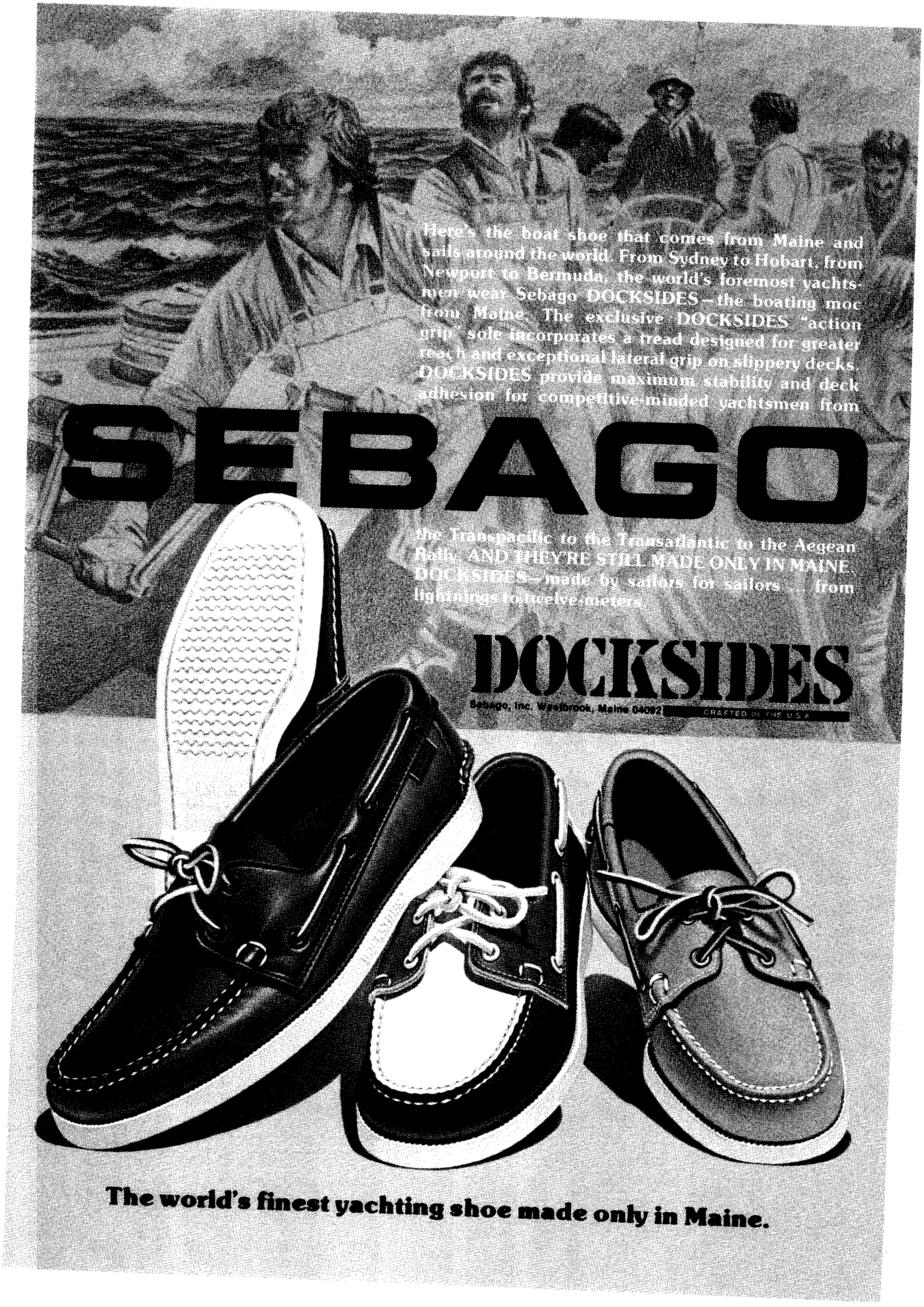
vin, who realizes the cruelty of his wife's rejection of their son, goes to see Dr. Berger in order to explain what Conrad is up against at home, and after hedging and fumbling he finally comes out with it and says that he guesses he came to talk about himself. At this point, the movie cuts away. And it's at this point, if you had any doubts before, that you know the movie is going to be a cheat.



The way "Ordinary People" is structured, if Conrad's brother hadn't been accidentally drowned everything in the family would have been hunky-dory, neat and happy, and there wouldn't be a picture. Obviously, the film means to get at something much deeper and more widespread: it means to get at the harm that repression causes, and to suggest that orderly patterns of polite living can make it almost impossible for people to express their feelings except by an explosion, like Conrad's attempted suicide. But every time "Ordinary People" comes close to anything messy or dirty or sexual it pulls back or cuts away. What is Calvin's relationship with Beth based on, anyway? (It's not likely that she turns into a hot pixie at night: there are military-looking stripes on her bathrobe.) How did Beth's love for the son who was drowned—a love that, in the one flashback glimpse we get of it, appears to have been flirtatious—affect her and her husband? Did it make Conrad hate his brother? There's a nasty, almost conscious incestuousness lurking in Beth and never brought to the surface, and even at his most neurotic Conrad is still a "nice boy." (There are no drugs in this picture, and no teen sex; he meets his girl at choir practice.) The movie is just as sanitized as the fantasy of upper-middle-class life it sets out to expose. And it's just as empty and orderly: Calvin has the possibility of becoming a decent, whole person, because he is willing to open himself to Dr. Berger, but Beth, who rejects Calvin's plea that she also go, is too proud to admit to any weakness or need; shaking uncontrollably at the thought of her life collapsing, she still rejects help, and she is doomed to freeze-dry.

As this Wasp witch, whose face is so tense you expect it to crack, Mary Tyler Moore also seems to be doing penance for having given audiences a good time. Her idea of serious acting seems to be playing a woman who has a mastectomy ("First You Cry," on TV), a suicidal, bedridden quadriplegic ("Whose Life Is It, Anyway?," on Broadway), and this self-deceiving woman who cares more for appearances than for her husband and son. Are fine comediennes still to be called courageous for giving performances as locked in dreariness as Carol Burnett's were when she went through her overage-bachelor-woman pregnancy in "The Tenth Month" and lost her son in "Friendly Fire"? As Beth, Mary Tyler Moore holds her pinched seriousness aloft like a torch. The fault isn't just in her acting; it's also in the writing and in the directing. She has been made into a voodoo doll stuck full of pins. This movie is "Craig's Wife" all over again: Beth is the compulsively neat, dedicated-to-appearances, unloving Harriet Craig, the perfect wife. But this time as a mother. She is so completely Harriet Craig that I didn't believe it for an instant when she left the house at the end. Even within its own terms, the film goes wrong here. The impersonal, ice-palace house is what Beth is married to—the house *is* Beth. It's not for living, it's for show, and it's her proof that everything is just as it should be. Beth would have stayed in her house, like Harriet Craig, and the men would have left. What are they going to do with it, anyway? Invite Dr. Berger in to mess it up and make it homey?

"Ordinary People" delivers on the promise of that silent opening—a certificate of solemnity. The pace is unhurried, and as a director Redford doesn't like to raise his voice any more than Beth does. Like many other actor-directors, he doesn't reach for anything but acting effects. The cinematographer, John Bailey, lights the images well enough (though the only lighting that's at all arresting is in the high-school swimming-pool scenes), but "Ordinary People" has that respectable, pictorial, dated look that movies get when the director has a proficient team of craftsmen but doesn't really think in visual terms. Redford shows taste and tact with most of the actors, and there are well-observed moments. Yet every nuance seems carefully put in place, and the conversations are stagy, because there's nothing in the shots except exactly what we're supposed to react to, just as



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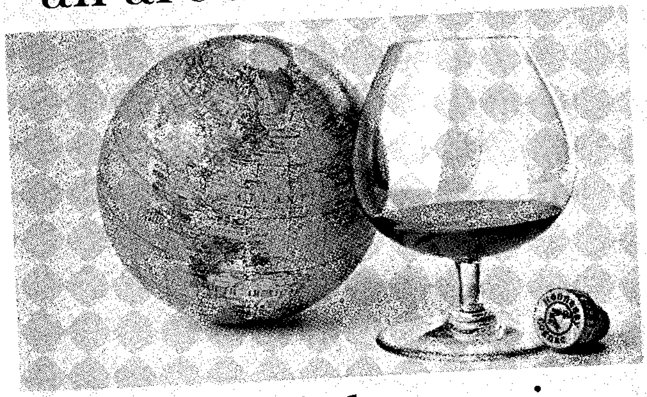

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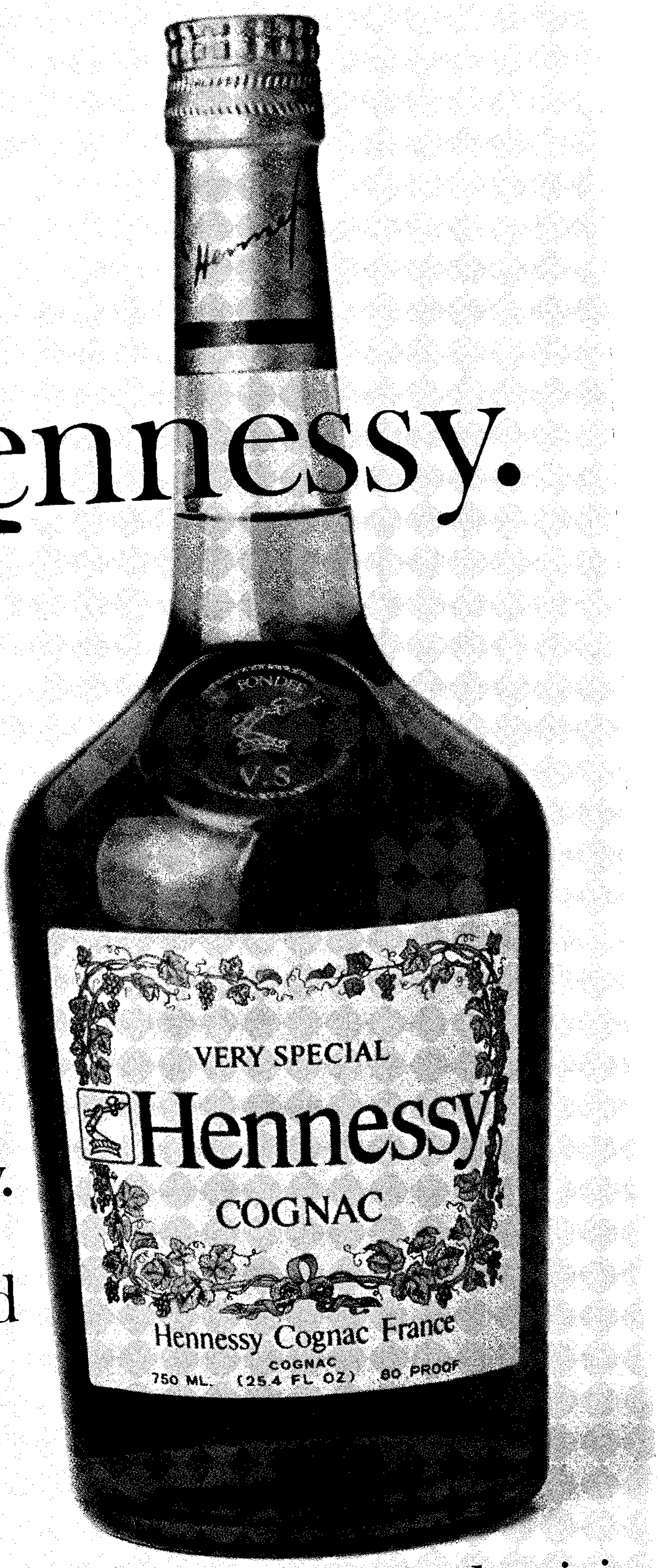
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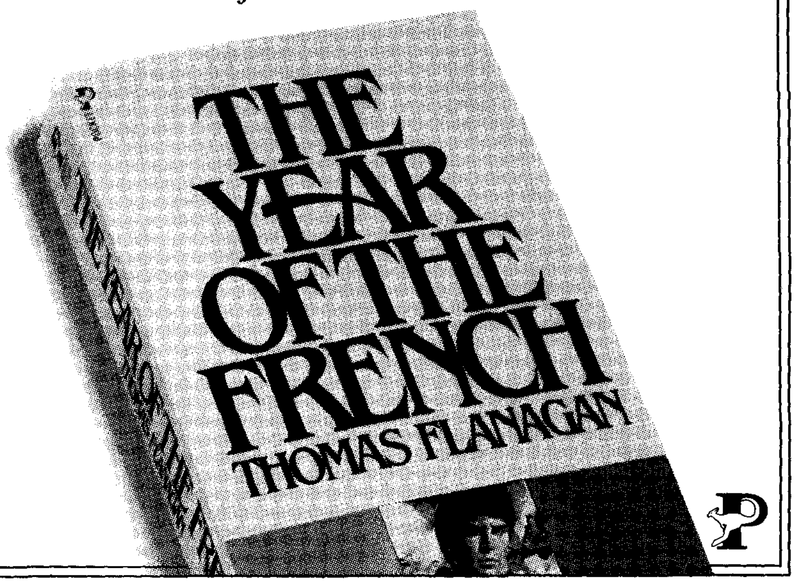
there is nothing in Beth's character or in Calvin's except what's needed to fit a diagram of suburban suffocation. Redford's work is best in the light, funny scenes, when Conrad gets a chance at byplay with kids his own age. Alvin Sargent, who wrote the script, which is based on the popular 1976 novel by Judith Guest, wrote some bits of sharp repartee for Conrad. Mostly, though, the dialogue is intelligent in an over-modulated, point-making way, and often it's psychobabble in full bloom. (Calvin to Beth: "I don't know who you are. . . . I don't know if I love you anymore, and I don't know what I'm going to do without that." Beth's only response is to look stricken. Who wouldn't be stricken listening to this crap?) The movie is not above shamelessness: surely we could have been spared the symbolic broken dish and the information that this monstrous woman wouldn't even let her sons have a pet? And when Conrad tries to hug his mother, she sits as straight as a plank of wood, with her eyes wide open in the timeworn manner of actresses demonstrating frigid-ty. In general, the more emotional the scenes are, the worse they play.

Casting Timothy Hutton, the nine-een-year-old son of the late Jim Hut-on, as Mary Tyler Moore's son was astute; he matches her physically, in a very convincing way. (And casting the beautiful Meg Mundy as Beth's mother was also a shrewd decision.) Hutton appears to be phenomenally talented whenever he has a chance at a light or ronic bit, and he has strangely effec-ive moments, as in a scene when a girl played by Dinah Manoff) whom he wants to talk to leaves him and his yes look miserable and haze over. But he loses conviction at times, and he has n awkwardly staged scene when he has to accept his father's love and put his head on his father's shoulder. Sutherland doesn't seem to know what to do with that head resting on im; he isn't allowed to grab the boy nd hold him, the way Dr. Berger oes when the promiscuous kid hugs *im.*) Sutherland, who slides into still-ess and passivity almost too easily, ives a rather graceful performance, onsidering that Calvin isn't a char-cter—he's just a blob created to be yrannized by Beth. Sutherland has nly one scene that's really all his: in Dr. Berger's office, when Calvin oesn't quite know what he wants to ay, Sutherland uses his wonderful ong hands to express more than words ould. Judd Hirsch's role has the juici-



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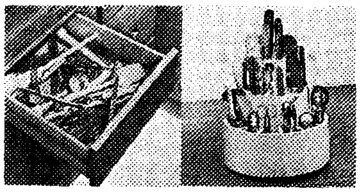

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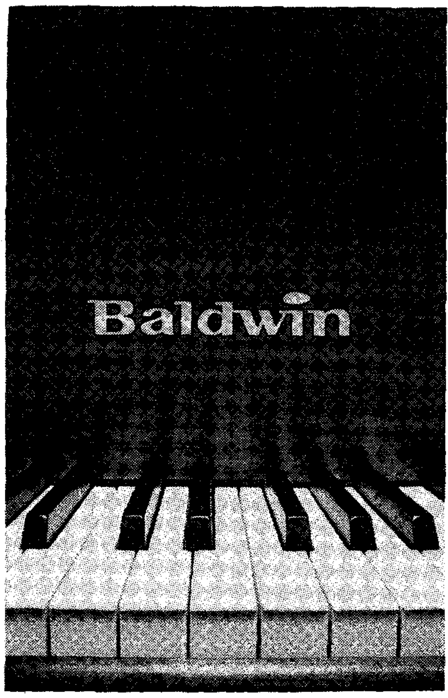

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ness of burlesque, and Hirsch uses his terrific comedy timing; he gets laughs and manages to pick up the pace, but he's just doing wise, warm Jewish shtick. According to this movie, if Wasps can just learn to express their emotions they'll be all right. The point of view seems predicated on the post-Second World War Hollywood idea that Wasps don't know how to suffer. If you want suffering, get Jews or Italians, because when Wasps suffer, it doesn't show on the screen. (Hollywood Jews and Italians know how to act at dinner tables, too: they scream and quarrel.)

Why is this tragic view of the death of the Protestant family ethic drawing crowds? Maybe because the movie is essentially a simpleminded, old-fashioned tearjerker, in a conventional style. People weep for Beth, who can't change—who can't let herself change. We are given to understand that she would like to come out of her shell but *she can't*. She's trapped in the pride and discipline and privacy that she was trained to believe in. She was *bred* not *to say what's on her mind*. And the movie, which treats her, finally, with sympathy yet holds out no hope for her, makes her seem rather gallant. She seems the last standard-bearer for the Wasp culture that the film indicts. With its do-gooders' religion, "Ordinary People" says that the willingness to accept psychiatry divides people into the savable and the doomed. Yet maybe because the film's banal style speaks to the audience in aesthetically conservative terms, this movie about the hell that uptight people live in somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. Beth will go down with the ship: she will never "communicate." —PAULINE KAEL

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Correction

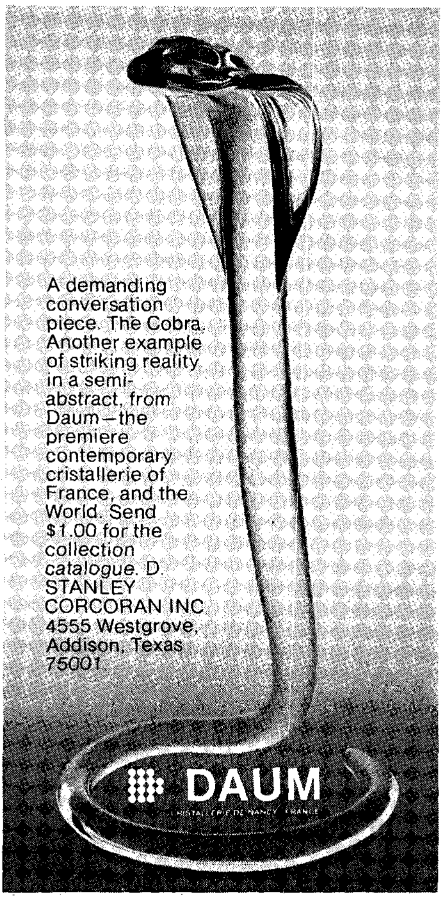
Last week's article on the June 26 Greenbelt Homes, Inc. annual meeting reported that director Ed James addressed an impolite remark to board president Donald Volk. James' remark was actually addressed to director Jim Smith.—*Greenbelt (Md.) News Review.*

On to the next meeting!

•

11:10 (13) "A CITY CELEBRATES." An hour-long telecast of holiday festivities from Baltimore, including a performance of Ravel's "1812 Overture" by the Baltimore Symphony set against a fireworks display above historic Fort McHenry; Howard K. Smith will be the commentator.—*TV listing in the Times.*

Dancing a bolero.



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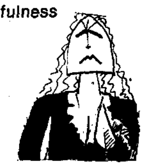

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

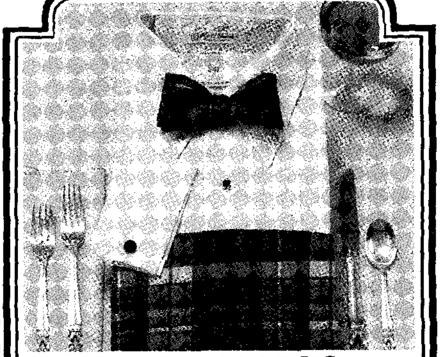
Fanny: Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones, by Erica Jong (New American Library; $12.95). As this tale begins, the seventeen-year-old narrator, a beautiful, red-haired, and rather learned girl named Fanny, is living with her stepparents, Lord and Lady Bellars, at Lymeworth, their ancestral estate in Wiltshire; the time is the early eighteenth century. The assaults on her virginity which are required by the period force the lass to flee her home in disguise and run off to London, but as anyone who has ever dipped into an eighteenth-century English novel knows the road to London is a rocky one for the innocent. Fanny falls among thieves and witches; her horse and money are stolen, and she arrives in the city in beggarly condition. What can a penniless but nubile maid—even one who speaks Latin and quotes Milton and Shakespeare—find in London Town to keep body and soul together but work in a whorehouse? Then she is off on the high seas, where she is captured by pirates, becomes a pirate queen herself, and . . . Adopting the style of the eighteenth century, Miss Jong proves herself to be an assiduous pasticheur, but such a jape—a five-hundred-page jape, at that—is a bit much.

The Butte Polka, by Donald McCaig (Rawson, Wade; $10.95). A dark and bitter novel set in a copper-mining town in Montana in the winter of 1946. It has been twelve years since the last strike by the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union, and a pay raise is long overdue. (While the company's profits soared during the war, the union accepted a wage freeze.) The narrator is a young machinist; as the story begins, his sister's husband, a hotheaded Wobbly, has failed to show up at his post on the graveyard shift at the generating plant, and it soon becomes clear that he will not be coming home alive. Just what has happened to him is a complicated story, pieced together by the brother-in-law with the help of a young woman reporter (who knows that her story not only will not get printed but will get her fired) and featuring a deputy sheriff, who was the missing man's rival (unsuccessful) in a stormy courtship years before; a hard-bitten, brooding Indian, who was his partner at the plant; and, hanging around the Indian, a wily agent hired by the company. The brother-in-law tells the story in short, tough sentences that convey precisely how his anger and his grief are barely restrained by stoicism. A powerful performance by Mr. McCaig, who was born in Butte in 1940.

Sleeping Dogs Lie, by Julian Gloag (Dutton; $12.95). Mr. Gloag opens his new novel in his usual calm, conversational voice. Hugh Welchman, a middle-aged Cambridge (England) psychiatrist, is listening to a new patient—a well-bred undergraduate ("Middle height, slightly mesomorphic, well-built, a good chin . . . mild stammer . . . but no sign of aphasia. Father and mother both alive. . . . Quite obviously intelligent")—whose problem, for which he half apologizes, is that he is terrified of descending a stone stairway at his college. Dr. Welchman gently probes, the conversational tone becomes a bit more animated: the boy's mother is not his real mother but a stepmother; his real mother died in a fall (or was she pushed?) down a flight of stone cellar stairs when the boy was five. Cellar stairs, college stairs—the connection is clear. The tone changes now as Dr. Welchman learns more about the boy's seemingly happy home life (there is a sister, an old housekeeper, and an older, almost-one-of-the-family general practitioner), as buried passions begin to lift and revive. The father, an alcoholic physician, is suddenly dead of barbiturate poisoning—accident, suicide, or murder? "Sleeping Dogs Lie" is a psychological study of almost gothic ferocity, stirring and shattering—a dazzle of literary brilliance.

GENERAL

American Dreams: Lost and Found, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon;



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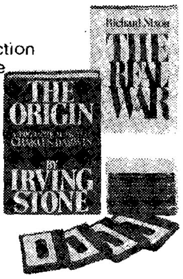

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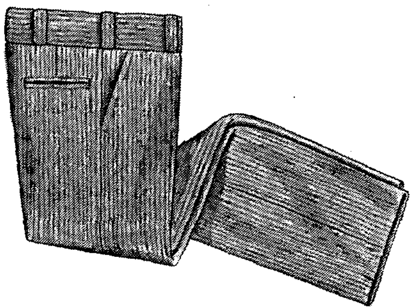

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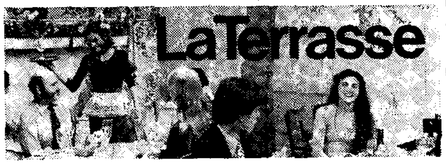

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$14.95). In this, the most disturbing of the books Mr. Terkel and his tape recorder have yet produced, one hundred Americans talk about what they *once* expected of life, and what has happened to those expectations. A few of the talkers are well known—Jesse Helms, Bill Veeck, Joan Crawford, Jill Robinson—but most are not. There are drifters, bank presidents, a police officer, a Ku Klux Klan member, an ex-convict, a divorcée, and a former Miss U.S.A. What is most striking about this collection of people is a sense of disillusionment, even of anger, over the way things have been going in the past few years in the United States, and a tendency to ask hard questions about American institutions and beliefs. A Literary Guild selection.

ROAD TO RESISTANCE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by George Millar (Little, Brown; $13.95). Mr. Millar was wellborn in Scotland in 1910, was educated at a good public school and at Cambridge, spent the thirties as one of Lord Beaverbrook's bright young men on the *Daily Express*, was commissioned in the fashionable Rifle Brigade early in the Hitler war, fought and was captured in North Africa, escaped from an Italian prison camp, made his way through Germany and into the comparative safety of a French Resistance group in the Haute-Savoie, got back to England via Spain, and returned to France by parachute to head a Maquis organization in Doubs, near the Swiss border, until the end of the war, amassing many honors and the personal gratitude of General de Gaulle. Such are the events that Mr. Millar chooses to recall in attractive detail in this memoir. It is entertaining and satisfying in the extreme. Mr. Millar writes of his agreeably privileged civilian life with a jaunty acceptance, and his depiction of war, imprisonment, escape, and guerrilla activities is equally spirited and unself-conscious. He was one of those who had "a good war." He enjoyed the danger, the sabotage, the company of dedicated compatriots, and through most of his experience in France managed to eat well, drink well, and stay well. Photographs and maps.

THE QUESTION OF SEPARATISM: QUEBEC AND THE STRUGGLE OVER SOVEREIGNTY, by Jane Jacobs (Random House; $8.95). In clean ex-

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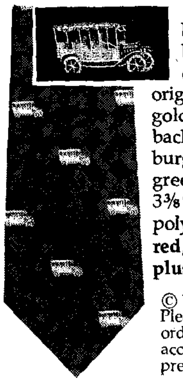

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pository prose, Mrs. Jacobs argues that independence for Quebec would do nobody harm and might do everybody good. As a recent Canadian citizen, she may be exhibiting fearlessness amounting to crust in telling her new country and countrymen what to do, but her work does belong to a worldwide school of thought that stresses the advantages of the small, the local, and the diverse. She believes that French Canada is culturally distinct from the rest of the nation and that it would be economically tragic for Montreal to continue as Canada's second city, behind Toronto. Her assessment of the entire Canadian economy—which, she concludes, Canadians have decided to keep a colonial economy, exporting primary products and importing manufactured goods—will be of interest to Americans, who often hear themselves accused of taking over Canadian business, although that, according to this author, is precisely what Canadian policy has invited and, indeed, implored. The book studies the separation of Norway from Sweden, a peaceful and piecemeal process that occurred between 1814 and 1905. It is possible, however, that Canada might not duplicate the Swedes' mild good will and benign acceptance.

ANCIENT SLAVERY AND MODERN IDEOLOGY, by M. I. Finley (Viking; $13.95). Four lectures delivered at the Collège de France, transformed into a topnotch book. The author, a Cambridge classical historian, points out that most assessments of slavery in ancient Greece and Rome have served to vindicate their authors' own biases. Outlining what is known and what can be surmised about that institution in its widely diffused classical setting, he finds that masters who were not great magnates often worked at the side of their slaves, without, it appears, developing any misgivings about human property; antiquity knew no abolitionists. Dr. Finley suggests that slavery first arose in Athens because free citizens were unwilling to work for hire, and that it declined in late antiquity as economic depression turned small landowners into tenants or serfs, who replaced slaves as the agricultural working force.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN, by Daphne Bennett (St. Martin's; $12.50). This addition to the storehouse of Victoriana is based on

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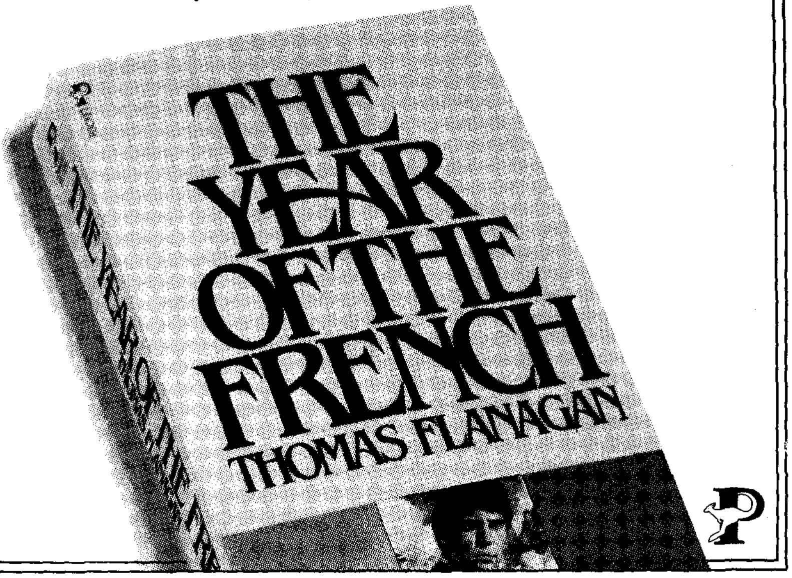

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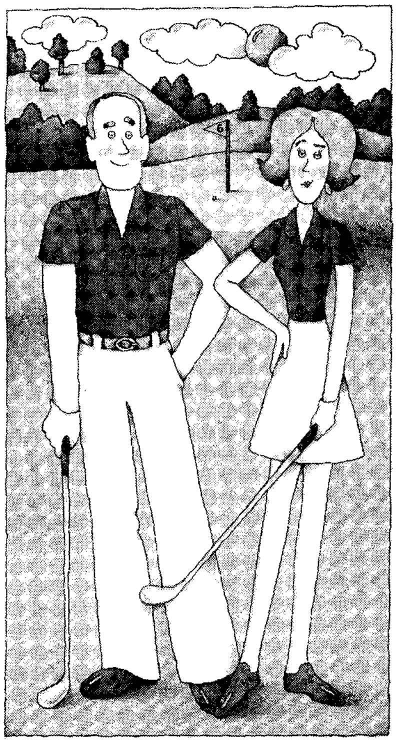

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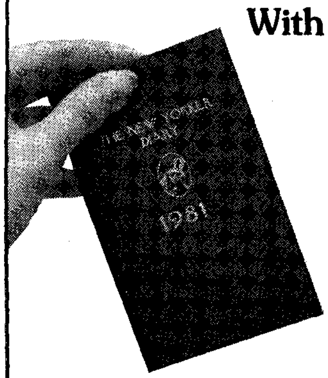
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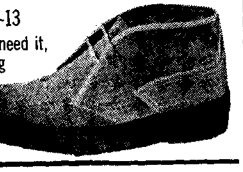
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hitherto unpublished documents from the Royal Archives at Windsor. The author, who has written a biography of Albert, the Prince Consort, not only esteems him but—what is rarer among the English—actually likes him. She finds that he was an exceptional father, and that Victoria was an excellent mother. Mrs. Bennett describes the nine children in turn, and shows how the younger ones suffered from Albert's death and Victoria's obsessive mourning. The surprise, however, is the record of the Prince of Wales, commonly portrayed as the victim of a demanding father and a disapproving mother. The author argues that some sort of learning disability was to blame for his tantrums and assaults, which exhausted his tutors; the "guttural" speech that was attributed, later in life, to his speaking too much German was in fact the remains of a speech impediment—disabilities that the Queen and her husband succeeded in keeping secret. Mrs. Bennett is critical of Edward's frivolity, yet he may have been successful as a constitutional monarch precisely because, unlike his father, he had no serious interests, and did not meddle (as Albert did) in the business of government.

Island on the Edge of the World: The Story of St. Kilda, by Charles Maclean (Taplinger; $8.95). St. Kilda lies in the North Atlantic, a treeless speck of rock and turf some fifty miles west of the Outer Hebrides. It is a breeding ground for millions of seabirds (gannets, fulmar, puffins, guillemots), and it was the home of a hardy race of Gaelic-speakers from prehistoric times to 1930, when—having been systematically destroyed or demoralized by the zealotry of Christian "missionaries," the myriad diseases of civilization, and the steamroller thrust of a superior technology—the remnant survivors were evacuated by a paternal British government. The St. Kildans never numbered more than around two hundred men, women, and children, but they were totally and contentedly adapted to their natural world; their life was a bird culture (seabirds and their eggs provided much of their food, clothing, and artifacts), supplemented by fishing, the grazing of sheep and cattle, and a simple barley agriculture. Mr. Maclean, in this sympathetic but carefully unromantic book, examines

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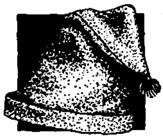
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the lives and times of the St. Kildans, comparing their successful culture (as reported by occasional visitors from the mainland) in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries to its pathetic end, and from his study draws some immensely interesting conclusions about the nature of "ideal," or environmentally integrated, societies. Many fine photographs of St. Kilda and St. Kildans, and maps.

SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY, by Ann Buchwald, interrupted by Art Buchwald (Putnam; $10.95). A good memoir by a couple of intelligent, sensitive, and articulate people. Mrs. Buchwald recalls herself in 1949 as an ambitious young woman named Ann McGarry, who left her job as fashion director at Neiman-Marcus to go to Paris in the hope of picking up experience that would eventually make her more valuable to an American fashion employer. Her program succeeded up to a point—Balmain hired her as his publicity director—but when she finally came home, in 1962, it was not to Fifth or Seventh Avenue but as the wife of the humorist and the mother of three children. Both she and her husband (she tells the tale, he interpolates variants) know that the story of their courtship and marriage recalls aspects of the past that are by now historic: the cheapness of living in Europe when the dollar was worth more, the tension evoked by the prospect of an interfaith marriage. The Buchwalds honestly and divertingly recall the insecurities of youth as well as its gaieties.

NOTE: Jeremy Bernstein's "Hans Bethe, Prophet of Energy" has been published by Basic Books ($12.95). The contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Well, *There's* Your Problem," a collection of cartoons by Edward Koren, all of which were first seen in these pages, has been published by Pantheon ($8.95).

•

Actor Larry Hagman (right), better known to television viewers as Dallas' J.R. Ewing, eyes the crowd at Belmont Park at Elmont, N.Y., beside the waving winner of the J.R. Lookalike Contest. Tom Kearns of Cincinnati, Ohio, won it, with two others tied for second. All three finishers looked more like J.R. than J.R., who arrived on a horse attired in Western garb behind steel-rimmed spectacles.—*Photo caption in the Indianapolis Star.*

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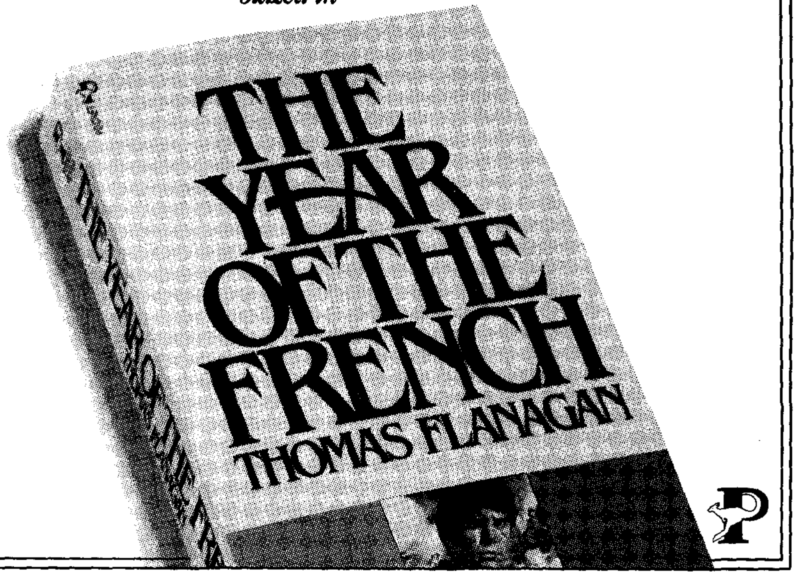

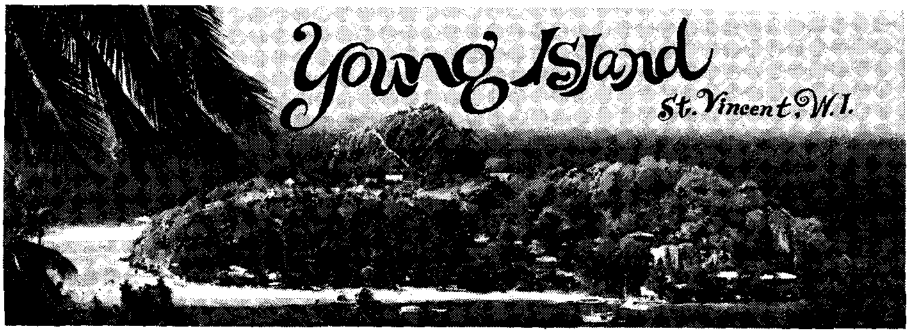

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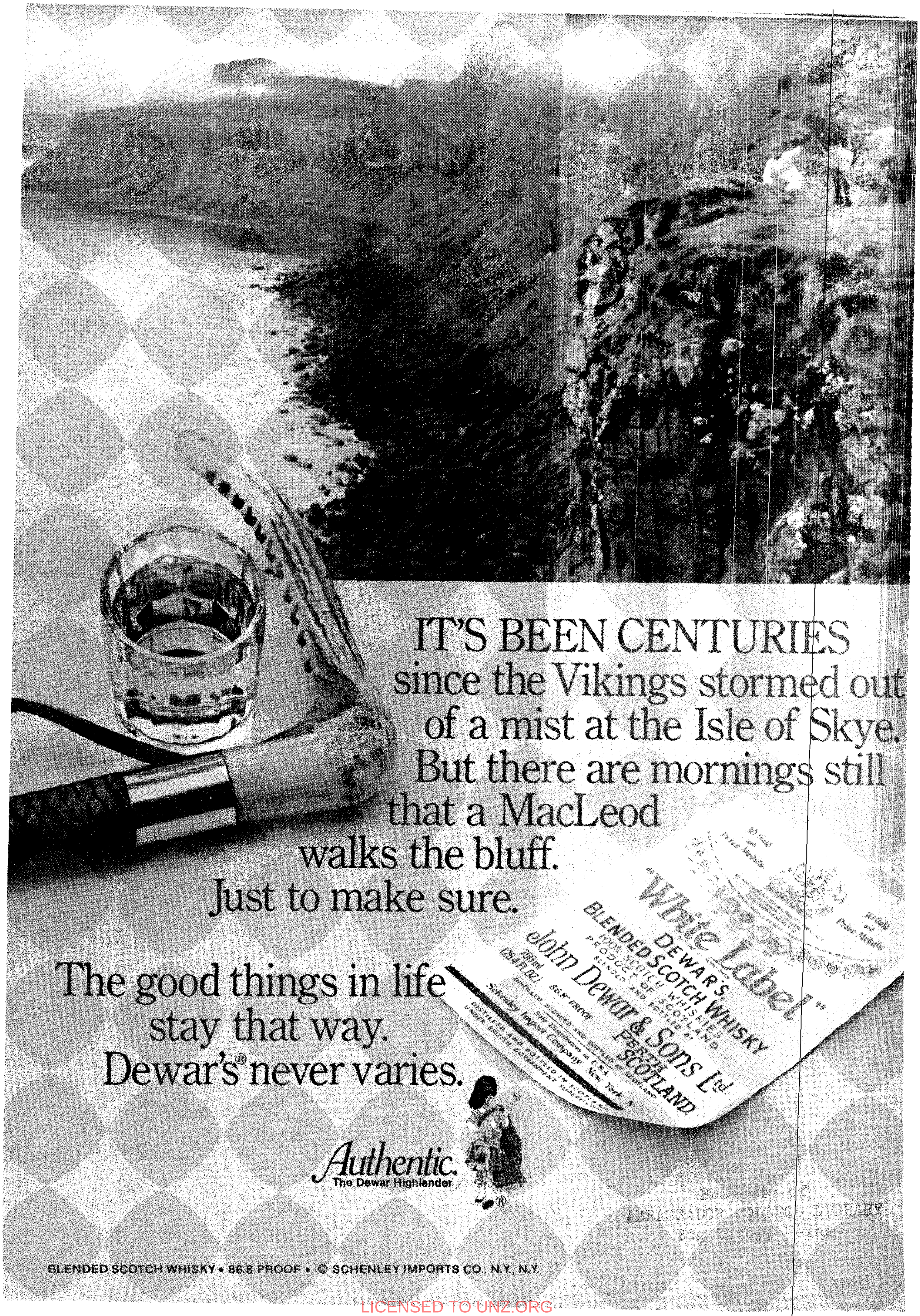
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